

Success Magazine

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THE enthusiastic response with which our "fighting number" met from our readers and the genuine interest with which the vote of our Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers was received in Washington and by the press of the country seems to us to justify the vigorous political character of the January issue. As if in response to the overwhelming sentiment of the country against the Cannon oligarchy as expressed in that verdict, the House of Representatives on January 7th voted to take the appointment of the Ballinger investigation committee out of the hands of the Speaker and to elect it by ballot. This action, salutary in itself, is the first victory in the fight against one-man power in the lower house, a victory which our readers will find much to their liking.

With this number we return to pleasanter things. Before we leave the subject, however, we shall reprint extracts from the editorial comments of a few of the independent newspapers, chosen with some regard for geographical distribution.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE, that always keeps in close touch with the political situation, and never speculates nor guesses, predicts the early end of Cannonism and Aldrichism. It has been sounding the country on this question—has canvassed every section, and finds that the people are aroused and that the end is in sight.—Ainsworth (Neb.) *Star-Journal*.

One of the impressive features of the poll is that in every instance the progressive or "insurgent" Representatives are enthusiastically supported by their constituents, while there is a general disposition to drift away from those Congressmen who show reactionary tendencies. SUCCESS MAGAZINE, which took the poll, is nonpartisan. The men who cast the ballots are Life Subscribers, chosen from all parts of the nation, and are supposed to give a true report of the feeling of their particular sections on matters of public import. The poll taken in the fall of 1908 by this publication, and at a time when there was doubt as to the result of the Presidential election, was quite accurate.—Philadelphia *North American*.

There is little comfort and much material for sober reflection in the results of the canvass which the SUCCESS MAGAZINE has made among its readers as to their views on the administration's tariff course and its entanglements with Aldrichism. The *Journal* has printed a summary of the questions that SUCCESS MAGAZINE asked its subscribers and the answers that were received. The greatest significance, of course, attaches to the answers made by the magazine's Republican readers. And while there yet is manifest a reluctance on their part to confess that they have been deceived by Mr. Taft, their condemnation of Aldrichism and Cannonism and the administration's entanglements with the reactionary forces is overwhelming.—Milwaukee *Journal*.

A splendid tribute to Mr. Bryan as a compeller of victory—for the other side—is to be found in a poll recently taken by a monthly magazine. Out of some 5,500 Republicans who were asked, first, whether they considered that their vote for President last year was wisely cast, and, second, whether they were satisfied with the first nine months of Mr. Taft's Administration, 90 per cent. declared that they were wise a year ago, but only 55 per cent. assert that they are satisfied now. Thirty-five per cent. of the Republican voters, therefore, are in the position of maintaining that they are sorely disap-

In the Editor's Confidence

The March Number—

The spring issues of SUCCESS MAGAZINE promise to be particularly attractive and readable. The March Number, in addition to the regular departments, the serial stories, another article in Charles Edward Russell's series, and Dr. Marden's Editorial, will contain several distinctly unusual stories.

Baby Grand by John Luther Long

This is the only romantic story Mr. Long has written since "Madame Butterfly" that can be likened in spirit and strength to that masterpiece. The story will be strikingly illustrated by George Gibbs.

Who's Who in Nevada by Barton Wood Currie

A story of mixed-up babies. It can only be described as riotously funny.

The Vision of Stiny Bolinsky by James Oppenheim

How the light found its way through the depths of a Pennsylvania coal mine into Stiny's stunted mind.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson contributes an extraordinary article on "Noses." Ellis Parker Butler has no end of fun with "Our National Game;" Walter Weyl discusses "Old Age Pensions;" and Charles N. Crewdson reappears with more "New Tales of the Road."

pointed with the results of a certain course of conduct they chose to adopt a year ago, but that nevertheless they acted wisely in adopting such a course. The obvious deduction is that a man's wisdom last November consisted in warding off such greater disappointment still as the election of Nebraska's favorite son would have entailed.—New York *Evening Post*.

It is a conclusion that must give Mr. Taft some concern as to his personal fortunes. There is little ground to hope that the sentiment of the mass of the Republican party will be so crystallized for tariff revision in 1912 as to make Mr. Taft's surrender to Aldrich and Cannon in 1909 the unpardonable sin; but there is, in this expression of negative satisfaction, amounting virtually to dissatisfaction, something more than a hint that the Republican party in 1912 will cast about for a less negative character than Mr. Taft's first nine months in office have shown him to be. It would be better for him were he more cordially disliked or emphatically admired. Mr. Roosevelt will, doubtless, read the January number of SUCCESS with some interest.—Louisville *Times*.

The verdict may be taken to mean that in the opinion of a large number of intelligent and thoughtful Republicans Mr. Taft has been a follower and not a leader, and that he has been following the wrong men; and that the sooner he stops such procedure the better it will be for his party. Mobile (Ala.) *Register*.

This vote by a considerable body of citizens indicates that the country is not satisfied with the leadership of Joe Cannon and Senator Aldrich, and suggests a strong probability that the Taft administration will be badly discredited before 1912 if its fortunes be not separated from those of the makers of the Payne tariff.—Rockford (Ill.) *Republic*.

Speaker Cannon has been busy the past few moons stamping out insurgency. He declared that if Cummins and his following were Republicans, then he was n't. He evidently thought he was reading or "cussing" somebody out of the party. He was, but that somebody was no other than Uncle Joe himself. His headway against insurgency is well typified by the vote taken from subscribers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and reviewed in yesterday's *Courier*. Waterloo (Iowa) *Courier*.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE has made a strong effort through its life subscribers to discover the sentiments of the people at large as to Mr. Cannon's course. This is not partizan politics; it is Americanism. The only hope for this country's future is to eliminate bossism. It is not an effort to down Mr. Cannon personally, but to down the one-man power.—Longmont (Colo.) *Ledger*.

It is reasonable to assume that the results of such a vote fairly represent the sentiment of the country, and as such a representation the showing made is as interesting and as important as anything political can be at this time.—San Diego (Cal.) *Sun*.

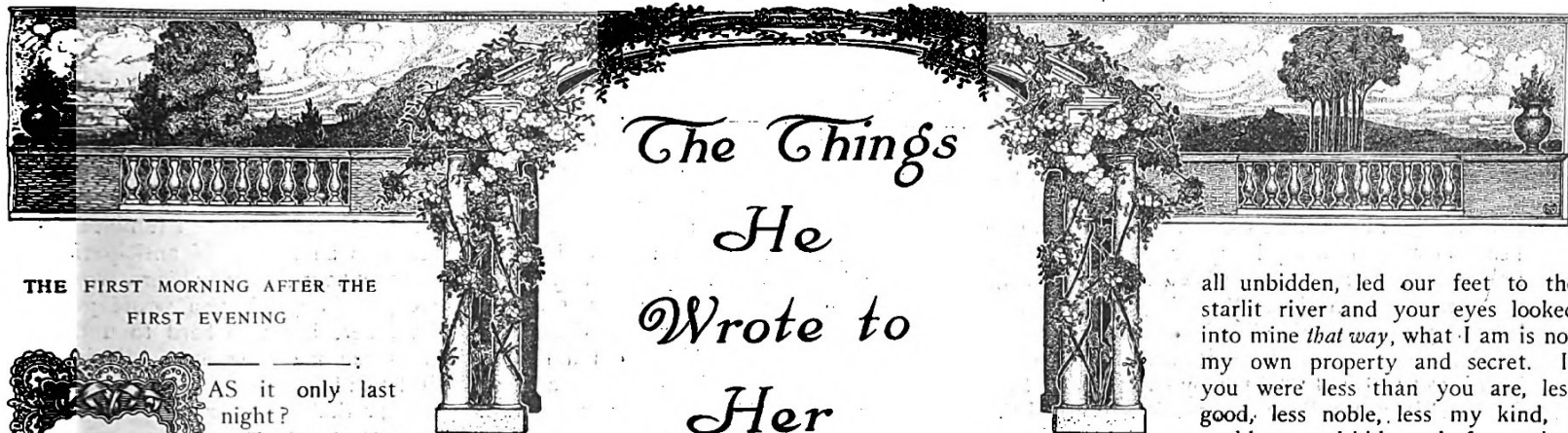
It is perhaps unnecessary to call attention to an extract from an article, "The End of Cannonism," appearing in this page of the *Intelligencer*. Whether or not Speaker Cannon and his organization in the House of Representatives can be justly charged with all the offenses which the author of the article has alleged, the article itself furnishes an interesting and instructive presentation of the new issues that are before the American people. The great problems which we have to meet arise from our enormous industrial development. So far we have signally failed to solve them. Mr. Welliver, the author of the article, shows, in compact form the many things which the Governments of other countries are doing well and successfully for their people; and which we are entirely neglecting. Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer*.



There . . . was she to whom my soul had cried at midnight in the hour of its supreme need

Illustration for "The Things He Wrote to Her"

PAINTED BY W. B. KING



The Things He Wrote to Her

by Richard Wightman

THE FIRST MORNING AFTER THE
FIRST EVENING

AS it only last
night?

To-day is the eighth, yesterday was the seventh. Yes, it *must* have been last night, but it seems such a long time back. Surely, hours are capacious things—they hold so much!

I did not know that I was going to meet you, and you caught me quite unarmed. There are so many women—they swarm—and one really ought to be ever alert and on the defensive, but last night when you stood in the path and challenged I was scarcely ready. My shield appeared to be mislaid and my scabbard empty, and my sense of distance most unreliable. I will not say that you took any unfair advantage, nor even admit that you pinked me, but when I put to you the question, "What is Life?" and you got back at me quick and strong with "Life is the soul's adventure and opportunity," I knew that, as women go, you were, well—different.

For the first half-hour I thought you cold, blasé, opinionated. Later in the evening I began to think that estimate decidedly unjust, and this morning my memory holds you as warm, expectant and receptive. I hardly know why I am writing this, or anything. Perhaps it is because I did not sleep, in which event my hand sometimes shakes and traces foolish, irregular things.

Woman as an institution is very well indeed, but women in particular I do not like—much. Their ways upset me and most of them are perfumed. But I have always held that somewhere on this green earth there was a woman who—who was a real woman. I have never searched for her and never will, but in my pocket diary opposite the seventh I have put, in pencil, a little cross. I do not know just what it means—perhaps nothing. It is merely a little cross.

A WEEK OR SO AFTER THAT

This letter is designed to contain a fact and a warning. The fact is bluntly put, and the warning as solemn as I can make it, and were your woof of the common feminine sort I should expect you to gather your skirts and pass on, giving to your world a well-adjectived report of the man who dared.

The fact is this: I desire to investigate you; and the warning this: if you permit me to do so I shall hold you at your true worth, not a farthing more, and by what I find out shall you stand or fall in my own peculiar esteem.

I think I can count on you to understand that this design of mine is neither fell nor brutal; I merely wish to know you as you are—your thoughts, hopes, fears, tastes, recreations, the things you love, the things you hate, and what you look upon as life's supreme good.

And, to be fair, what I seek to know about you, you shall know about me as time and opportunity permit, for the basis of friendship is Understanding, the tenure of friendship is Sincerity, the fruit of friendship is Progress, and the crown of friendship is Peace.

There seems to be no earthly reason why any man and woman should not build a little ell on life when the tools are at hand. Shall we begin, and see what happens?

TAKING THE WRAPPINGS FROM THE HEART

I am wondering if the baring of a human heart to your vision could possibly bring you aught of good this day, particularly if that heart were mine. Somehow I think it might.

This may be only the conceit of a presumptuous mortal, but if it be true that we feed upon our friends and take our life-sap from kindred souls, perhaps the conceit may be pardoned and the presumption softened into sheer good-will.

And you, of all women, have the right to know, for, since the Fates,

all unbidden, led our feet to the starlit river and your eyes looked into mine *that way*, what I am is not my own property and secret. If you were less than you are, less good, less noble, less my kind, I could run and hide, and after a time forget, but your very nature binds

me to you; keeps me in your world. Therefore it is right for me to let you see me as I see myself, come what may, and if you are neither shocked, surprised nor ashamed, I shall be glad.

You asked me once, you remember, why I was happy, and I put you off with a makeshift—told you it was because I could not afford to be otherwise—for the causes of happiness, I think, may not be glibly given. In answering your query now, I bare my heart to you and let you see what time and tears, and a few other things, have put into my philosophy.

If I am happy it is because of what I believe and endeavor to express in what I do. These things I hold: the goodness and cumulation of life; the benevolence of the universe manifested in the immutability of natural law; the defensive power of silence and non-resistance; the glory of labor; the sanctity of the body; the debt of man to woman; the ministry of chivalry; and the virtue and absolute legality of all love.

This sort of thinking gilds the hours for me and helps me to feel at sunset that the day and what happened in it was, perhaps, not quite in vain.

If these notions of mine seem good to you, reach across the miles and touch my forehead with your hand. It will be to me the seal of mental comradeship, the earnest of larger joys and a lift to higher levels with room for at least two.

THE SPIRIT OF BARTER

A boy should respect what is given him, and cherish it.

This is the theory, fine and prim, but the world is full of boys whose real treasures are in other dooryards. Once, when I was little and had a stone-bruise on my foot, my father gave me (oh, wondrous consolation!) a steel magnet. The handle-part was painted red and there was a bar across the poles to complete the circuit and hold the power in. It was a costly affair, very scientific, and, in the judgment of the aged, just the thing to fill a lad's eye, stimulate his hunger for a knowledge of physics, and make him forget stone-bruises and kindred woes. But *having* the magnet, I inventoried it low and went into the village to seek its riddance and the possession of some substitutional joy whose handle was *not* red, whose make-up and mission were *unscientific* and relatively sodden.

And the village promptly furnished the opportunity in the person of a brown urchin who produced from pockets of measureless depths a whiplash and a sky-hued butterfly of a species new to me.

On these I set covetous eyes and bartered my magnet for them with eager haste. The wings of the butterfly were rubbed and broken, and in due season I received the marks of the whiplash upon my small body, but my nature had asserted itself, had longed, reached out and taken, had come into its own, and that, after all, and that only, is life.

When I was a boy no more and began to sense the length and difficulty of the Way; when my friends with gentle glee pointed chaffing fingers at the hints of silver on my temples; when my heart was hard hit with the missiles of disappointment and delay, and Fate with paternal tenderness and well-meant generosity had heaped my hands with compensatory things designed to comfort and assuage, the old spirit of discontent and hunger for the unpossessed surged through me like a flood, and again I went into the village—and *you* were there!

If the world knew what happened in the village it would doubtless argue, from its viewpoint, the difference between what I gave and what I got, allege that the wings of the butterfly were rubbed and broken, and foretell the falling of the lash, but with me the soul's demand is sacred; a trade's a trade; only our own can call us; life is good, and the heights beckon. Let us climb them, you and I, strong with the strength of two and vibrant with the thrill of complement and content.

THE UNDERSTANDING

This has been a busy day for me—press of detail, clash of interests, honest difference between the minds which run our commercial concern. At noon I knew I would be tired to-night—overtired—and resolved not to write to you, fearing a laggard pen and thoughts trivial and unworthy.

But the Mood has its hands on my throat. There is something I want to say and I ask for grace to say it well, for it relates to the fiber which enters into our structure, and it is agreed between us that we are to build strong—a house that will not topple in the wind.

When you came into my life your girlhood lay behind; you were a woman, fair and full and round, with a woman's heart, a woman's mind and a woman's point of view. Your lips, also; were the lips of a woman, and likewise your feelings and desires. There were numerous people in your world, you had seen different lands, you knew many things, and had been broadened and vitalized by experience. In other words, you had lived and longed to live more, and it was that, I think, which caught and held me.

You will remember that I have never asked you to tell me the story of those former days, never put a pencil in your hand and tried to get you to trace a map of your mental and affectional journeyings. This lack of curiosity on my part is due to my belief in a certain principle which I hold tenaciously and declare almost with fierceness—a woman is what she is, and must be considered apart from her environment, and detached from all the former things in her life. For every woman, in order that she may be a woman, is dowered with sex, and sex is forever creating conditions which can never be satisfactorily explained before any minor judgment seat.

What I know of your life is what you have been pleased to tell me. You are the product of your yesterdays, and later will be the further product of your to-morrows. You hold your place in my life, not because of what you have been, but because of what you are, and what you may become. You need relate to me nothing. I desire neither apology nor explanation. I take you by and large, and wager my all upon the quality of your womanhood, present and yet to be.

As for myself, this: there are things in every man's life which can not be told; things which are made possible by the dross that was put into his making without his knowledge or consent; things whose telling would add not one whit to the happiness of his kind or to the general good of the universe. And I am a man, with all that implies, and am glad of it, through and through. My past is like the common run in that it is not all that it should have been, but it is *my* past, the best one I could make with the tools I had to work with, and I shall neither repudiate it nor wear myself thin regretting its imperfections. Whatever I know it taught me, and I count my investment in its tuition the best I have ever made. It is better to aspire than to repine, and to be worthy of you, to have a place by your side in the lilt and onwardness of life, will be about the cleanest desire my heart can entertain.

And (I almost forgot) what about those former days, yours and mine? I think it would be well to seal the early volumes of our personal story and concern ourselves chiefly with the rest of the set.

Shall we strike hands and call it a bargain?

THE PEDESTAL

You once said that the pedestal upon which I have placed you is too high—not for the looks of the thing, but for the truth of it, and that your fall, if a fall happened, would be a far one and result in a fearful shattering.

I would have you know, my madam of modesty, that this pedestal is not an accident; it was not thrown up by some compelling chance. I built it myself, and its form and height were determined upon with careful deliberation. You are high in my thought, worthy of the light on all sides, and a dark, low niche under the eaves, while doubtless conservative and safe, would not comport with my conception of your texture and dignity and character. The kind of thought which I hold toward you is never content with anything less than the utter enthronement of its objective, and the thought itself is the earnest of the ultimate regality of the one who, perhaps in advance of perfect realization, is deemed noble and strong.

Sometimes love is a noun and sometimes it is a verb, but always it is a lever to lift the loved and make it intrinsically fit to dwell in the environment of altitude and light. And love, the lever, works without being individually conscious of its task. It works easily and well; and because it is love it vaunts not itself, is not puffed up, and finds its joy, not in its own being and essence, but in seeing its object achieve the high place and hold it by sheer right of beauty and power.

You doubtless have your flaws—such things are still incident to nature and humanity; there was never yet a perfect rose or a perfect woman—but I shall abate my thought of you not one whit because of them. No matter what you may think you have of mental bias, or misdirected desire, or instinct untrained, or whim, caprice or unreason, I have set my heart upon you, your being and becoming. The pedestal stands as I made it, full height, and white from base to cornice, and all the laws of creative and upholding love must be annulled before any crash can rend the sweet silence of my Temple of Dreams.

So there, now! Be assured, and remember that the best way to get rid of dizziness is to accept the elevation and regard the good universe as including the heights as well as the depths.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Naples—You must be there, for from thence the packet came, its rugged wrappings tied bafflingly with stout hemp. Twine is cheaper than time, and it is my habit to cut it and fling the bits to the four winds, but alas! you are a spoiler of prudent habits. I fumbled at the knot nervelessly and lashed myself into an ecstasy of anticipation, for were not *you* within and had I not spent hours, literally hours, wondering where you had put that new six pounds which you wrote you had filched from the Continent? Never were knots so hard to undo, and never before did a real, human woman make six more alluring and charming bids for masculine capitulation!

When the riot within me was partially put down by a compromise-indulgence of eyes and lips, I made a sort of descriptive tabulation which runs like this:

The One with the Smile,
The One with the Hair,
The One with the Eyes,
The Dreamy One,
The Sweet One,
and
The One with the Soul.

Choose, did you say *choose*, with the whole outfit in my possession, and you, the arch-miser, on the other side of the ocean? Well, if I must, I must. I think I will take the One with the Soul, particularly as it also seems to carry with it mind and body and the daintiest gown I ever saw you in—and that's saying a lot. Please to forget never, that because what you *are* appeals to me, I am not at all sleepy about what you have on. The highway to human enchantment, I have heard, is well decked with the furbelow flower. So be it, and may the Lord bless the dressmakers and forgive their many sins.

No, on second thought, I won't choose—just simply won't, unless you let me do it like the last child before the jeweler's window. There they stand on the hot sidewalk, first on one bare foot and then on the other, tattered and penniless, Mary and Betty and John, the innocent covetousness of childhood running free among the gems lying in purple state behind the pitiless and sufficient glass.

"I choose the rubies," says Mary. "I choose the diamonds," cries Betty. "And I," shrieks John, with appropriate crescendo and a monopolistic sweep of his grimy hand, "I choose *everything*!"

John's choice is my choice—*everything*—and you will just have to stand for it.

In a row on my dresser? No, indeed! The housemaid has profane eyes, and, besides, I should not like to think of you as the Queen of the Velox Parade. You shall have a little dark domain all to yourself, and only when I say so shall you stand revealed, and the audience will be very, very small, but thoroughly capable of what the newspapers call "tumultuous applause."

Bend down; I want to whisper something. I have rented a safety-deposit box so many inches by so many inches and at so much per quarter, and there is also a quiet little room where one can go and be alone with what one sets store by. In a certain city, it is said, a woman came twice a week to one of these places, staying a half-hour each time. She was a pale woman in a black dress. By and by she did not come any more, neither did she call to surrender her key. After waiting a suitable time and trying hard to find her, but without success, the safety-deposit people broke into the compartment to see what bonds and valuables she had, and found—a tress of yellow hair, a little shoe worn through at the heel, and a baby's rattle.

And now I have *my* box and *my* key and *my* treasure, and when I call, the fat, uniformed Warden of Wealth will bow and smile and let me in, and shut the door and stand outside and tap the tessellated floor with his foot and think that I am cutting coupons!

But I hate Naples! It is so far away.

AT MIDNIGHT

My heart and the clock agree that it is midnight. Three bulbs over my table indicate that *some* wires that carry light are still strung, that *some* dynamo is still vital, that *some* workmen have their aprons on as usual and are doubtless mixing their toil with banter about the last dance, or the twins that came to McCarthy's house when McCarthy was on a spree.

But for me there is no light, no power, no badinage. My recollection of the good yesterday mocks me, the anticipation of to-morrow terrifies me, and the poignant pain that came with to-day, grew with it, and is outlasting it, is hell.

I suppose that every man must take what comes with his nature—must pay the price that is asked for having his particular kind of soul. Hence, if I am impelled from within to do and dare in a foe-peopled land, I must take the wounds and loss of blood which go with doing and daring; if I make abid for Life and Light, I must expect the balance



to be preserved—that Death and Darkness will also be knocked down to me.

This is the philosophy, and I love it and play it at every turn of the wheel; but, God! how dark it is to-night, and to what depths of disappointment and suffering is my heart consigned! I would that I might drink myself into unconsciousness, but that seems reserved for those who can do it—it is not for me; I must bear the curse and mark of sobriety, slumber not, and keep my pale face against the pane, looking out into the darkness, straining my eyes for a glimpse of—nothing, *nothing*.

You need not expect me to put on paper the particular happening which makes this a black day in my calendar—indeed it is not necessary, for I think you sense it from afar. But this is written; when a dream-child brought into the world by the travail of one who loves his kind is strangled by the strong, yellow hands of Greed and Selfishness, it cuts deep into the soul, and curtains the sky.

I am alone, and down, and it is dark. Are you afraid of the dark? Does the wind appall you? When the sails rend like gossamer and the spars are as punk in the gale, do you tremble and crouch and pray?

I am looking for someone who is strong; someone whose courage feeds on disaster, whose lips keep their crimson when hope is burned to a white ash, and the leer of the world is flung at the soul in defeat.

I guess there *must* be a God, but, oh, I am weak and tired—your arms, *your arms!*

THE DAWN

It is morning and all is well. The shallows of the glistening river sing over their white stones, the flowers have opened to greet the day, and the goldfinch wings his undulant way, prodigally spilling his melody into every ear that has learned to be attent.

And this was the day I feared, the day from which I shrank as if it contained a noose and a scaffold of rough pine!

I was early awake. As a gipsy girl rises and washes her face in the brook and runs back to the tent to waken her lover with a kiss, so the rays of the voluptuous sun stole through the crevices of the Venetian blind at my chamber window and wooed me into consciousness by their caress. And then I remembered a letter written to you at midnight, the call to you which it contained, and—*what happened afterward*.

I am more than half persuaded that you already know what I am now going to write, and if so I want you to tell me, for the fact of such knowledge would be of the utmost importance in the establishment of certain phenomena whose proofs, up to the present time, have been most slender and rare.

After I had finished the letter to you (which I enclose herewith), I turned the electric switch which governs the light in the library, and leaned forward in my chair, resting my face on my palms and gazing through the darkness at the last ember in the grate. It was all that was left of the glorious fire which had dealt so skilfully with the evening chill, snapping with sheer ardor for its task and actually needing the chimney's channel for the escape of its surplus zeal. And now the bit of charred and smoking maple, with its single waning point of light almost ready to succumb to the darkness, seemed to symbolize my heart and hope. That was why I looked at it and felt a sort of grim fellowship with the ember's despair.

Between the library and reception hall there is a wide opening fitted with sliding oaken doors and hung with plain, heavy portieres of linen, in color dark green. While it bears no relation to the matter in question, I might say that the linen thread in these portieres was spun from the flax and woven by the hands of my mother's mother, and, in woof and dye, the fabric appears to be quite imperishable.

I had closed the doors, and released the portieres so that they hung full over them—for was I not to open my heart to you, and did not adequate expression require the sense and spur of entire seclusion? When one tells to the only other one how one feels when the battle goes wrong and the flag is struck, can the place of the telling be too still or too far away from those who would not understand, those who have not been qualified by love to receive with gentleness the tidings of defeat?

I think the ember's fading glow lasted five minutes—it might have been ten—and then, when the darkness was absolute, I straightened in my chair and gave verbal, involuntary utterance to the heart-cry which formed the conclusion of my letter to you. And then—there was a light in the room! It came not from the chandelier—I had not touched the switch; nor from the grate—the fire was out; nor from the moonless night outside, but from the direction of the oaken doors, locked and draped to keep out everything that might seek ingress, even sound and light. A succession of strange thrills ran through my body. It was as if a million little batteries were trained upon my being, pelting me with grains of warm, golden sand, each bringing its quota of life and hope and power. The ecstasy of it was indescribable, and under its spell I held myself in leash until the elements that create and conquer seemed to possess me utterly, and then, with peculiar, exultant strength and a new and supernatural sense of the worth of life and opportunity, I rose to my feet and turned raptly and reverently toward the apparent source of the light, and there, silhouetted against the drapery over the oaken doors, bearing no candle, herself the "radiance," her vestment of white contrasting strangely with the crimson

of the smiling lips and the pink of the waiting arms, was she to whom my soul had cried at midnight in the hour of its supreme need!

Tell me—is this news to you?

And tell me, also, this: In the crisis-hour, when God is gone and there is no star, or when a soul has been qualified by experience and suffering to receive some great new truth, may it not be that time and space, darkness and light, substance and form, even all things are put at Love's disposal for the work of reinforcement and revelation?

I do not believe in miracles—can not think that there has ever been any interruption in the orderly operations of Nature—but I regard as reasonable the possibility that there are phases and functions of natural law with which we are not yet familiar.

And of this I am sure: I saw no wraith; I dreamed no dream; I needed *you*, and you came, and with you courage for the dawn. And that is why I see the river flowing over its white stones, and know the flowers are greeting the day, and hear the goldfinch's song.

UPON HER BROW

Your last letter is heavy with self-depreciation. Surely you dipped your pen that time in the ink of a raven mood, and wrote things about yourself to which I will not agree. You look well in humility, I admit, but a garment is a thing which is put on and off and changed for others, and now I intend to drape you with warrantable and gentle pride, and find a bit of laurel and a blessing to put where laurel and blessings belong—upon your brow! Bend low and listen and then go proudly, for you among women are worthy.

If I read history aright, the light which does most dispel the world's darkness is that which shines when the man-nature and the woman-nature are in apposition. Abelard had his Heloise, Browning his Elizabeth, Wendell Phillips his Ann, and the man of Nazareth faced his daily task armed with the love and devotion of the women who ministered to him. If you put women out of the New Testament the Cross must go too, and there will be left only a prophet with a halting tongue—a teacher who dared not to die dutifully for his truth. But when a man's feet are laved with a woman's tears, there is not in all the world a path too steep for them, and the wormwood and gall of life are but as a draught from a cool, eternal spring.

I am not great, oh, woman of my heart! And probably my little span will pass undistinguished by any achievement which the world will list as notable, but what I am, I am by the grace of you, my Good incarnate, my mentor, star and spur, and lure to all that is best in life, now and after.

You know well the work which I have chosen for myself—chosen because I deemed it important and consonant with my nature—work in which I invest myself with the abandon of a gamester to whom the game is all; well, this work I do as in the shade of your living presence.

If, with the rising of each day's sun, the spirit of the hunt is begotten within me and I leap at my task as leaps the hound at the throat of a stag, it is because, for your sake, I count the quarry good and worth while.

You have believed in me and in what I have been trying to do; when the world laughed at my dreams you smote its face with the fierceness of a woman who shields her own; in those creative hours when the Voices called and I dared not disobey—when that which was not *became*—you were near, fusing your breath and prayer with mine; and when I have staggered under the weight of things and reached out in the darkness, always, *always*, you have put yourself under my hand to stay and steady me. And; when, in that later day of victory, when I and what I do are justified to the world and I lie prone with weariness, as victors always lie at the battle's end, if you, *you*, will but kneel beside me and smile into my eyes—ah, that, indeed, will be to me the hour supreme!

This—this grateful avowal of what you are to me—is what I meant by the laurel and the blessing.

THE PROBLEM

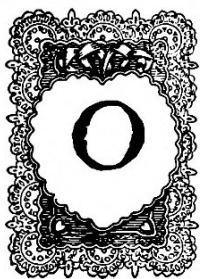
If our path should ever straighten and widen so we might walk it side by side in the sunlight, seeing ahead, and with the permission afforded by a certificate of conventional marriage, what then? Would it be as well with us then as now?

Men and women were joined together and faced the issues of their fused lives long before the fickle cement of ceremony was invented, and a home is something more than a house with a fire, a cat, a cot, a set of dishes, and two or more human beings moving about among the furnishings.

Once in a while, in order that I may be informed in the matter of marital advantage—or disadvantage—I climb as high as I can in the ether of disinterestedness and train my glass on the domesticity below. And this I see: many houses and few homes; many men and women living together and few real husbands and wives; crowds of accidental offspring, and only now and then a child who is the result of a spiritual conspiracy between its father and mother; whose being was deliberately planned in the star-chamber of intelligence and love—love so sure of its own worth and divinity that it longs for perpetuation in the ampler life of another and later soul. Soft carpets, delicate food, and art in frames

[Continued on page 120]





OLD Pogosa was seated in the shade of a farm wagon, not far from the trader's store at Wash-akie, eating a cracker and mumbling to herself, when a white man in miner's dress spoke to her in a kindly voice and offered her an orange. She studied him with a dim, shining, suspicious gaze, but took the orange. Eugene, the grandson of her niece, stood beside the stranger, and he, too, had an orange.

"Tell her," said the white man, "that I want to talk with her about old days; that I am a friend of her people, and that I knew Sitting Bull and Bear-Robe. They were great chiefs."

As these words were interpreted to the old witch, her mouth softened a little, and raising her eyes she studied her visitor intently. At last she said, "Aye, he was a great chief, Sitting Bull. My cousin. I came to visit Shoshoni many moons ago. Never returned to my own people."

To this the miner replied, "They say your husband, Iapi, was one of the sheep-eaters exiled to the mountains."

Her eyes widened. Her gaze deepened. She clipped her forefinger in sign of agreement. "It was very cold up there in winter. We were often hungry, for the game had all been driven to the plain and we could not follow. Many of our children died. All died but one."

The stranger, whose name was Wetherell, responded with a sigh, "My heart is heavy when I hear of it. Because you are old and have not much food I give you this money;" and he handed her a silver dollar and walked away.

The next day, led by Eugene, Wetherell and his partner again approached the old Sioux, this time with a generous gift of beef.

"My brother, here, is paper-chief," he explained. "As a friend of the red people he wants to put in a book all the wrongs that the sheep-eaters suffered." In this way the gold-seekers proceeded to work upon Pogosa's withered heart. Her mind was clouded with age, but a spark of her old-time cunning still dwelt there, and as she came to understand that the white men were eager to hear the story of the lost mine she grew forgetful. Her tongue halted on details of the trail. Why should not her tale produce other sides of bacon, more oranges and many yards of cloth? Her memory wobbled like her finger—now pointing west, now north. At one time the exiles found the gold in the cabin in a bag—like shining sand; at another it lay in the sand like shining soldiers' buttons, but always it was very beautiful to look upon, and always, she repeated, the white men fled. No one slew them. They went hurriedly, leaving all their tools.

"She knows," exulted Wetherell. "She knows, and she's the one living Indian who can direct us." To Eugene he exclaimed, "Say to her pretty soon she's going to be rich—mebbe go home to Cheyenne River. If she shows us the trail we will take her to her own people."

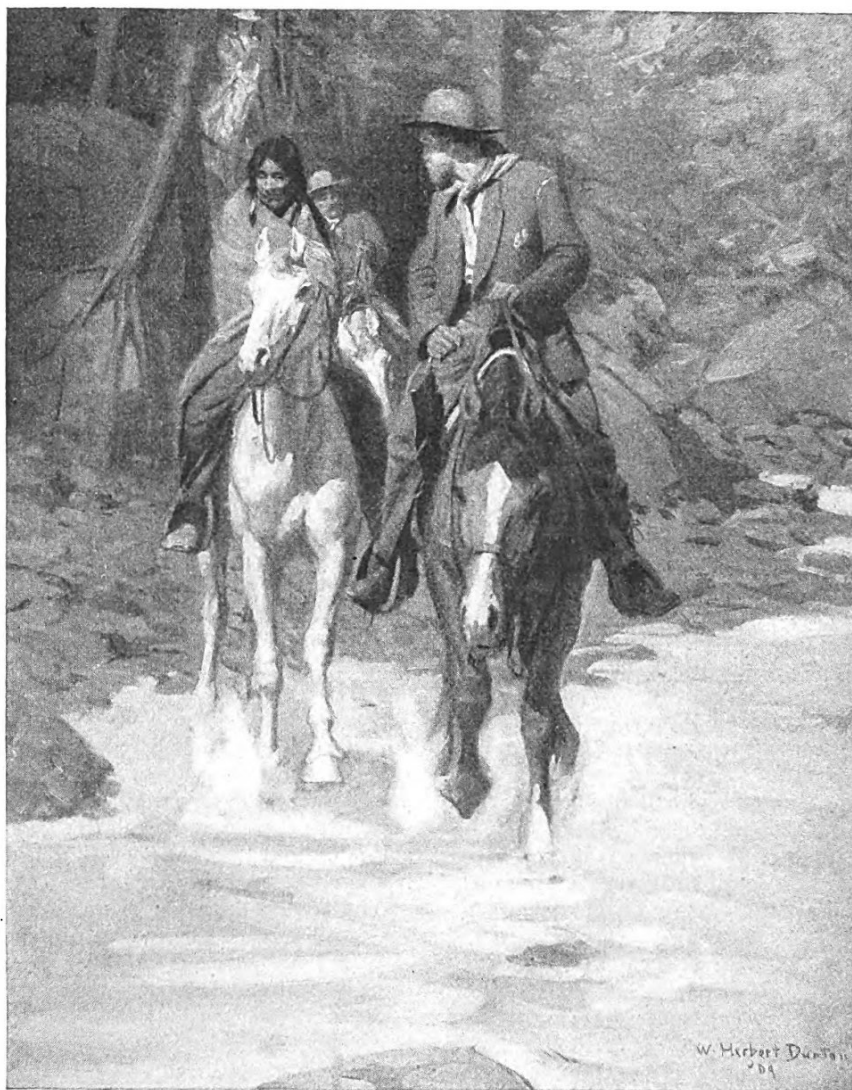
Like a decrepit eagle the crone pondered. Suddenly she spoke, and her speech was a hoarse chant. "You are good to me. The bones of my children lie up there. I will go once more before I die."

Boone was quick to take advantage of sunset emotion. "Tell her we will be here before sunrise. Warn her not to talk to anyone." And to all this Eugene gave ready assent.

Wetherell slept very little that night, although their tent stood close

Through the Spirit of Iapi by Hamlin Garland

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton



Her withered knees were of small service in maintaining her seat

beside the singing water of the Little Wind. They were several miles from the fort and in a lonely spot with only one or two Indian huts near, and yet he had the conviction that their plans and the very hour of their starting were known to other of the red people. At one moment he was sure they were all chuckling at the "foolish white men;" at another he shivered to think how easy it would be to ambush this crazy expedition in some of the deep, solitary defiles in those upper forests. "A regiment could be murdered and hidden in some of those savage glooms," said he to himself.

Boone slept like a top, and woke at the first faint dawn with the precision of an alarm clock. In ten minutes he had the horses in, and was throwing the saddles on. "Roll out, Andy," he shouted. "Here comes Eugene."

Wetherell lent himself to the work with suddenly developed enthusiasm, and in half an hour the little train of laden animals was in motion toward the hills. Pogosa was waiting, squatted on the ground at some distance from her tepee. Slipping from his horse, he helped her mount. She groaned a little as she did so, but gathered up the reins like one resuming a long-forgotten habit. For years she had not ventured to mount a horse, and her withered knees were of small service in maintaining her seat, but she made no complaint. Slowly the little train crawled up the trail, which ran for the most part along the open side of the slope, in plain view from below. At sunrise they were so well up the slope that an observer from below would have had some trouble in making out the character of the cavalcade. At seven o'clock they entered the first patch of timber and were hidden from the plain.

On the steep places where the old squaw was forced to cling to her saddle, groaning with pain, the kindly Wetherell walked beside her, easing her down the banks. In

crossing the streams he helped her find the shallowest fording and in other ways was singularly considerate. Boone could not have done this, but he saw the value of it. "It's a hard trip and we've got to make it as easy for the old bird as we can."

"She's human," retorted Wetherell, "and this ride is probably painful for her, mentally as well as physically."

"I s'pose it does stir her up some," responded Boone. "She may balk any minute and refuse to go. We'd better camp early." A little later Eugene called out, "She says set tepee here," and Boone consented.

Again it was Wetherell who helped her from her saddle and spread his pack for her to rest upon. He also brought a blanket and covered her as tenderly as if she were his own grandmother. "She's pretty near all in," he said in palliation of this action. He took a pleasure in seeing her revive under the influence of the hot food. When she began to talk, Eugene laughingly explained: "She stuck on you. Say you good man. Your-heart big for old Injun woman."

Boone chuckled. "Keep it up, Andy," he called through the tent. "I leave all that business to you."

Pogosa's face darkened. She understood the laugh. "Send him away," she commanded Eugene—all of which made Boone shout with laughter.

The whole enterprise now began to take on poetry to Wetherell. The wilderness, so big, so desolate, so empty to him, was full of memories to this brown old witch. To her the rushing stream sang long-forgotten songs of war and the chase. She could hear in its clamor the voices of

friends and lovers. This pathway, so dim and fluctuating, so indefinite to the white man, led straight into the heroic past for her. Perhaps she was treading it now, not for the meat and flannel which Boone had promised her, but for the pleasure of reliving the past. She was young when her husband was banished. In these splendid solitudes her brave young hunter adventured day by day. Here beside one of these splendid streams her children were born in exile; here they suffered the snows of winter, the pests of summer; and here they had died one by one, till only she remained. Then, old and feeble, she had crawled back into the reservation, defiant of Washakie, seeking comfort as a blind dog returns to the fireside from which he has been cruelly spurned.

As she slept, the men spread a map on the ground, and for the hundredth time Wetherell measured the blank space lying between Bonneville Basin and Fremont's Peak marked "unexplored," and exclaimed: "It's wonderful how a mountain country expands as you get into it. Don't look much on the map, but gee! A fellow could spend ten years looking for this mine, and then be no better off than when he started."

"Yes," responded Boone, "it's certainly up to you to cherish the old lady."

In the morning Wetherell dressed hastily and crept into the little tent where Pogosa lay. "How are you, Gran'ny?" he asked. She only shook her head and groaned.

"She say her back broke," Eugene interpreted.

A brisk rubbing with a liniment which he had brought from his kit limbered the poor abused loins and at last Pogosa sat up. She suddenly caught Wetherell's hand and drew it to her withered breast. "Good white man," she cried out.

"Tell her I'll make her eyes well, too," he commanded Eugene. "The medicine will hurt a little, but it will make her eyes stronger to see the trail."

Boone could not suppress his amusement as he watched Wetherell's operations. "You'll spoil Gran'ma," he remarked. "She'll be discontented with the agency doctor. I'm not discouragin' your massage operations, mind you, but I can't help thinking that she'll want clean towels, and an osteopath to stroke her back every morning when she goes back to her tepee."

"If she only holds out long enough to help us to find the mine she can have a trained nurse, and waiting-maid to friz her hair—if she wants it frizzed."

"You don't mean to let her in as a partner?"

"I certainly do! Is n't she enduring the agonies for us? I'm going to see that she is properly paid for it."

"A hunk of beef and plenty of blankets and flannel is all she can use; but first let's find the mine. We can quarrel over its division afterward."

"I doubt if we get her a-horse to-day. She's pretty thoroughly battered up."

"We must move, Andy. Somebody may trail us up. I want to climb into the next basin before night. Let me talk to her."

She flatly refused to move for Boone, and Eugene said, "She too sick. Legs sick, back sick, eyes sick. Go no further."

Boone turned to Wetherell. "It's your edge, Andy. She's balked on me."

Wetherell took another tack. He told her to rest. "By and by I'll come and rub your back again and fix your eyes. To-morrow you will feel strong and well." To this she made no reply.

All the day Boone kept his eyes on the back trail, expecting each moment to see some dusky trailer break from the cover. As night began to fall it was Wetherell who brought a brand and built a little fire near the door to Pogosa's tent so that the flame might cheer her, and she uttered a sigh of comfort as its yellow glare lighted her dark tepee walls. He brought her bacon also, and hot bread and steaming coffee, not merely because she was useful as a guide, but also because she was

old and helpless and had been lured out of her own home into this gray and icy world of cloud.

"Boone," he said, as he returned to his partner, "we're on a wild goose chase. The thing is preposterous. There isn't any mine—there can't be such a mine!"

"Why not? What's struck you now?"

"This country has been traversed for a century. It is 'sheeped' and cattle-grazed and hunted and forest-ranged—"

Boone waved his hand out toward the bleak crags which loomed dimly from amidst the slashing shrouds of rain. "Traversed! Man, nobody ever does anything more than ride from one park into another. The mine is not in a park. It's on some of these rocky timbered ridges. A thousand sheep-herders might ride these trails for a hundred years and never see a piece of pay quartz. It's a big country. Look at it now! What chance have we without Pogosa? Now here we are on our way, with a sour old wench who thinks more of a piece of bread than she does of a hunk of ore. It's up to you, Andy—you and your 'mash.'"

"Well, I've caught the mind-reading delusion. I begin to believe that I understand Pogosa's reasoning. She is now beginning to be eaten by remorse. She came into this expedition for the food and drink. She now repents and is about to confess that she knows nothing about the mine. She and Eugene have conspired against us and are 'doing' us—good."

"Nitsky! You're away off your base. The fact is, Pogosa is a Sioux. She cares nothing for the Shoshoni, and she wants to realize on this mine. She wants to go back to her people before she dies. She means business; don't you think she don't; and if her running gear don't unmesh to-night or to-morrow she's going to make good—that's my hunch."

"I hope you're right, but I can't believe it."

"You don't need to. You keep her thinking you're the Sun-god—that's your job."

It rained all that day, and when night settled down it grew unreasonably warm for that altitude, and down on the marshes the horses stood, patiently enduring the gnats and mosquitoes. They plagued Pogosa so cruelly that Wetherell took his own web of bobinet and made a protecting cage for her head and hands. Never before had

she been shielded from the pests of outdoor life. She laughed as she heard the baffled buzzing outside her net, and, pointing her finger, addressed them mockingly. Wetherell took the same joy in this that a child takes in the action of a kitten dressed as a doll.

To Eugene he said: "You tell her Injun plenty fool. He don't know enough to get gold and buy mosquito netting. If she is wise and shows me the mine, she will never be bitten again. No flies. No mosquitoes. Plenty beef. Plenty butter and hot biscuits. Plenty sugar and coffee. White man's own horse carry her back to her people."

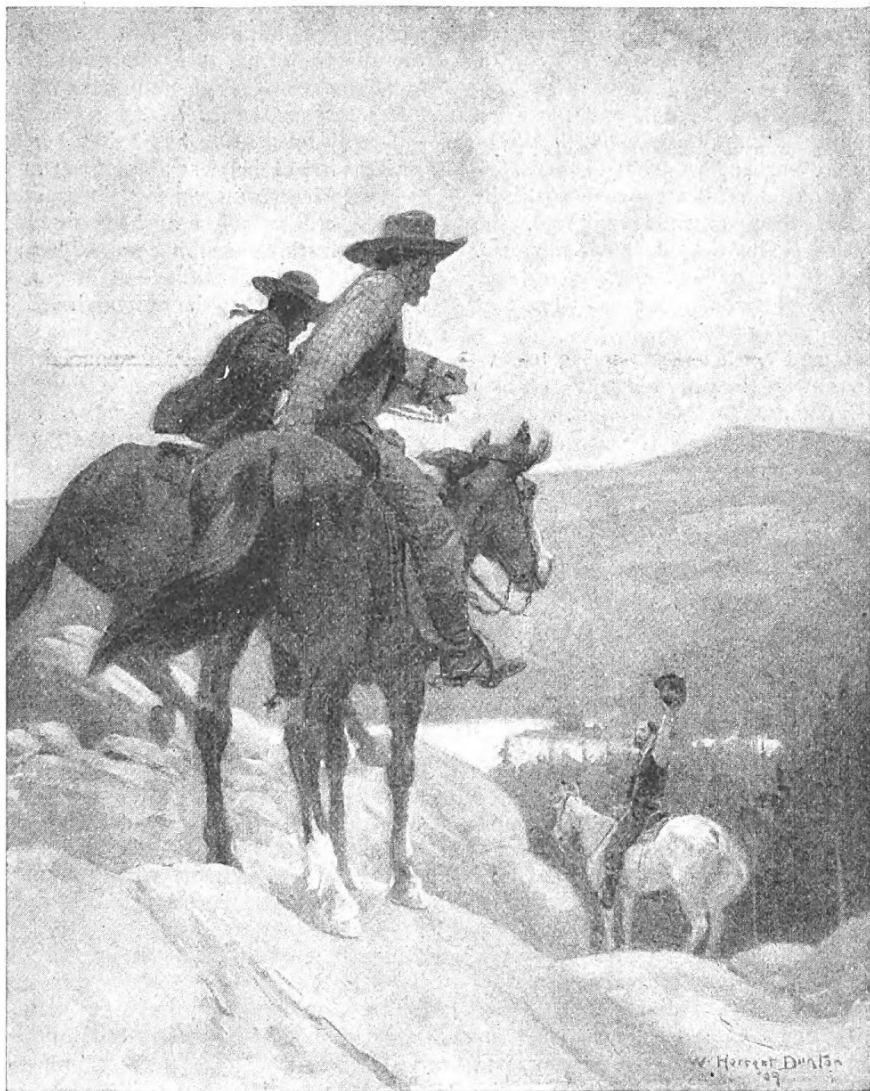
It took some time to make the old woman understand this, and then she replied briefly, but with vigor.

"White man all same big chief. Go find mine, sure, for you. No want other white man to have gold. All yours."

The morning broke tardily. The rain had ceased, but the gray mist still hid the peaks, and now and then the pines shook down a shower of drops upon the tent cloth as if impatient of the persistent gathering of moisture. Otherwise the forest was as still as if it were cut from bronze.

Boone arose, and, going outside, began kicking the embers together. "Wake up, Andy. It's a gray outlook we have," he announced after a careful survey. "The worst sign is this warmth and stillness. We're in the heart of the storm, and the mosquitoes are hellish."

As Wetherell was creeping from the tent door one of the pines quivered and sent down a handful of drops squarely soaking the back of



Slipping, sliding amid a cascade of pebbles, the gold-seekers plunged straight toward the pool

his neck, and a huge mosquito stuck savagely to the end of his nose. He was not in the best of humor as he straightened up.

"I can stand cold and snow, or wet and cold, but this hot, sticky, dark weather irritates me. Let's climb high and see if we can't reach the frost line."

"We'll be frosty enough when this storm passes," Boone said comfortingly. "Eugene!" he roared. "*Komm heraus! Puck-a-chee wee wipp wa sa!* All hands on deck and a belayin' pin for the cook!" Then in a note of astonishment and surprise, "Well, look at that!"

Wetherell looked where he pointed, and beheld Pogosa squatting before a meager fire at her tent door, her head carefully draped in her bobinet. He forgot his own lumps and bumps, and laughed. "So doth the white man's civilization creep upon and subdue the Amerind, destroying his robust contempt for the elements and making of him a Sybarite."

Eugene appeared, grinning ruefully. "Heap dam moskeets. Drink my blood all night."

"I reckon you got gran'ma's share," said Boone.

Pogosa met Wetherell's glance with an exultant smile and pointed at the net as if to say, "See, I am safe. The angry brutes can not touch me."

"The old girl is on her taps this morning. She deserves a reward. Wait a jiffy. There"—and Boone uncorked a flask and poured a wee drop of an amber-colored liquid into the cup of coffee which Wetherell was about to take to her—"say nothing and see what happens."

She ate a rousing breakfast and was especially pleased with the coffee. Boone repeated the dose and then, much invigorated, she ordered Eugene to bring her pony to her. This tickled Boone mightily.

"You see how it is! She's already the millionairess. Who ever heard of an Injun getting up a horse for an old squaw? Look at Eugene!"

Eugene was indeed in open rebellion, and Wetherell, not caring to have trouble with him, went down and brought up the pony himself. He also gave the old woman his slicker and insisted on her wearing it, whereat Eugene wondered again.

The rain was beginning as they took their way over the meadow, and Wetherell was near to being bogged the first crack out of the box. "Do we go up that cliff?" he asked.

Pogosa waved her forefinger back and forth as though tracing the doublings of the trail.

Boone scanned the wall narrowly. "I don't quite see it," he remarked, openly, "but I reckon I can find it," and he spurred his horse to the front.

"No! No!" screamed Pogosa in a sudden fury, her voice shrill and nasal. Boone stopped, and she motioned Wetherell to his place in the lead. With a comical look in his eyes, Boone fell back. "'Pears like I ain't good enough to precede her majesty. Go ahead, Andy."

Wetherell, in much doubt of his ability to scale that cliff, started forth. The old trail could be seen dimly, and also the recent tracks of three horses. They were not precisely fresh, but they gave Boone some uneasiness. "Who made 'em, Eugene, and when?" he asked.

"One man riding—white man," announced Eugene. "Two pack horse—very light pack—made—mebbe so—three days ago."

"The forest-ranger from the other side, possibly."

Wetherell, by watching the hoof marks, by studying the conformation of the cliff before him, and by glancing back now and again at Pogosa, contrived to find the way. Slowly and for several hours they climbed this vast dike. It was nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea here, and Boone himself breathed with effort as he climbed. "I begin to see why people don't use this trail much," he said, as they stopped to rest on one of the broad shelves. "I'm beginning to wonder how we're going to pack our ore to market over this road."

"It will take mighty rich ore to pay its own freight," responded Wetherell.

Pogosa seemed strangely excited. Her eyes were gleaming, her face working with emotion.

"See the old girl!" said Boone. "We must be hot on the trail of the mine. It don't look like mineral formation, but gold is where you find it."

"Go on," signed Pogosa.

The way seemed interminable, and at times Wetherell despaired of getting his withered commander into the park which he was sure lay above this dike. At noon they halted long enough to make coffee. Boone flavored it as before, and Pogosa was ready to go on an hour later.

As they rose above the dike and Bonneville's Peak came into view, a low humming sound startled the hunters. It came from Pogosa. With eyes lit by the reviving fires of memory, she was chanting a hoarse song. She seemed to have thrown off half the burden of her years. Her voice gradually rose till her weird improvisation put a shiver into Wetherell's heart. She had forgotten the present; and with hands resting on her pommel, and with dim eyes fixed upon the valley, she was reliving the past.

"She singing old hunting song," Eugene explained. "Many years ago she sing it. This heap fine hunting ground then. Elk, big-horn, bear. All fine things in summer. Winter nothing but big-horn. Sheep-eaters live here many summers. Pogosa's young and happy then.

Now she is old and lonesome. People all gone. Purty soon she die. So she say."

Even the unimaginative mind of Boone thrilled to the tragic significance of this survivor of a dying race chanting her solitary song. Her memory was quickening under the touch of these cliffs and the sound of these streams. She was retracing the steps of her youth.

Boone interpreted it differently. "She's close to it," he called. "It's here in this valley, in some of these ridges."

Resolutely, unhesitatingly, Pogosa rode down the first stream which ran to the north, making directly for a low hill on which could be discerned a low comb of deflected rocks of a dark color. At last, riding up the ledge she slipped from her horse and tottering forward fell face downward on the grass beside an upturned giant slab of gray stone.

The men stared in wonder, searching the ground for evidence of mineral. None could be seen. Suddenly lifting her head, the crone began to sing again, uttering a heart-shaking wail which poured from her quivering lips like the cry of the forsaken. The sight of her withered hands strained together and the tears in her sunken cheeks went to the soul. The desolate rocks, the falling rain, the wild and monstrous cliffs, the encircling mountains, all lent irresistible power to her grief. She seemed the minstrel of her race, mourning for a vanished world.

"Come away," Eugene urged with a delicacy which sprang from awe. "Her husband buried there."

Deeply touched to know that her grief was personal, and filled, too, with a kind of helpless amazement at this emotional outbreak, the gold-seekers withdrew down the slope, followed by the riderless pony, leaving the old woman crouched close against the sepulchre of her dead, pouring forth the sobbing wail of her song.

"This looks like the end of our mine," said Boone gloomily. "I begin to think that the old witch led us up here just for the sake of visiting that grave."

"It looks that way," responded Wetherell, "but what can we do? You can't beat her, and we've done all we could to bribe her."

Eugene advised: "You wait. Bimeby she got done cryin'. Tomorrow she got cold—want meat, coffee—plenty bad. Then we go get her."

They went into camp not far away in the edge of a thicket of scraggly wind-dwarfed pines, and put up their tents for the night.

"Would n't it put a cramp into you," began Boone, as they stood beside their fire, "to think that this old relict has actually led us all the way up here in order to water the grave of a sweetheart who died forty years ago?"

"It shows how human she is."

"Human! She's superhuman. She's crazy, that's what she is."

"It is all very wonderful to me, but I'm worried about her. She must n't stay out there in this rain. It's going to turn cold; see that streak in the west?"

As Wetherell left the camp-fire and began to climb back toward the comb of rocks he felt not merely the sheer immensity of this granite basin, but the loneliness, its almost insupportable silence and emptiness. With the feeling of one who intrudes, he called to the old woman. He stooped and put his arm about her. "Come," he said. "You will die here. Come to the fire."

She suffered him to lead her away, but her head hung on her breast, her arms were limp.

Back at the camp-fire, after seeing that Pogosa had been properly taken care of, the men faced each other in gloomy silence. "Right here we take our medicine, partner," remarked Boone. "Here we put a dot and double the line. I'd like to break over that divide and see how it looks in there, but our lady friend seems indisposed, and I guess we'll just toast our knees and think where we missed it."

"After all," said Wetherell soothingly, "this morning may be merely incidental. Let us be patient. She may recover," and at dark he carried some hot drink over to her tepee, but found her sleeping, and decided not to awaken her.

Back at their fire, as the night deepened, the men lighted their pipes and with blankets at their backs huddled close about it. An imperious voice broke from Pogosa's tent. Wetherell looked around at Eugene.

"Did you speak?" he asked.

Eugene protested. "No. Pogosa talk."

"It sounded like a chief's voice," Boone began. "A vigorous voice."

Eugene, trembling like a scared puppy, crept close to Wetherell. His voice was a mere whisper. "That no Pogosa—that Injun spirit talking."

Boone was amused. "A spirit, eh? What does this spirit Injun say?"

"Say 'White man with red beard listen—come closer and listen'—"

"That's you, Andy. Draw close. Your side partner has something to say."

Wetherell, alarmed by this delirium of his patient, rose to his feet, and as he did so her harsh voice uttered a short phrase which stiffened Eugene with fright. He left his place and sidled after Wetherell.

"She say *me*, Eugene, come talk for you."

"Very true. You'll need him. This may be a dying confession," argued Boone.

"You go ahead in tepee," Eugene urged. "Me sit outside. Pogosa's medicine now. See 'um vision. Spirits talk to her."

As he peered in at the tepee door Wetherell perceived Pogosa dimly.



IN THE old days, the days of miracles, when to be sunburned to a blister was a pleasure, and going barefoot fun, when raw turnips actually tasted good and a six-inch sliver from a rattan baby carriage made a satisfactory and manly smoke, when, after much persuasion, you had been allowed to get a "shingle" hair-cut so thorough that your cranium showed pink all over, when you had just attained to the dignity of your first pair of "long pants"—on one of those days a woman from Boston ate dinner at our home, and during the meal she asked a question.

She was a dignified, not to say stately person, this female, and she had come to our village to deliver a lecture on "Woman, Her Past and Her Future." The "past," according to her, was a dreadful record of slavery and degradation, but the "future" was to be something entirely different. "Sisters," she proclaimed from the stage of the town hall that evening, "our day is dawning. No more shall we be the toys, the puppets of arrogant man. We shall be what we are, his equal in all things; in the government of the State as well as that of the home; at the polls as well as in the kitchen. We must strike! strike, I say! Arise! Wake!"

And Zephaniah Hackett, janitor of the hall, who was sleeping peacefully on the rear settee in the gallery, started, opened his eyes, and murmured, "Yes, Sarah, I'll be down in a minute. I did n't realize 'twas so late."

The champion of the rights of women dined at our house because Aunt 'Mandy, who lived with us that year, was head of the entertainment committee of the sewing circle and that committee had arranged for the lecture. "Somebody had to feed her," said Aunt 'Mandy, "and the only one that volunteered was Pashy Cahoon. I did n't want to hearken to any lecture that was inspired by Pashy's cookin', so I had her sent here in self-defense."

The question the lecturer asked, as she sat at the table, was this:

"Is—er—your village a literary community, madam?"

And that is the question which now, ten—twenty—thi—well, some years later, you are still pondering. Was our village a "literary community?" And you get very little satisfaction from Aunt 'Mandy's answer, which was, as you remember it, just this: "I can't say for certain, ma'am. What do you call a literary community?"

We had no Browning clubs or Ibsen societies. Ibsen and Browning were unknown quantities in our village at that period. We had a "Shakespeare Reading Society," however, which considered itself some pumpkins, and in the vestry of the Regular church was a Sunday-school library which was well patronized. At the corner opposite Simmons's general store stood the one-room building where Miss Harriet Beasley presided, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, over the "Ladies' Select Circulating Library," and in most of the best houses in town were books. Also our village boasted a poetess and a poet. The last statement must be qualified. We did boast of the

Literature in Our Village

By Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of "Kessiah Coffin," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Gaylor

poetess; the poet we blushing admitted when cross-examined.

Octavia Weatherby was the poetess. Octavia was a single lady—single from choice; she permitted no misapprehension on that score. "I might have married a dozen times," she was reported to have said, in strict confidence, to Mrs. Emeline Wixon, who repeated it to no less than fifteen different people that same afternoon. "I might have married a dozen times, Emeline, but I could n't make up my mind. Possibly I was too particular, but there was something wrong in each one. I could n't say yes."

When this confession reached your youthful ears you found it puzzling. "Why could n't she say yes?" you asked Grandma.

"Hey? I don't know, child; I would n't wonder if 't was 'cause nobody asked her to."

Whether or not Grandma was right is immaterial. The fact remains that Miss Weatherby, scorning or resigning matrimony, courted the Muse. She poetized on all occasions. In the spring, when the first dandelions burst into bloom, Octavia burst into song. All through the warm summer she sang. As the leaves fell from the trees in the fall, so the stanzas fell from her pen. Whenever a new cry issued from the cracked windows of "Washy" Sparrow's tumble-down domicile, announcing the arrival of another fledgling in that already crowded nest, the infantile wail was followed, like an echo, by an ode of greeting from Octavia.

"Welcome, little Joshua Henry!
Welcome, little stranger,
here!

You we fain would comfort
when we
Hear you shed the bitter
tear."

But it was in elegiac verse that Miss Weatherby's talents shone brightest. As Grandma said, there was something in her poetry which seemed to "fit into" a funeral. Old or young, rich or poor, no sooner was the coffin-lid closed above them than Octavia was standing ready to lay her tribute upon it. Not only ready, but eager. On one occasion "Uncle" 'Bial Stickney, who was critically ill with pneumonia, was re-

ported dead. The rumor was false and Uncle 'Bial recovered. When, at last, he was abroad again, he met on Simmons's front steps, the editor of the *Weekly Item*, who smilingly handed him a sheet of foolscap, both sides of which were covered with writing beautifully done with a fine pen and violet ink.

"Here, 'Bial," said the editor, grinning, "here's something may interest you. It's the poetry Occy Weatherby sent in when she thought you were dead. 'Tain't every man can read his own funeral hymn."

Uncle 'Bial seized the foolscap and read the first verse.

"Just at the closing of the day,
Amid the shadows dark and gray,
When clouds so deep were hovering o'er,
And it looked much like a thunder shower,
There came to us the hour of trial,
The angels called for our Abial,
That reverend man, so grand and good,
Who firm as oak in forest stood—"

Mr. Stickney read the poem through. Then with a sigh he handed it back to the editor.

"Say, Bill," he said, feelingly, "to oblige me I wish you'd publish that on the front page of your paper. I'd like some of the folks in this town to realize what a loss 't would have been if I had passed away."

Octavia's poems may still be found in scrapbooks and in the old files of the *Item*. Our village was rather proud of her, on the whole. But in Abner Pratt, our poet, we took no pride at all.

For one thing, he lived at the poorhouse, which, though a fitting residence according to humorous writers for one of his profession, was, to say the least, unaristocratic. Then, too, he was not "all there," as we used to say, or as Grandma put it, "lackin' in the upper story." His poems were never printed, probably never written. He proclaimed that he "made 'em out of his own head" and recited them with it also, for that matter. They differed from Octavia's in that they were always cheerful. Funerals had no attraction for Abner. No, indeed! But who does not remember his burst of joy over the building of the branch railroad to our village?

"To this fine town, I'd have you know,
The cars came down a short time ago.
When all the folks the whistle hear

They come around from fur and near.
The bell it rung, the whistle blew
And the old engyne went 'Choo! choo!'
All you that are sore and tried
Get in the cars and have a ride."

Or that other, chanting the praises of Nellie Phinney, one of our "fairest daughters." (See "Social Happenings," almost any number of the *Item*.)

"Her eyes are blue and her hair is gold.
And she ain't but eighteen years old.
She is pretty and she is sweet
As any girl you'd want to meet."

That poem delighted everyone—except Nellie. The young fellows at the post-office, mail times, could n't hear it often enough; they used to bribe Ab. to recite it when Miss Phinney came after the family mail.

The Shakespeare Reading Society met on Thursday evenings. Its members took turns in entertaining it at their homes. They were social events, those meetings, and everyone who was anyone belonged. Mr. Bandmann, teacher of the "upstairs" school, was president, and Mr. Simpkins, minister of the Orthodox church, was secretary. Dr. Parker and his wife belonged, and Captain Eben Salters and his daughter, and Almira Snow who played the organ Sundays, and Deacon Pepper who was the oldest inhabitant, and your Aunt 'Mandy and—well, all the best people. They read and discussed a portion of a play by Mr. Shakespeare



"Yes, Sarah. I'll be down in a minute"

—Parson Simpkins always called him "Mr." Shakespeare—and after the reading the folks at the house where the meeting was held served tea and preserves and cake; three kinds of preserves and five kinds of cake.

You remember the meetings at our house. Mr. Bandmann would call the gathering to order and Parson Simpkins would read what he called the "minutes." In your table at school sixty minutes made an hour, but to this day you are willing to swear that sixty of the Reverend Simpkins's minutes would have made a month; not a February month either. He always gave the "discussion" in full and added opinions of his own. After the minutes Mr. Bandmann announced that the society would now continue its perusal of "The Tempest." Miss Serena Fairtree would please begin.

Miss Fairtree—she was "downstairs" teacher that year—read in a meek, ladylike little voice, enunciating very clearly, and always stopping to mentally count ten after a period. Then Deacon Pepper took it up, with an oratorical roll, quavering in the pathetic parts just as he did in giving his experience at prayer meeting. Miss Snow lisped Caliban's curses. Then Captain Salters, who had been nervously waiting, seized the book in a hand like a glover's sign. Captain Eben was a member of the society under protest. His daughter had insisted that he join, and as the Salters were well to do and influential, he had been elected enthusiastically. But roaring orders from a quarter-deck in a gale and breathing shy Miranda's raptures are vastly different. The captain was a splendid skipper, but—

"I might call him a thing divine for nothin' nat'ral I ever saw so noble Pros aside it goes on I see as my soul—"

Here Parson Simpkins ventures to interrupt.

"Pardon me, Cap'n," purrs the minister, "but the 'Pros Aside' indicates that Miranda has finished her speech and her father continues. He begins, 'It goes on,' I see, etc."

"Hey? Yes, yes, all right. 'It goes on I see as my soul prompts it sperrit fair sperrit I'll free thee within two days for this. Fer most sure the goddess on whom these airs attend vooch—vooch—'"

"Vouchsafe, pa," prompts Miss Salters. "And Ferdinand is speaking now."

"He is, hey? Well, why don't it say so?"

"It does. That 'Fer.' on the line after 'for this' means Ferdinand."

"Ugh! Here, Mary Emma, you take it. I left my other specs to home and these ain't wuth powder to blow 'em up."

The meetings of the Shakespeare Reading Society were "enjoyable, instructive and profitable," according to Mr. Bandmann. You enjoyed the few which you were privileged to attend, especially Captain Eben's reading and the cake and preserves. But, taken by themselves, you question whether the lady listener who dined at our house would have accepted them as final proof that we were a "literary community." There were so many who did not belong and who scoffed at the society.

"Gosh!" sniffed Josiah Dimick, "I'll bet Shakespeare's glad he's dead; hey?"

A "literary community" should have books in it, and, as has been said, there were books in our village. At our house the books were of two kinds; those on the marble-topped center-table in the parlor and those in the closet of the "settin'-room."

"I'll bet Shakespeare's glad he's dead; hey?"



They used to bribe Ab. to recite it when Miss Phinney came after the family mail

The parlor books had gilt on the covers and on the edges of the leaves, most of them. They were piled at the four corners of the marble-topped table, and if you took them up on Friday—Saturdays the parlor was opened and dusted—you could see just where to put them back again. Of course this was not often necessary because no one took them up, except Grandma and Aunt Mandy, who did the dusting.

The titles of these books remain fixed in your memory. "Montgomery's Poems," "Poems by Various Hands," with pictures, also by various hands, and none skilful; "Moral Thoughts"—they were moral; "Album," with all your dead uncles and aunts and cousins embalmed within its embossed covers and suffering keenly. Opening it was like accepting the undertaker's invitation for a "last look at the departed;" "History of Ostable County, with Records of the Various Towns and Biographical and Pictorial Sketches of the Prominent Citizens."

This last was a book, if you please! Grandma subscribed for it, in desperation, after a two-hour session with the advance agent. The "Records of the Various Towns" were rather brief and unsatisfactory, but the "Biographical and Pictorial Sketches" were all that could be desired. In the section devoted to our village what familiarly awe-inspiring faces stared up at you from the pages! The Honorable Heman Atkins, member of Congress from our district, gold-bowed eyeglasses, side whiskers and dignity, all complete. Mr. Alonzo Snow, "leading merchant and cranberry grower." Solon Eldredge "prominent fish dealer and selectman."

Captain Eben Salters, "retired shipmaster and property owner." And six or eight others, all prosperous, all dressed in their Sunday clothes, and all—with the exception of the great Heman—painfully conscious that they were "havin' a picture took."

Also there were a few "scenes" in our village. "View on the Lower Road," with the cemetery and the hearse-house prominent in the foreground. "The Town Hall," with Mr. Asaph Tidditt, town clerk, standing frozen to the platform. "Residence of Congressman Atkins,"

box hedge, brick walk, yard with iron seat, iron urns and iron dogs—grand to look upon.

You felt a vague envy and sense of injustice as you turned these pages. None of your family was featured there, not even Grandpa who had been postmaster for years and years. Our house ought to have been a "prominent residence," but it was n't. Ah, well! you understand better now. The old, old story—the Money Power—



"The History of Ostable County" was a big and useful book

that was it. It cost ten dollars to have one's portrait and "biographical sketch" inserted in that book, and ten more for a cut of a "residence." Dollars were not plentiful in our house and we could not afford to purchase fame. But "The History of Ostable County" was a fine book, a big and useful book, especially useful when children visited our house and needed a high seat at the dinner table.

The books in the settin'-room closet were entirely unlike those in the parlor; as unlike as that sacred apartment was to the rest of the house. Their covers were not embossed or gilded; in fact, some of them had but half a cover left and were stained and dog-eared and disreputable. But you liked them just as well. You were not snobbish, and everyday clothes appealed to you. "The Life and Adventures of Captain John Smith" was quite as thrilling and wonderful, even though that hero, as depicted in his "Duel with Ali Fuzzi Pasha," was torn from shoulder to heel and smelt musty and ancient. If he had been run through a hay-cutter he could have fixed that Turk—did fix him, the book said so—"shore the unbeliever's head from his shoulders," in spite of Ali's



scimeter, which was five feet long and curved like a reaping hook.

Captain John was a good fellow, and, patriotic scruples aside, you liked him better than the immortal George in "Sparks's Life of Washington." The father of his country was, according to the Reverend Sparks, so very, very good. The language he used as a child was so complicated and flowery and grammatical, he was so respectful to his elders, and he prayed so frequently. It shamed you when you had neglected your Sunday-school lesson and made you feel that a boy who called his mother "Ma" and had the sin of "hookin' melons" on his conscience stood no show whatever to become President of these United States. However, it was interesting to know that George wore such gay clothes. In the colored illustrations he sported a blue coat, red trousers and a yellow cap; some of the blue had moved off the edge of the jacket and decorated the adjacent foliage. In a dim light it was difficult to determine where the father of his country left off and the country itself began.

There, too, in that closet, were the "war books." "Camp, Battle-field and Hospital," stories of soldiers and scouts and hair-breadth escapes. "Andersonville, Belle Isle and Libby," heart-rending narratives of starving Union men in Southern prisons. It made you hungry to read about them. The great war was just over and these tales were reeking with sectional prejudice. How you did hate a "rebel" in those days. You would have shot one on sight, if your folks had n't been such scared cats about a gun, and if there had been any to shoot. Later on, when you were older, a Southern family moved to our village. There were two or three boys in that family and it surprised you to find what bully fellows they were.

In that closet also were magazines, great piles of them. "Gleason's Monthly Pictorial" and Godey's "Lady's Book." The Pictorial was well enough with its scenes on Broadway, New York—a far-off and wonderful place; but the "Lady's Book" did not appeal to you. Fashion plates, with women and girls in hoops, and waterfalls might do for your female cousins to make into paper dolls, but for boys—Yah! Sissy!

We won't waste much time on the Sunday-school Library. "Simon Martin, or His First Glass," The "Rollo Books," "Little Lucy, or Helping the Needy," they might aid our village to qualify as a literary community, but they were not for you. "Rollo" was n't so bad, though he did preach a lot and fool away time learning to do useful things. But "Simon

Martin" died in the gutter, the sole instance on record of his taking to water, and "Little Lucy" carried all her Thanksgiving dinner to the poor crippled children, a piece of foolishness for which she got nothing but "grateful tears." Considering that the cripples had been subsisting on a "crust" for months, why they should cry when they got turkey you could n't understand.

There was one book in the Sunday-school Library that you read several times. The name of it was "Pilgrim's Progress," and when Aunt 'Mandy found you reading it she was surprised and pleased.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "I declare to goodness I wouldn't have believed it! After all the trash I've seen you with to find you actually with your nose in a good book is way beyond—Do you like it?"

"Hey?"

Your response was absent-minded. Christian was having it out with Apolyon just then and the issue was doubtful.

"I say, do you like it?"

"Um—hm."

"Well, I snum! Why?"

"Why? Aw, Auntie, *course* I like it! It's all full of the bulliest adventures, giants and fiends and fights and—"

"Humph! I might have known. You give me that book. I'll read it out loud to you and explain what it means as we go along."

She did read it aloud, but it was n't half so interesting. She kept stopping every few sentences to chuck in a lot of irrelevant stuff about "sins" and "temptations" and "steadfast

faith" and such. Right in the middle of the finest kind of a scrap! Oh, well! she was a woman. But Christian licked and you were glad of that.

All along we've been edging up to the "Ladies' Select Library" and, at last, we're there. You can see that little room with the books along the walls as plain as day—in your mind. You'll never see it again in reality, because the "Atkins Public Library" has taken its place, and that is a fine edifice (see the *Item*) with stone steps, and a counter where you write numbers from a catalogue on a card and, if you're lucky, get one of the books you want—usually the one you want least. You can't go in and nose around, reading fascinating and mysterious titles and taking down the brown-paper covered volumes, one by one, to sample for yourself the wonderful contents. You don't know the shelves where they keep the "Mayne Reids" and the "Elm Islands" and the "Optics" and the "Leather Stockings" and the "Frank" books. Very likely the Atkins Library has n't a "Frank" book in it. Between ourselves it is a vain show. Costly and imposing and maybe fine to look at, but as a library, as a place where a boy can, if his folks pay fifty cents a year, get a bi-weekly ticket to the land of dreams and thrills and glories, never—never at all.

The "Boys' Books" were at the right-hand side of the library room on the three upper shelves. No, madam, they did not call it the "juvenile section." When, on a Wednesday or Saturday, you came padding barefoot into that room, your straw hat under one arm, and "Frank on a Gunboat" under the other, Miss Beasley, sitting behind the green-topped table, would look over her eyeglasses and say:

"Good-afternoon. Back again so soon? Have you finished that one already? Very well. You know where the Boys' Books are, of course. Now, be quiet and don't drop any; it racks the bindings so. Be careful, won't you?"

You tiptoe over to the tall case, and there, seated on the broad base-board, is "Snuppy" Rogers, head bent low, dusty, bare feet crossed, a book open on his knees. You look at the big letters at the top of the page—"The Boy Tar." You know that book.

Snuppy looks up when you touch him. In answer to your grin he merely grunts and looks down again. He is miles away from our village, far out at sea, a starving stowaway in the hold of a ship, laboriously digging his way, by the aid of a jack-knife, up through a cargo of cracker boxes and flour barrels and brandy kegs and pianos to light and freedom. He had just cut a hole in what he hoped was a water cask, but, alas! it turns out to be filled with brandy. He finds a water cask, though, later on—just as he found the crackers and the candles and the matches. Take it all together, that cargo could n't have been better selected for a stowaway to tunnel through. But you remember when he broke the best blade of his knife on the piano! And the rats! B'r-r-r!

The book you are seeking is "Frank Before Vicksburg." It is in! Hooray! You pause to look at the fascinating pictures, hand it over to Miss Beasley, who writes something or other with ink and hands it back. With your treasure-trove under your arm you pad softly out of the library, leaving Snuppy to carve a subway through a chest of plow irons.

And that evening, when the "banjo" clock on the settin'-room wall has struck nine, a hand is laid on your shoulder. You start, the "ring of stern faces and gray clad figures" whirl from before your eyes. Mother is standing over you.

"Come, dearie," she says. "It's way past bedtime. I called you ten minutes ago."

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The Birthday of Lincoln

By ROBERT WHITAKER

WHAT myriad babes were born that deathless day!
And lived and labored and passed on:
Like summer clouds that gather, and are gone,
Wombed of the infinite, and yet the play
Of yonder woodsman on his ruthless way.
What myriad lives! and of them all we con
No record now, nor names to dream upon
Save only two who are the world's for aye.

YET think you Lincoln loved his fellows more,
Or Darwin nature, than all they who came
From out the darkness that immortal morn?
Think you, despite the indigence of fame,
We are not wiser, freer, less forlorn,
For all the nameless dead the ages bore?

An Important Series by the Author of "The Break-Up of the Parties"

BUSINESS in the present stage of evolution is, and ought to be, and must be the supreme ruler, above all laws, all constitutions, and all codes of conventional morals.

This is not merely necessary; it is perfectly right.

If at first thought the idea seems extravagant or abnormal or unpleasant, we need but to reflect upon one great pivotal fact that explains all and justifies all.

Business Is the Primal Necessity of Society

In the present stage of evolution Business is engaged in supplying man with the things he must have to maintain life. It is therefore the primal necessity of society. You can not apply man-made laws, constitutions, nor fine-spun doctrines to the primal necessities. A ship-load of starving castaways would not stop to consider nicely about points of ethics if they came upon somebody's box of biscuits. You would not expect them under such conditions to debate much about the rights of property. Without hesitation you would say that they must first have food and they could determine afterward about the owner's position. So man must be fed, clothed and sheltered; later, we can talk with him about the constitution and ordinances relating to land under the sidewalks.

Business is engaged in feeding man, clothing him and giving him shelter.

This is why it is perfectly right, reasonable and just that the object of government should be to make Business prosperous, and equally right that government should be Business and nothing else. Government can not possibly have a better purpose than to provide well for Business. About all this we have—let us give thanks!—outgrown a lot of nonsense. We used to think that the object of government was to further some strange fantastic thing called statecraft, and to enable certain mysterious gentlemen to prance about in foreign courts, to pose and juggle and lie and make futile movements on some invisible chess-board, to live at the public expense and ride in state and look solemn and important about nothing. In times still more remote, men thought that a king and his fat mistresses were the proper government, and that what some stupid prime minister thought about Zanzibar or the Gold Coast was of some human importance. Now we begin to perceive that nothing is of any real importance except Business; because upon Business depends the bare and primal life of man.

Well—but why now more than in the old times? These old fussinesses that used to primp and stalk about the halls of government and play the dull games of statecraft were wont to decry "Trade" and deride it; and now, behold Trade is not only their master, but with great heartiness—and good judgment—is kicking them off the premises. Why this great change?

In the Days of the Individual

Why, because in the old days individual man either supplied his own wants with his own resources, or got his supplies from other individual men. Hence, he was not dependent upon Business. If he needed a pair of shoes he got them from a man that with his own hands and his own tools fashioned the shoes complete. If he needed clothes the tailor supplied him; if he needed meat his own bullock was slaughtered, or he purchased from his neighbor, the butcher, who with his own hands and his own tools

The Power Behind ★ The Republic ★★ By Charles Edward Russell

Third Article:

Where Business, Which Rules Us All, Is Not Quite Wise — as yet

slaughtered bullocks. So it was with all of his necessities.

Interference with any one of these sources of supply meant literally nothing to men in the mass; one butcher more or less, one baker more or less, was nothing; the supplies went on unchecked. Man was fed, clothed and sheltered, no matter what laws you might enforce upon any individual shoemaker, tailor, or carpenter. Moreover, the supply of work—that other great primal necessity—was not affected; the closing of one shoemaker's shop threw only one man out of work; the enforcement of a law upon one butcher shop affected but the one butcher.

But steam came, and then machinery, and abolished practically all of this condition. The individual as a source of supply largely dropped out of the equation. Man's supplies began to be furnished by great organizations steadily growing greater, better equipped, more efficient, more necessary to man. He began to get his shoes from enormous factories, controlled by a single corporation, employing thousands of men that were not skilled and independent artisans, but minute bits of an incalculable machine. His clothes were made by machinery; great contracting firms supplanted the individual carpenter; the Beef Trust supplanted the individual butcher; transportation became an articulated system indispensable to daily life, consolidated and conducted by the minds that dominated other supplies. To lay hand upon one of these institutions was to menace the primal supplies of millions and to deprive many thousands of their necessary work.

Organized Business had begun to assume the responsibility of feeding man, clothing him and sheltering him. At last the time came when man had practically no other source of food, clothing and shelter except Organized Business, which thereupon, necessarily, and not because of the craft or wickedness of any individual or group of individuals, and not because of any volition or design, naturally became the government.

Under the existing conditions there was nothing else to be expected.

If you are willing to abandon platitudes and airy imaginings and come down to bare truth, here you are. We are dealing at last with actualities.

A Straight Look at Actualities

As soon as we stand upon this unassailable rock all the mysteries become clear. It is not because we are of any worse morals than other

nations that we submit to the corporation; it is because, having gone farther than other nations upon the road that all must travel and are now traveling, there is at present no recourse. We have carried organization and efficiency to greater lengths than the rest of the world; we have done more to concentrate production and eliminate waste; we have better organized our supplies. Our general feeling, not expressed but well understood, is that these supplies are the paramount necessity and that Business must go on, and this feeling is quite just. We are not indifferent—as the foreigners think we are—when unpleasant facts are disclosed about our present situation; when we are shown that the railroads select our judges and corporations buy laws or nullify them. But being pioneers along this road, we have not yet been able to see how these absolutely necessary supplies can be had in any way but the present way. Therefore we do what we must do before the face of tremendous evolution.

In view of these facts here bluntly stated, any rational mind can see how absolutely futile any attempt will be to restrain or regulate Business against its will or its necessities. You might as well think of legislating against the force of gravitation. If, fair gentlemen of the Regulative School, you can devise a plan whereby man can live without food, water, clothing, shelter, or work, you can reasonably think to interfere with Business. Until you do hit upon a plan you must leave Business alone, because at present Business is man's indispensable source of life. Yes, leave it all alone and every phase of it to work out its own destiny; railroad rebates, watered stock, extortionate rates, Congressional valets, legislature bootlickers, municipal graft and all the rest. Laws, elections, reform movements, committees, chatters, good government clubs, wise gentlemen from the colleges, social experts, theories, preachments, editorials, appeals to moral standards and the rest are very idle. To try with such things to change the course of Business is trying to harness behemoth with a pack thread. Business will break through them all, whenever and wherever they get in its way. And this again is right and as it should be, because the function of Business—organized, modern, efficient, intelligent, alert Business, is to supply man with the things he must have that he may live.

The only question is whether for its own sake Business is, at present, quite wise. There is no question that it can at all times do what it wants to do. The only question is whether it is always moved to do the thing that is wise for itself; not for moralists, reformers, chatters or gabies, but wise for itself and its own welfare, which, in the present stage of evolution, is the only important consideration.

Business Is Not Interested in Doctrines and Theories

And that is the very point I have been steering for from the beginning. The question is whether this Business government of ours is for its own sake and its own welfare as wise as Business ought to be. It is purely a question of fact.

Let's see. We had in this country last fall several elections in which Business for its own interest chose to take active part. Any one of them would be instructive for study, but I suggest that we take the election in San Francisco, because there the case was the plainest and straightest. We shall, if you like, take note of just what Business did in this one election, and why, and how it participated.

For seven years San Francisco was distracted with a bitter warfare against municipal graft, bribery and corruption, each in its own kind shameless almost beyond belief or precedent. At the last November election the end of the contest, waged with great fierceness and candor, was the utter rout of reform and the triumph of graft.

In the course of this warfare Business changed sides. At first it fought on the side of reform, and then, of course, reform won all the battles. It abandoned reform and went over to graft; thereupon graft achieved the final victory.

For its change of attitude Business had several reasons. In the first place, it was led to believe that it was being injured by the war on graft. Next it was moved by a class feeling because members of the Business caste were included among the persons attacked. Next it allowed itself to be fooled by controlled newspapers and some very cheap and nasty lies. Finally it allowed itself to be manipulated by gamblers who had no real part in Business, but used it for their ends just as they used murderers, kidnappers, liars, dynamiters, burglars, yeggmen, sure-thing men, gum-shoe and second-story workers and plain thugs.

Usually Business is very wise. Perhaps it was wise here, and perhaps it was not. You can tell better when you have reviewed the facts.

I take it you are familiar with the outlines of the war on graft in San Francisco; how it was begun by one newspaper, the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and practically by one man, Fremont Older; how it was at first directed against the public officers who had betrayed their trusts, and against Abe Ruef, the little boss who had been the broker of graft and all uncleanness; how these were persons of the lower orders; how Francis J. Heney, a prosecutor of unusual intellect and character, was brought in to lead the forces of reform; how he was assisted by William J. Burns, a detective genius; how these men turned up bit by bit the whole monstrous story of the open sale of legislation, the story of bribery reduced to a system and science. You know how some of the criminals confessed, and some, after long, dogged legal battles, were convicted. Schmitz, the labor mayor, was by a Supreme Court decision freed from his sentence. Ruef, his master in corruption, was convicted after astounding revelations of villainy, and at the time of the election was in prison.

Loud applause followed all these triumphs of righteousness. So long as the prosecution was directed against Schmitz, Ruef and the supervisors, who were only bribe-takers and persons of no consideration, Business heartily approved. Heney was a hero. Burns was a hero. Older was a hero. The community demanded that these heroes march on and convict more bribetakers. When, as a culmination of a long series of black crimes, the criminals shot Mr. Heney down in the court room, men were ready to lynch the assassins. While the wounded man's life hung in the balance, the community thought of nothing but his courage and sacrifices and devotion to duty. He recovered by a seeming miracle, and resumed the work that had almost cost him his life. Not only San Francisco, but the whole country applauded.

Declaring that the rich bribe-giver was as bad as the poor bribe-taker, he started to punish those whom he held to be bribe-givers, and the situation was totally changed. He was no longer a hero, but a public nuisance. Burns and Older were no longer heroes but bad and dangerous men; and the cry became insistent that the prosecution had gone far enough.

The Unmaking of a San Francisco Hero

Now a community is not brought easily to reverse itself on a fundamental question of right and wrong; no American community is prone to declare graft, plunder and lawlessness to be good. We ought to consider carefully how this community was induced to endorse such a doctrine, because this is the gist of our whole story, and a perfect illustration of all we have been saying about the free press myth and the methods by which public opinion is manipulated and controlled.

The most conspicuous of the respectable men involved in the graft scandals was Mr. Patrick Calhoun, head of the street railroad system of San Francisco, directly implicated by Ruef's confession and indicted on thirteen counts. Mr. Calhoun is a perfect type of the American business aristocrat, a noted captain of industry, a descendant of John C. Calhoun, with all the pride of family as well as the pride of wealth. He does not own the San Francisco street

THE best is none too good for Business—the best of everything, the best of ideals, the best and highest standards of humane policy in this government of ours it has assumed. Only the very best will keep it and us off the rocks. To preach at it that it ought to do certain things because these things are prescribed in a code of morals, or to threaten it with law, dissolution, fines, and other punishments, is just to waste our good time. If it goes down dark alleys after vice and graft alliances, or arm-in-arm with San Francisco and Philadelphia rings, and if it continues to let poverty pile up, it will learn in time that these things do not pay. But whether it will learn this fact before it gets crumpled up by a nation where Business is wiser, or before it declines at home among a nation of slum-dwellers, nobody knows and evolution doesn't care.

THE secret of Germany's success is no secret at all to those who know the relative condition of her working population and England's. England has allowed the slum to take care of itself, and the slum has turned upon her and eaten out the heart of her strength. The real strength of a nation is not her banks, palaces, rich men, armaments, guns, battleships, splendors, Park Lanes, royal state, pomp and circumstances: the real strength is her men who work with their hands. That is her only asset worth talking about; her physical condition depends upon their physical condition. England has allowed her working populations to deteriorate in slums; Germany has labored to abolish the slum and to rear her working populations in the full measure of health and vigor. When the two working populations clash in the commercial battle, down goes the English line.

railroads, but directs and controls them for a certain great syndicate of American and European capitalists that owns the traction systems of several American cities, and constitutes some of the most powerful interests in the country. The ramifications of this syndicate extend into unsuspected regions, and involve

enormous enterprises, including banks.

Mr. Heney was a vigorous prosecutor. Mr. Calhoun, being indicted and menaced with trial, was naturally desirous to avoid further prosecution. The term of office of District Attorney Langdon, who had employed Mr. Heney, was about to expire, and the logic of the situation required that Mr. Heney should be nominated as his successor. If he should be elected he would certainly strive hard to send Mr. Calhoun to jail; if he should be defeated the Calhoun indictments would be quashed. The Interests back of and associated with Mr. Calhoun earnestly desired that he should not be tried. From

the Wall Street headquarters of the Interests radiate a thousand unseen wires that reach every corner of the country. The Interests gave a pull on these wires and immediately the puppets on the other end began to dance.

The chief nerve centers of Business are the banks. From these and other influential sources the word was handed through Business that Heney's prosecutions were hurting San Francisco, and he was making things bad for Business—that talismanic word more potent than any other phrase in the language. Conditions in San Francisco were rather peculiar; naturally the new city arising with such vigor from the great fire had been somewhat overbuilt; there were for the time being more offices than tenants. For this reason men were the more easily persuaded that Heney and not their own faulty judgments were responsible for the stagnation. Heney was injuring Business because he was giving a bad name to San Francisco and thereby keeping away people and capital. That was why the offices were not rented, why the rebuilding seemed to lag, why men were out of work.

It was all Heney and these graft prosecutions.

Men do not reason closely about such a proposition, particularly when it is set forth daily and with apparent fairness in their favorite newspapers. Hence no one stopped to inquire why the deadly influence of Heney was never felt until he began to prosecute the rich. So long as he confined his attention to former saloon-keepers and low-browed persons, San Francisco went its way unscathed. When he menaced the eminent, prosperity fell away. That was the substance of the proposition. San Franciscans have ordinarily a ready sense of humor, but in this case it singularly failed them. If they had perceived the absurdity they were invited to endorse, they would probably have laughed it to death.

The idea that Heney was hurting Business was persistently and adroitly

furthered through the press and otherwise. By a system of fault-finding and insinuations he was slowly discredited. He was accused of urging the prosecutions in a spirit of personal spite and for the sake of money; he was described as unscrupulous, extravagant and insincere. Attempts were made to show that he browbeat jurors and was of violent and unseemly means. The expenses of the campaign against graft had been chiefly borne by Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan.

The Bitter Cry of Hurt Business

Mr. Spreckels, a rich man, was very conspicuous in the fight. He was accused of going into it for reasons of personal spite because he had organized, so it was said, a rival street railroad company, and had been unable to secure a franchise. He was also called a dictator and a boss. Men asserted that he had dismissed one chief of police and appointed another, although he had no office nor warrant to interfere in the city's affairs. To put upon Mr. Heney the useful opprobrium of a phrase, it was said that he was "Spreckel's man," that Spreckels had hired him at great expense to secure revenge for that lost street railroad franchise. Even men who assumed a just wrath against all unrighteousness were wont to shake their heads and say that there never had been a good cause so

ruined by mismanagement and selfish ambition, and to declare that Heney and Spreckels had so spoiled everything that no course was open but to abandon the whole matter. "People are sick and tired of these prosecutions" was a comment industriously spread; "Heney bungled everything so that no conviction will stick."

For most of this campaign the newspapers were directly responsible.

They had, however, powerful assistance from eminent sources, and those not alone in San Francisco. Before he came to San Francisco, Mr. Heney had been engaged in Oregon in behalf of the Government in prosecuting the great land frauds in that State, in which work he had already antagonized certain Interests much involved in the frauds. To discredit him in San Francisco the falsehood was started that he continued to be carried on the pay-roll of the National Government. This point happened in some way to be raised in Congress, which, one might think, was not conceived in a purely local contest. Whereupon the Associated Press carried about the country an impression that did great harm to the prosecution, and great injustice to Mr. Heney, for it was immediately utilized in San Francisco to impair his standing before the community.

As for the manner in which the newspapers were brought into line and made to assist in this work, I will give an illustration affording a much better idea of the present situation of the American press than one could gain from any description. I have previously reminded you that for their incomes newspapers are now dependent upon their advertisers, and that a great part of the display advertising comes from the department stores. You should put next to this the fact that the banks of this country, even when they have not the same ownership, are closely allied and knit together by bonds of common and business interest; so that a great bank in New York, if it pulls the wires, can have puppets dancing to its will in many places. Bearing this in mind you will perceive the true significance of this incident.

What Happened to the Militant Press

The one newspaper of San Francisco that continued to denounce graft and encourage Heney was the *Bulletin*. The Interests desired to cripple and punish the *Bulletin* and to reward the newspapers that did their will. All business houses are dependent for money supplies upon their banks. One day in the height of the conflict the head of a great department store, which is also a great advertiser, stepped into the bank where he kept his accounts and wanted \$100,000. It is one of the most famous banks in the West, and directly connected with the Southern Pacific Railroad, which is connected with the Standard Oil, which is connected with about everything else that makes money.

The president paused and hemmed and hawed.

"You know, Mr. X——," says he, "money is very scarce in San Francisco."

"I suppose so," says Mr. X—— carelessly.

"Very scarce," says the banker, "and we are making no large loans except to our personal friends."

"Oh, well," says Mr. X——, "you and I have been friends for many years."

"Yes," says the banker, "but if I let you have this money it will be on the grounds of personal friendship, and I shall ask you to do me a favor in return."

"What is it?" says Mr. X——.

"I see you advertise in the *Bulletin*."

"Yes."

"The favor I ask is that you take out your advertisement there. That paper is injurious to the best interests of San Francisco and of Business. We are not disposed to assist houses that advertise in the *Bulletin*. Advertise in the papers friendly to Business and we shall be glad to help you."

Mr. X—— explained that he advertised in the *Bulletin* only for the sake of the trade he thus secured. In the end they reached a compromise by which Mr. X—— reduced by three-fourths his advertisement in the *Bulletin*, and on these terms he got the money.

We should note here that this bank had no direct concern in Mr. Calhoun nor Mr. Calhoun in the bank. It was merely brought into action by the wire pulled by the Interests which were determined that Mr. Calhoun, being their representative and ally, should not be prosecuted. Second, that as every business house is dependent upon its bank, and every newspaper is dependent upon the department stores, here is an incalculable power placed in the hands of the Interests. These pull the bank, the bank pulls the department store, the department store pulls the newspaper, and the newspaper makes its readers believe that Mr. Heney is insincere, or a faker, or incompetent, or that Mr. Spreckels wants to get a franchise for himself. The readers go to the polls and vote against Heney. Heney is defeated, the graft prosecution comes to an end, and the wide-open policy is adopted for San Francisco.

That is the way the thing is done. It is no longer the editorial in the newspaper that achieves the result; it is the tainted news, the twisted statement, the news story so skilfully compounded of falsehoods that the reader can not detect them. He thinks he is reading of facts and events; in reality he is reading contrivances inspired by the business office, which is inspired by the department store, which is inspired by the bank, which is inspired by the Interests, which are determined to save somebody to-day and may as easily determine to convict somebody to-morrow.

Coyote Warfare Smirches an Election

The Interests also availed themselves of another more sinister and more deadly agent, the appearance of which in such a contest is far from reassuring. I mean the power of the whispered word. Slandorous stories were circulated about Mr. Heney's private life. These were never printed, because if once printed they would be exposed and destroyed, but they were diligently passed from person to person. It is to be noted that men who attack Privilege have usually been the victims of this kind of revenge, but not usually made in this subtle and skilful way. As to the coyote warfare made on Mr. Heney, let me say here that investigation of the story circulated in San Francisco against him shows that there never was a more baseless and detestable invention. The mind that conceived it is unfit for association with normal men.

By these means, and some others, including the hoodwinking of labor men, the Interests won and Mr. Calhoun was saved from a second trial. Among the champions of reform throughout the country, the result caused profound regret, and San Francisco was held to be a sinner above

other cities, because the choice offered her between right and wrong, between the wide-open and the anti-graft policies, was so plain, and she had cast in her lot with the swine. Much of this comment was bosh. San Francisco is no more immoral and no fonder of evil than other cities.

The fact is that by the like methods any election can be carried anywhere at any time for any person or any cause. Nothing else is so important to you as this fact, because in it lies the story of the tremendous revolution that has taken place in our form and methods of government, and the indication of the new and utterly irresistible force now in control. Therefore I repeat it. Any election anywhere can be won at any time by the methods that defeated Mr. Heney.

We return now to the question whether in taking sides in this campaign, as in defeating Johnson in Cleveland and reform in Philadelphia, Business was really wise or unwise. The question is of very much wider significance than it seems, because it leads to the other question: whether at present Business is sufficiently enlightened as to its own interests.

Experienced observers seem to agree that for the time being, at least, the wide-open policy of a free rein for vice, and tolerance for graft and official dishonesty, is good for Business. It makes agreeable showings in the daily balances. Something is also to be urged in excuse for the feeling of class consciousness that moved the San Francisco men to resent an attack upon a member of their own caste. The caste feeling is deplorable, no doubt, but it is steadily growing among us, and to expect one class to be without it is to demand too much of human nature. But the trouble with Business is that so far it seems unable to see an inch beyond its daily balances and its class boundaries, and that is a perilous fault. It must arrive at a point whence it can look well ahead; not because of any moral obligation so to do, nor because of any laws, doctrines, lectures, philippics, or fulminations, but because otherwise it will hurt itself and hurt us and go to smash. It will be obliged to consider not only to-day's balances but to-morrow's and next year's, and also whether twenty years from now there will be any balances to speak of if we held to our present course.

We Can Not Afford Bad Government

Nothing is so foolish as to tell Business that it ought to be good. Evolution will take care of that. Either Business will come to be operated on broad, clean, humane methods, looking far ahead to great results, or it will defeat itself and man will be compelled to find some other source of primal supplies.

For instance, the vice and graft alliance, although it enhances the day's receipts, does not really pay in the long run. You can not in any city have a wide-open policy without very great waste. That is inevitable. If you sanction graft in one way you sanction it in all ways. Booming Red Light districts mean a lax city administration with loot of the city treasury, dirty streets, bad pavements, reckless appropriations and a municipality down at the heels. Inevitably and always it means just this. In time all these conditions react upon Business. The game is n't worth the candle. Taxes and bond issues increase, dust from the dirty streets injures goods and spreads disease, the bad transportation service keeps customers away, the stolen assessments multiply on your heads. Eventually all these items turn the balance the other way. And when you come to taxes and debt interest, abnormally increased directly or indirectly by graft, you touch upon a subject so pregnant with evil to Business that Business for its own

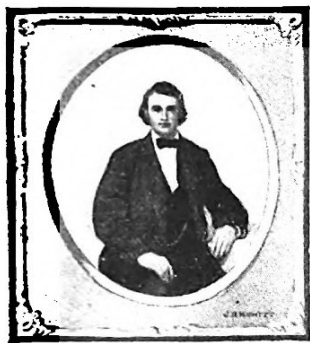
[Continued on page 115]

Hauntings

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

WHY did you come to me to-day
Out of the years long dead—
A little figure, golden gay,
With sunlight on your head?

WHY do you haunt me so to-night
After long years of pain—
A little ghost, all wanly white,
Shivering in the rain?



The Daguerreotype

by Elizabeth Payne

Illustrations by John Newton Howitt

"ONLY box seats left," snapped the man at the ticket window. He eyed me with speculative disfavor. Evidently he had small respect for the unsophistication which counted on securing a seat for this particular attraction five minutes before curtain rising.

I crossed the dingy lobby of the old Academy of Music and waved aside the youth who sought to press a program upon me. Of what interest is a program to one who knows by heart the names of the cast and the settings of the acts; is perfectly well aware who furnished the costumes and the piano; who makes a point of never perusing sartorial advertisements and who does not care a jot where the fire exits are located?

The box was in the second tier on the left-hand side. I settled back in the shadow of the curtains, tipped my chair comfortably, got out my far-sighted spectacles and prepared for an enjoyable evening.

Listening to the clipclap of the seats being dropped and the tread of the ushers' feet on the steps, I fell to musing over what it must have been like half a century ago when the old Academy was the fashion; when the dusty red carpet was resplendent with warm color; when the battered Loves over the boxes—now sadly in need of baths—looked down on assemblages of brilliance and distinction and the arches of the roof echoed to voices now forever stilled.

As though in sympathy with my thought, the orchestra began to play softly the overture to "La Traviata." To my fancy then the years slipped away and we all sat waiting for the plaintive thrilling of a bygone *Violetta* in curls and crinoline.

This, by some association of ideas, doubtless, reminded me of the daguerreotype. Slipping my hand into a pocket I touched it, recollecting that I had carried it in this coat, several evenings before, to show to a very particular friend of mine. In her gentle way she had evinced deep interest in the quaint little portrait with its carefully touched up complexion and ostentatiously gilded jewelry. She had listened attentively to its romantic history—to the story of how my grandfather had found it, lodged in the fold of the carpet, in one of the old Academy boxes just before the fire in '67.

And here, strangely enough, was the daguerreotype back in an Academy box—perhaps in the very same box, for I understand that in the rebuilding immediately after the fire the general floor plans were repeated.

I held the daguerreotype in my hand and smiled whimsically. Here was a talisman, surely, with which to conjure up ghosts of the past—

"Not a minute to spare," chimed a low contralto voice just behind me, and slipping the picture hastily into my pocket I pulled my chair to one side of the box just as the curtain began to rise.

Two people—and I had hoped to have my evening with "The Music Master" undisturbed!

Women, too. I could tell by the rustle of their skirts and by their voices. Now we should have sniffing and sobbing over the sacrifices of the *Music Master*, and between the acts, no doubt, chattering and munching of sweets.

I jerked my chair irritably to the farthest corner of the box and made myself as small as possible, devoutly hoping that the interlopers were not going to whisper through the whole performance.

As they settled themselves with the customary feminine flutterings and purrings, there stole through the box a faint and delicate perfume that reminded me of something. What was it? Of something long, long ago; of the country; of old mahogany—ah, now I had it!—of *lavender*, as my boyhood nostrils had sniffed it in the dresser drawer where great-grandmother had treasured her Sabbath-day finery.

"Move just a little, Amy," I heard the low contralto voice whisper, the older and more self-contained voice of the two. "Thank you, dear. That's enough. You were on my hoop—they do take up such a lot of room. Who's going to sing?"

"I don't know."

"Well, where's the program? You got one, didn't you?"

"I don't know—oh, yes, here on the floor!"

"Let me see; Kellogg and Brignoli. Oh, Amy, aren't we in luck?"

"I suppose so—yes, dear—if you care."

"Amy, do take a little interest. You have always wanted to hear Kellogg do *Violetta*."

"How can I be interested, Julia Charlton, when—when he—when he—"

"Now, child"—briskly—"for pity's sake don't cry again. You'll only spoil your face and your gloves. Did n't I bring you to cheer you

up? Now do take a little interest and try to enjoy it. Look, there comes Kellogg now. Isn't her dress pretty?"

I glanced hastily toward the stage. Not the *Music Master's* somber little studio was there, but the brilliant setting for the supper party in the first act of "Traviata." Instead of the gentle master and his friends; lo! there stood *Alfredo* vouchsafing in tuneful B flat, his Omarish sentiments concerning love and wine.

Amazed, I turned and looked behind me. No one, apparently, was in the box besides myself.

Well, I must have dropped off. Yet how astounding—*me* drop off during "The Music Master!"

However, I breathed a sigh of relief that my companions had been but the figment of a doze. Tipping back my chair once more, now that I was freed from feminine intrusion, I sent a tentative thumb and finger after my opera-glass.

They paused, half-way to my pocket. I had heard distinctly the rustle of silk and the impatient moving of a chair directly behind me.

A little shiver went tickling down my spine and my hair—where there is some left around my ears and at the neck—felt as though it had somehow come loose at the roots.

Then the sweet, plaintive young voice spoke again and I sat back determinedly. Whatever it might mean—dream, apparition or miracle—no man could be so craven as to flee from such a gentle presence.

Moreover—though this was a detail—the voices were between me and the box entrance and one hesitates to run the risk of stumbling awkwardly over a lady whose location one can not definitely determine. So I sat still, *very* still.

"Julia, could you care for Kellogg or for anything if the man you loved was going away on the midnight train to be k-k-killed?"

"How do you know he'll be killed? I don't believe he will at all. Why should he, any more than anyone else? Look at the hundreds who come back on furloughs and things."

"Anyhow," hopelessly, "even if he isn't killed, Father won't let me marry him."

"If it was my lover, Amy Charlton, d'ye think any father would keep me from marrying him? I'd," meaningly, "I'd marry him before he went."

"Oh—oo, Julia, you would n't! Father'd kill you."

"Would he? No, my cherub, I don't think he would. Maybe, anyhow, he would n't find it out until David came back—then how could he help himself?"

"But, Julia—if David never came back?" in an awed whisper.

"Well"—and I heard the decided flutter of a fan—"I presume I'd rather be a soldier's widow, Amy Charlton, than a blighted old maid."

A tremulous sigh came from the other chair.

"Julia, you are so brave. I could never be like that."

"Could n't you, Miss—not for the man you love with all your heart? Oh, Amy, do listen to that chorus! Is n't it superb? And see; there's Cynthia Appleton—there in the front row, by the first violin. Aren't her curls dreams—almost to her waist! And look at the size of her hoop. She's just back from Paris, you know. And, Amy, *will* you look at that purple poplin with magenta fringe on old Mrs. McTavish! Oh me, oh my—"

"Julia," prodded the distressed little voice behind me, "do listen—I'm so distracted. What would you do if David had never suggested being married, like that—right away?"

"Suggest it? Of course David would n't suggest it, Silly. How could he, under the circumstances? A nice thing it would be for him to cajole a girl into marrying him—he just out of college and with no income and hardly anything to his back but his uniform! *You* are the one to insist on it."

"Oh, Julia!" in shocked amazement. "I insist upon it? How could I?"

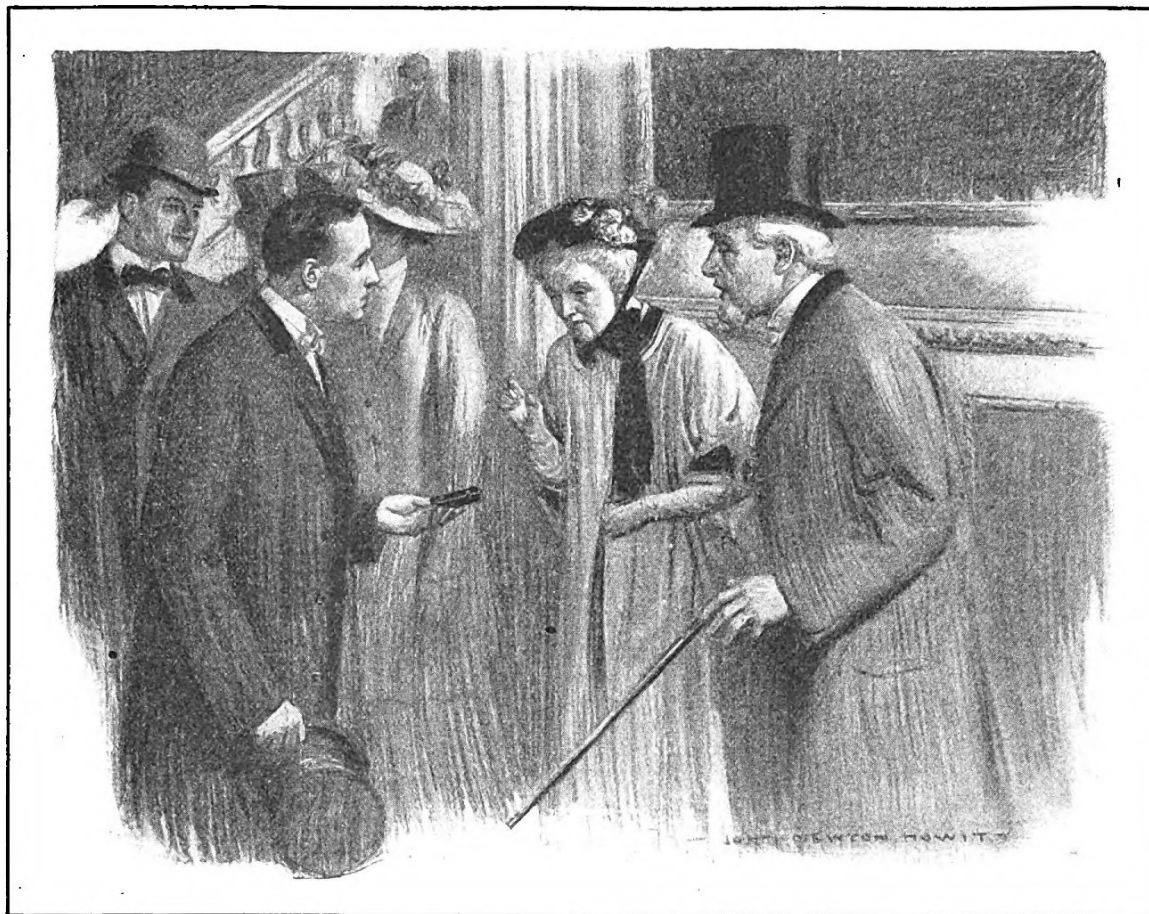
"Well," snapped the decided contralto from the farther side of the box, "I'd show you if I were in your shoes and had a lover like David. Poor boy—going off like this, all alone, and no telling when he will get back—if ever he does! Sleeping in those dreadful southern swamps. Maybe being shot in the back when he's off guard—"

"Oh, Julia, don't!"

"Maybe being ill in a horrid field hospital," continued the inexorable contralto. "Maybe lying out under the cold stars with no one to give him water. Maybe languishing in a rebel prison. Maybe—"

"Julia Charlton, if you don't stop—"

"Then marry him. Let him feel it's his wife he's fighting for as well as his country—Hush! Here's the finale, and just because of you, you love-sick thing, I've missed nearly the whole act. Now I'm going down to talk to Cynthia. I want to hear if it is really true that she danced with the Prince of Wales and whether they are wearing those drop ear-rings that people say are coming in. And—Amy, if David comes up here to say good-by to you, he's not to be here when Father



The sweet old face went deadly white. The little hand in its loose glove trembled pitifully

calls for us, mind that! Father's likely to drop in any time during the last act—but I'll be back before that."

I heard a chair pushed back, the fall of a fan, and the creak of a snug stay as it was recovered.

"If," suggested a contralto whisper from the entrance of the box—as though one were speaking over a shoulder—"if I were going to step out for twenty minutes or so—say long enough to take a little drive up the avenue—I'd be apt to do it during the third act."

"Julia! What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why nothing!"—airily. "I only mention that if I were planning to step out on an errand or on business or anything, the third act would be the best time. Of course I shall be down-stairs with Cynthia Appleton. By-by, darling—be careful about Father."

"Julia!"

"By-by, dearest."

"Julia, stay and help me!"

But from the swish of crinoline and silk, it appeared that Julia was running down the stairway. The rustle of skirts had scarcely ceased when I heard a springing step ascending, and an answering flutter came from the chair behind me. Then there was a light boyish tread in the box.

"Little sweetheart!" whispered a sunny barytone; and there was such a rapture of youth and love and longing in the two words, that I felt uncomfortable at being there to overhear.

"Oh, David, how handsome you look in that horrid uniform!"

"Horrid, Amy? It's the finest uniform the wide world round, and you know it. I'm proud enough to be wearing it—for her."

"For her? oh, you mean for your country! Yes, I know; but, David, you belong to me first."

"Not first, Amy. If I thought that, should I be going?"

An impatient little foot seemed to be tapping the floor back of me. A doleful little voice protested:

"David, I can't feel high and noble about it. I'm—I'm not brave like you. I can't let you go."

"Dearest," came the sober remonstrance, "we have talked that all out. You have tried to keep me here. I could not do it, dear—even for you—even for mother. Now try to be a woman, and let me go. Let's make the last hour happy."

"I will, David,"—contritely. "Oh, I admire you so much! I love you so for going. But it is hard for us women—a thousand times harder than for you men. We are the ones who do the real fighting and shed the real heart's blood—in tears. B-b-but I will be b-b-brave—where's my handkerchief."

Then presently, as the curtain rolled up on the garden scene and the audience settled to attention, I heard:

"Have you got the curl, David?"

"Have I? Well I should rather say so! It's right here against my heart." There was the sound of a hand thumped against what seemed to be a snugly buttoned coat. "I have the miniature too, dearest—around my neck on the same cord with mother's wedding ring."

Surely charm enough to keep a man safe! And I have something for you—wait. There, see!"

I heard a breathless gasp of 'delight.

"Oh, David, your daguerreotype! You old precious! Isn't it perfect—and *not* in your uniform—and how red the cheeks are, like yours before all this trouble! And what a lovely leather case! And," another sigh, this time a wistful one, "and you've got both arms!"

"Why of course I have! What in the world—"

"Because I just know that when you come back you'll have only one. I just kn-kn-know it."—chokingly.

"You little silly child!" Somebody laughed in a rich, deep chuckle.

"Now, Amy, I promise solemnly to do my utmost to bring both arms back to you. Even if I don't, darling, one will reach around you, you little wisp of a girl. Anyhow, here are both around you now."

"Hush, David, don't!" An anxious giggle and a panicky rustle of skirts this time. "Someone will see us—and besides, I've something serious to say."

"Something serious? Isn't it all serious enough to-night, sweetheart?"

"David, I wish we were married."

"So do I, Amy." No wonder she loved the boy, if only for the sweet gravity of his voice when he said things like that. He went on:

"But I feel, after all, that your father is right. Perhaps it is the best that we are not. If anything happens—it would be easier for you to forget, this way."

"David!"

"It's true, Amy."

"David, wouldn't you be married to me—if circumstances were different?"

"Why do you ask that, child—in that sober way? Of course I would. But for your sake, dearest—as things are, I don't think it would be best."

"Not if it made it easier for me?"—with eager persistence.

"But I do not believe it would, Amy darling. You know that I am yours absolutely—in life or in death. Nothing can change that. Yet I must leave you. Would it do for me to infuriate your father and then leave you behind alone to endure his anger? When I come back we will be married, whether he will or no, for you are *mine*. If—if I should not come back—hush dear, *don't* cry so! If I should not come back, you are so young—it is better that I should not put the risk of such a sorrow on your head as—as widowhood. Don't—don't cry so, heart's dearest! Feel my arms around you. I am coming back. Maybe I'll be a captain, maybe even a major. How proud my little girl will be! I'll take up the law work and win my laurels. We will make your father consent, and it will be the jolly wedding we have talked about. Isn't that something to wait for and look forward to? Look up, sweetheart—hear *Violetta* sing."

"Yes—hear her! Trying to write her farewell to her lover! I don't want to hear her—her heart is b-breaking too."

Then,

"David"—a breath seemed to be caught hastily—"I *want* to be married to you. I want to be married to you *to-night*."

"Amy! Are you serious? How cold your little hands are! What do you mean—how could we be married to-night?"

Somebody behind me seemed to swallow hard, as though the words were difficult to speak. "David, help me! Don't make it so difficult. I mean it. I—" the tremulous voice dropped to a whisper so low that I could scarce catch the fast tripping words—"I want to be married to you—to-night—before you go. I want you to take me out at the end of this act and get a carriage and drive to a minister's and be married. I want to be your wife, David, so that if—if anything happens I shall have the right to go to you. I want to feel that you belong to me—to *me* first, and that I am *lending* you to our country, David dear."

"Amy!"—there was amazement and awe and worship in that whispered word.

"Will you, David? Will you?"

"My little girl," came huskily in the masculine voice, "I did not know you. I have never known you. Would you do that for me? But your father, Amy?"

"Father is n't going to know—till you come back. Unless I have

[Continued on page 111]

CHINA offers the most favorable conditions for the development of that foreign market without which American industrial progress must halt. That American trade in the Orient stands at its present comparatively low ebb is not to be charged against the Government. It is not the fault of the diplomatists, the consuls, nor of Congress, but is charged to the business men, and to them alone. If Americans will apply the simplest principles of good business to the Oriental situation, the United States will soon stand first in the markets of the Far East.

The United States being so large and its growth so rapid, the home market has heretofore absorbed almost all of its available business energy. Business has not depended in any appreciable degree upon a foreign market, and Yankee conceit and crass ignorance regarding the rest of the world have caused the American merchant to taboo discussion of foreign affairs as a bore. The manufacturer whose business is so large as to tax the capacity of his factory declines to worry about the future, and is wholly unconcerned by the dire predictions of those who can see the end of the present self-sufficient prosperity. It does not need a James J. Hill to tell the well-informed American that the producing capacity of American manufacturers is increasing much more rapidly than the consuming power of the nation; that the export of American raw materials, such as wheat and cotton, can not long continue to keep pace with the enormous imports of manufactured products from Europe. Every student of the social and political life of the United States agrees that the time is upon us when American manufacturers must find wider foreign markets for their wares, or else face the stagnation imposed by a limited consumption.

American Advantages in Chinese Markets

The most favorable country in the world in which to create and develop this needed market is China, which, during last year, imported from all countries values aggregating \$258,000,000, and exported goods valued at \$181,000,000. The United States in the same year sold goods to China valued at \$27,000,000. England and Japan are the only countries selling China more than the United States, and only the Americans can boast an increase in the last two years. So far as business conditions in the present American-Chinese trade relations are concerned there is nothing to complain of. But \$27,000,000 is a ridiculously small sum when compared with the possibilities of this same Chinese trade.

The consuming capacity of China will increase in the next few years with a rapidity never before witnessed in any nation. The whole vast empire is awakening to a spirit of modern progress which carries with it an inevitable elevation of the standard of living. This will, in turn, cause a demand for Occidental products. For various reasons the United States has peculiar advantages over all competitors in this market. The Chinese are willing to buy from Americans if the Americans will sell them what they want. They are susceptible of being trained and educated into buying things for which they now have no desire, if only the training and education be along lines which appeal to the Chinese mind. The chief reasons—practically the only ones that account for the present low ebb of American commerce in the Orient—are traceable to the ignorance and conceit of the American business men.

The chief manufactured product sold in China is cotton piece goods. Last year England furnished 9,000,000 pieces of cotton goods in response to the Chinese demand, while America furnished 1,600,000 and Japan 1,000,000. Four years ago England sent 13,500,000 pieces to China, while America sent 12,600,000, and Japan

Our Chance in China

An Immense Commercial Opportunity which American Merchants have so far failed to Grasp—by Louis Brownlow

only 800,000. The British trade shows a great falling off, but the American business has almost entirely disappeared.

The general business depression of China following the Russo-Japanese War, aggravated by the continual decline in the price of silver, is responsible for the general falling off in the consumption of cotton goods, but the astounding reverse of the American branch of that trade is not wholly explained by trade depression. The American cotton manufacturers, being themselves residents of the temperate zone, have made cotton fabrics to be worn in a temperate climate. In spite of advice from experts in the technique of their own business, and American consular representatives, they have refused to make the quality of goods suitable to the tropics. More than half of the population of the world and more than three-fourths of the population of the Orient is to be found in tropical and semi-tropical Asia. As long as the American cotton manufacturers continue to make the class of goods which appeal only to the inhabitants of the temperate zone, just so long will the British cotton manufacturers have a monopoly of this enormous market. The United States grows eighty-five per cent. of the cotton of the world, yet it manufactures but one-third of its own crop.

All over Asia the traveler finds evidences of anxiety on the part of Englishmen, Germans and Japanese who dread the awakening of the American business man to a realization of his opportunities in the East. These foreigners know what the Americans do not know; that if our awakening comes now, the commercial supremacy of the Pacific will be American forever. But if the American trade invasion is postponed for ten years, this Pacific trade supremacy will pass into other hands.

The Standard Oil and Tobacco Interests Started Right

The two largest and most successful foreign business concerns in China are American. They are the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust. The former operates under its American charter and is controlled from No. 26 Broadway, New York. The British-American Tobacco Company, as the branch of the trust operating in China is known, has a British charter granted by the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, and operates under the protection of the British flag. However, it is actually an American concern, since it employs American capital, American methods, and American men to conduct its business.

The Standard Oil Company went into China when the oil consumption was comparatively small and the supplies came almost wholly from Russia. Last year the Standard's sales amounted to 121,000,000 gallons, as against 50,000,000 gallons from the Dutch East Indies and less than 3,000,000 gallons from Russia. When the Standard Oil Company first went to China, the Chinese did not use kerosene for illuminating purposes—in fact, the masses used no artificial illuminant whatever.

It was the desire of the oil men to induce the Chinese poorer classes to use kerosene. It was to this end that a small lamp was invented which could be sold at cost for about five or six cents. A quarter of a million of these lamps were made in an Ohio city and sent out to Shanghai. The Standard Oil agent gathered into his office the representatives of several of the huge Chinese merchant guilds. They were shown the lamps, it was explained to them how even this small light would be a great luxury in a household where there had never been any artificial illuminant; how the luxury would soon develop into a necessity, and how the purchaser of a lamp must thereafter forever be a purchaser of oil—in fact, a very slave of the lamp. The Chinese merchants were

not slow to see the advantages to them as the retail distributors of the oil, and they placed their orders for lamps. This is one of the reasons why the Standard Oil business in China has prospered so wonderfully, and it illustrates in itself the vastness of the Chinese market and its susceptibility to being trained to demand goods which it does not now consume.

The British-American Tobacco Company, under its British charter, invaded China through the gate of Shanghai. It found itself hedged about by the strict conventional ceremonial which binds all business activity in the East. This code of convention is marked "made in England." It works distinctly to the advantage of the English business man, and equally to the disadvantage of the American. One of the most sacred regulations of this code is that in China all trade operations must be conducted through a Chinese intermediary known as a "Compradore." The Tobacco company shocked Shanghai by practically dispensing with the services of this factotum and dealing directly with the Chinese merchant guilds. It operates entirely on American plans, but it intelligently adapts its methods to the requirements of the situation.

What the Consuls Are Doing

The successes of the oil and tobacco concerns are but the exceptions which prove the rule that other American business men in China have proceeded along lines which absolutely compel failure.

Boards of Trade and other similar organizations, as well as scores of individual manufacturers, are continually appealing to the American consuls in China and other Oriental countries, to be advised of trade opportunities in those sections. It is impossible for the consuls to act as agents for private business concerns, yet it is their duty and pleasure to search out and report favorable opportunities. Some of the consuls have succeeded in materially benefiting certain lines of American trade in China, but more often their efforts have come to naught by reason of the refusal or failure of the American business man to lend cooperation in the work of increasing his own business.

One American manufacturer sent out a series of letters to all the consuls in the Orient, asking to be advised of opportunities for the sale of his wares. The consul general in Shanghai found that there was at that time a very favorable opportunity for this manufacturer to sell about \$75,000 worth of goods, and, so informed, expressed the opinion that an agent sent out from the United States would be able to secure this large initial order with a promise of a permanent business. In due course of time the consul general received a curt reply stating that if the consul general would guarantee the expense of the agent at the rate of ten dollars a day from the time he left Boston until his return, the firm might consider the advisability of sending a man to China. Is it any wonder that our consuls sometimes ask the question, "What's the use?"

A representative of an American machinery house came to China. The Chinese industrial development is progressing so rapidly that China has become already a good market for machinery and structural steel, and this demand is increasing by leaps and bounds. The American agent was cordially received by the consuls in the port cities and by the American minister at Peking.

The vast opportunities for the sale of American machinery in China were explained to him, and the fact pointed out that America was almost entirely unrepresented in the import of machines into China. The minister at Peking told this representative that it would be absolutely essential to leave his goods in the hands of an American firm, or, better, to establish an agency of his own. In spite of that advice the agent left his samples with a European firm. That concern immediately looked over his machinery, made some trifling changes to avoid the patent laws, and all machinery of that character now used in China is made in Europe. If the Standard Oil Company had entrusted its business in China to a Russian agency, does anyone believe that it could have attained its present dominant position in the Orient?

The cotton piece goods business of the United States in China is conducted entirely through foreign agents. A mutual organization of American cotton manufacturers to establish American agencies in China would, in the opinion of the most conservative business men in the Orient, bring American goods to the first place in Chinese trade within five years. Yet thus far the cotton manufacturers have consistently refused even to consider the recommendations made by the American consuls along this line, while never failing to complain that the consuls in China are negligent in the matter of looking after the cotton piece goods business.

A manufacturer impressed by the advice of the experts that it would be necessary to send direct representatives to China, invested several thousand dollars in building up the beginning of what he hoped would be an important Oriental trade. His agent, although fresh from the United States and entirely unacquainted with the business customs of China, succeeded in securing several good orders. Finding that many American failures were due to the American fault of insecurely packing export shipments, he wrote to his employer, when he sent in his orders, giving explicit directions as to how the shipment must be packed. His employer replied that he had been in business for thirty-five years, and he did not propose to have any young drummer instructing him in the elements of his business. He packed his goods according to his own notions, with the result that when the shipment, valued at five thousand dollars, reached Nanking, only ten dollars worth was unbroken.

He Counted the Matches

The Chinese merchant buys goods from samples. He will not receive the shipment of a single piece of goods unless it corresponds exactly in every respect with the sample. American manufacturers and jobbers are in the habit of substituting similar wares if they have not the exact stock ordered. The American merchant knows this, expects the substitution, and will not complain if the difference does not affect the quality or quantity to a material degree. The Chinese merchant will not accept a substitute. A shipment of several thousand dollars worth of cloth was refused because there was a gray thread in the selvage, whereas in the sample this thread was green. A British manufacturer would never have made the substitution of a product even so slightly different.

A Chinese merchant ordered a large quantity of matches packed in boxes of five hundred

from an American match factory. When the shipment arrived the merchant opened a box and counted the contents. It contained 495 matches. All business was suspended while the merchant and his clerks opened and counted each box. Some of the boxes contained more, some less than five hundred. The grand total, computed in Chinese characters covering many sheets of paper and representing the work of several accountants, was a few hundred matches less than the number that should have been delivered. Since then the Chinese merchant has refused to consider any proposition submitted by the representative of an American firm.

In the United States the consuming public is always delighted by change, so that manufacturers themselves originate fashions and establish styles which are eagerly purchased by the public because they are new. In the Orient the people know their own minds; they are devoted to the styles in vogue for generations, and they will not buy anything unless it is

The Treasure-Seekers

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ONE sought the East for gems and found, alas,
Dire failure was his most unhappy pass.
One sought the pearls in waters of the Ind,
And sank a victim of the seas and wind.
Another sought the gold that glitters free
Upon the strand far in the Northern sea,
And on the beaches of that land of white
His bones lie resting in the endless night.
A fourth plunged in the nearer fray to win
The gaudy raiment that the Trade-Elves spin,
And at the last found coffers full of dross—
The gold was profit, but his soul was loss!

For me, in Fortune's strife, give me the part
Of him that delves deep in the Mines of Heart—
Not far afield, but here let me secure
From them that love me treasures that endure.

exactly what they want. Considering the fact that the Chinese are so conservative, even in the matter of the slightest difference in style, it is absurd to expect them to buy things made to suit the purposes of a civilization entirely different from their own.

These things, then, are essential for the development of American trade in the Orient:

That American wares be represented in China by American agents who carefully study the needs of the market, who have the support of sympathetic home houses, and who will use their Yankee ingenuity in creating new demands in accordance with Chinese tastes.

That American manufacturers exercise the strictest scrutiny in all shipments made to China, and see that the goods shipped correspond in every detail with the sample upon which the order was based.

That goods shipped from America to the Orient be packed with a view to standing the rough handling which is always the fate of every package shipped across the sea, that these goods may arrive in China in perfect condition, as do the wares shipped by the British, the Germans and the Japanese.

The European and Japanese business men, without exception, observe scrupulously every one of these essential requirements. The Americans are the only negligent ones. If these simple and primary requirements be observed, the Americans will forge ahead of all competitors by reason of that peculiar ingenuity and sharp wit which has been so aptly illustrated in the case of the oil and tobacco concerns.

The opportunities for building up new business and creating new demands in China are almost unlimited. One missionary in the interior of China who used American condensed milk was the means of originating a trade in that commodity which brought foreign wares for the first time to a large Chinese city, and which opened up a transportation route never before in existence. The greatest American trade in South China is in flour. The Chinese of the section about Hong Kong have been taught by the British to eat bread, although flour is an expensive luxury which can be afforded only by the wealthier classes of the Chinese. What has been done in the south can be done all over China. The export of wheat and flour from the United States will decrease from year to year, according to present indications, but it is entirely feasible to establish in the Orient a great market for Indian corn as a breadstuff. If China can be persuaded to vary its diet of rice by one meal of corn bread once a week, there will be a new market for American farm products, which can be measured only in millions of dollars.

Far-sighted statesmen, from the time of John Tyler, Daniel Webster and William H. Seward down to our own John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft, have recognized the fact that the ultimate measure of the political and commercial greatness of the United States will be taken in the Pacific Ocean, and not in the Atlantic. Within the last decade even the most purblind of narrow politicians have been forced to admit that Uncle Sam has, after all, another ocean. The annexation of Hawaii and the acquisition of the Philippines added to the Pacific domain of the American republic, which already had a greater extent of coastline on that ocean than any other nation.

During that same decade the world has been given a glimpse of the stupendous program of commercial and political imperialism undertaken by the Asiatic nation of Japan. It is Japan's intention to become in the Eastern world what England is in the Western world—the island mistress of the seas. This program involves, as a matter of course, the wresting from the United States of the supremacy in the Pacific. The Japanese statesmen purpose to accomplish this end peaceably, if they can. The world stands agape in contemplation of the marvelous military power of Japan, as demonstrated in the victorious war waged against Russia, but even more marvelous is the ambitious commercial campaign now being prosecuted by these same Japanese. It includes the domination and exploitation of Korea and Manchuria and the capture of the markets of China.

America Must Guard Its Opportunities

China is rich. Japan is poor. China has enormous natural resources which are all but untouched. Japan has but few natural resources. The Japanese intend to gather raw materials from America and the Asiatic continent, turn them into manufactured products in Japan, and then sell them at a profit in China. Americans of liberal tendencies will not object to Japanese development along normal lines. All who have the interest of their own country at heart will insist that Japanese diplomacy shall not set obstacles in the path of America.

John Hay, as Secretary of State, was the author of the doctrine of the open door and equal opportunity in Chinese territory. Since his day the United States Government has taken the lead in insisting upon the observance of this doctrine by all nations, and it has succeeded in securing the pledges of the powers to support this doctrine. Nevertheless, Russia and Japan occupy Manchuria, Germany is escorted in the Shantung province, England claims special privileges in the

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Enlightened Selfishness

As a Saving Force in American Life

by *E. A. Van Valkenburg*

Editor and Publisher of the

PHILADELPHIA "NORTH AMERICAN"

The Short-Term Pessimists Who Are Long-Distance Optimists

BELIEF that there is continuous increase of this good brand of materialistic wisdom, and confidence in its certain consequences, are not idle dreams of optimistic visionaries. They are certainties foreshadowed not to the novices, but to the shrewdest of the scarred experts in the game of practical politics. They constitute the political creed of the most useful citizens in America today—the short-term pessimists who are long-distance optimists.

These are the true teachers of the time. These are the men who see the rottenness cankering the whole social and business fabric of our modern civilization, but who never for a moment are disheartened, because they know the nature of the plain, everyday average American, and, by the grace of that knowledge, the certainty has been given to them of the ultimate triumph in this nation of right ideas and ideals. They propose to cleanse what foulness exists, and not to ignore nor to gild it, for they are not deluded by the ancient lie that "whatever is is right."

There was the marking of a great gain in public opinion.

In 1905, 148,000 votes were cast for reform in a short, spectacular campaign, filled with sensations and exposures that stirred the imagination and the indignation of the people. Last November the reform candidate for district attorney had practically no money, a mere shadow of a working organization and the active support of only two of the city's nine daily newspapers. It was a campaign devoid of emotional, oratorical, or any sort of fireworks. Yet the machine leaders were forced to adopt tactics of murderous thuggery and to expend fully three quarters of a million dollars to elect their man, while 108,000 citizens, with nothing to gain save the good of their city, voted for the reform candidates. That vote was distinctly a public-opinion vote.

It was public sentiment, combined with public opinion, that caused New York to cast out Tammany after the Lexow investigation. Later the sentiment vote wearied and fell away. But public opinion has been strengthened by increased economic knowledge. The pocket nerve was touched by the need of taking the expenditure of a billion dollars out of Tammany's power. It was not sentiment, but public opinion that carried the day in New York last November.

Instances could be multiplied to prove that the creation of public sentiment is an essential preparatory step toward the making of right public opinion. A parallel can be found in the upbuilding of any enterprise dependent upon popular support—the making of circulation for a newspaper, for example. Interest must be roused first by striking and original appeals and devices. Thereby temporary circulation can be

acquired. But permanent circulation is obtainable only by the intrinsic merits and character of the publication. So the sensational things that create public sentiment result in permanent good only in so far as they induce an ever-increasing proportion of the people to study civic problems which develop fixed convictions.

Certain as is the progress toward better conditions, there can be no question that the apparent loss of interest shown in the large centers of population by reversals after victories has the disheartening effect of causing the average citizen to conclude that the evil in American politics is too strong to be overthrown, and that good movements are only spasmodic. Yet it is easy to counteract that false impression if certain facts of "practical politics" be borne in mind.

The Three Classes of Voters

The voting population of the big municipalities—the centers where practically all the country's governmental problems have origin and find complete expression—is made up, generally speaking, of three classes. These are the public-opinion vote, the politically controlled and vicious vote, the indifferent vote. The first two classes are the contestants. The third class is the prize.

This indifferent contingent is made up of the prosperous business man, the merchant and the manufacturer, the banker and the broker, the contented salaried employees of firms and corporations, the wage-workers who think that the interests of themselves and their fellows are dependent upon some isolated doctrine—whether it be injunction procedure or, as in Pennsylvania, the sanctity not of the protective system, but of whatever tariff schedule may have been devised to suit the purposes of the handlers of the Congressional machinery.

Laborer and financier alike, these are honest and uncontrolled citizens. They are the satisfied folk. In a civic sense they constitute the ignorant class of Americans.

These are the citizens who are roused to active sympathy with progressive movements only by investigations, exposures, and extraordinary developments of political and economic abuses. In the intervals these "go along," unduly patient under wrongs that they feel vaguely but do not understand, somewhat distrustful of any iconoclasm that would disturb the general worship of their "good enough" god of "things as they are." It is from this class that the public-sentiment vote must be drawn, by emotional rather than reasoning appeals, stirred to active aid of reform in extraordinary situations.

Careful analysis of the voters of any large city will show that the public-opinion vote rarely, if ever, exceeds forty per cent. of the total electorate. Therefore it is necessary, at present, in order to obtain majorities for good causes, to rouse the indifferent voter and convert the expression of his class into one of public sentiment, even though the real progressives know that such a victory will not be permanent.

How Philadelphia Defeats Reform

The absolute necessity for such a transformation of the indifferent voter is evident when the result of the polls in any municipal campaign is thoroughly analyzed. Again, Philadelphia may be chosen as an example, partly because it

THE effect upon the public mind of reform defeats following reform victories constitutes a serious hindrance to the orderly and continuous progress toward better political conditions. Pendulum-like, there always is a back swing to every reform movement forward. But, unlike the pendulum, it never swings backward so far as it has swung forward. In this country every period of seeming reaction is in reality merely the marking of a new starting-point from which progress will make a greater gain than from any earlier one.

When any reform movement is regarded in its entirety, a gain always can be counted. If the millions of earnest citizens who every year give their support to good causes with seemingly scant results could be made to understand this demonstrable fact, the forwarding of civic betterments would be encouraged and simplified.

To obtain that understanding a distinction must be drawn between public sentiment and public opinion—limiting and separating the meanings of those two phrases in an arbitrary but necessary way. That there is such an actual dividing line will be apparent to all who will analyze the recent history of the large cities of this country.

Public Sentiment and Public Opinion

Public sentiment should be defined as a temporary expression of resentment of abuses and peremptory demand for improved conditions. It is based mainly upon ethical and emotional considerations. Frequently it is fleeting. Almost always it is fickle and yields to disappointment of exaggerated expectations or to simple tiredness of well-doing.

Public opinion is the expression of fixed and permanent approval or disapproval of men, causes or conditions, based on knowledge of civic and economic questions that creates unalterable convictions. Unlike public sentiment, public opinion always goes forward, unchanging save in growth.

It is the combination of public sentiment and public opinion that wins temporary victories over bad political organizations and municipal machines. In subsequent elections there is the back swing—defeat of reform—reaction. The apparent loss to the progressive movement comes when public sentiment shifts or wearies, as when New York returns to Tammany's embrace and San Francisco casts out Francis Heney. But public opinion remains recruited, stronger than ever, stabler in increased knowledge, firmer of purpose by reason of the accretion of more understanding by more men and women of the immutable economic truths upon which America's social progress must be based.

Four years of Philadelphia will serve to show the error of those superficial observers who lose confidence in the American people and republican institutions when the count of some one balloting shows that New York wants only one term of a Low or a Strong; that Cincinnati has submitted again to George B. Cox, or that Chicago has surrendered the representation of a Congressional district to those harmonious representatives of nonpartisan Cannonism—Roger Sullivan and William Lorimer.

There was a victory for reform in Philadelphia in 1905. There was a defeat of reform in November, 1909. But an analysis of the two elections shows progress and not retrogression. The percentage of public sentiment lessened.

is typical to a greater or less degree of all American cities, partly because an analysis of the last November election was made there in a manner that might prove profitably informative in other cities. Rotan, the machine candidate, received 150,221 votes. Gibboney, the reformer, received 108,000. The result was regarded throughout the country as one of many instances of reaction and repudiation of the theories and methods that have come to be classified as Rooseveltism. That vote did present a lesson. But it was not the one that appeared on the surface. A dissection of the vote was undertaken, and the figures that follow represent careful estimates agreed upon by well-informed, practical politicians of both sides, and city officials, and confirmed, so far as was possible, by the figures of assessors' lists and other public records:

Office holders	10,500
Election men, registrars and assessors	5,000
Federal office holders	8,000
Liquor vote	14,000
Speakeasies	1,600
Phantoms (illegal registrations and repeaters)	26,000
Negroes	30,000
Coerced aliens (forced to permit the marking of their ballots by policemen and office holders)	20,000
Democrats (delivered by the machine leaders in exchange for patronage)	6,000
Professional criminals	2,000
Total	123,100
Rotan's total vote	150,221
Gang-delivered vote to Rotan	123,100
Uncontrolled vote for Rotan	27,121

In striking contrast with the uncontrolled vote of 27,121 for Rotan was the Gibboney vote of 108,000. Three times within twelve months independent voters went to the polls and struck at the organization. In November, 1908, 74,000 voted for Gibboney for sheriff. Last June 86,000 voted for him in the primaries. Last November 108,000 voted to elect him district attorney.

That election was heralded as a reform defeat. If it was not, instead, a message of hope to all strivers for purification of American public life, facts and figures have no meaning. The 108,000 represented public opinion. The machine majority simply marks the number of indifferent voters into whom it is necessary to inculcate first public sentiment and then public opinion.

The public-opinion vote, of course, is not all traceable to political upheavals. It develops largely, but not entirely, from the public sentiment vote. But even the briefest of the rebellions against civic wrong and economic error quickens and stimulates the thought that results in valuable increase of right public opinion. And the more of such victories that are won, even though they be followed by a seeming reversal within a year, the quicker will come the day of public-opinion majorities. If every conscientious citizen could be made to understand this, it would be helpful, for then he would view every defeat as only temporary, and would be stimulated by the knowledge that, in reality, an actual advance had been made.

Selfish Interest Must Be Aroused

The foundation of the public opinion upon which all good causes depend is morality. The intangible but consistent opposition at all times, in season and out of season, to misrule in municipalities and States and at Washington rests primarily upon ethical convictions. Save for the civic conscience of the plain, everyday American citizen, all efforts toward betterment would be futile. But society is so constituted that, especially in the cities, there is not enough of this invaluable element to attain and retain control of the machinery of government. It has been shown beyond all doubt that the "conscience vote" alone can not furnish majorities against a well-organized and disciplined political organization with offices, contracts and protection of vice to dispense, and ability to grant favors to predatory corporations, banking insti-

tutions, and faint-hearted, timid vested interests.

The hope for better civic things lies in the changing of the indifferent class, which at times becomes the public-sentiment class, into the public-opinion class. This can not be done by ethical appeals. It can be accomplished only by arousing selfish interest.

What Bad Government Takes from the Pay Envelope

People fall into the ranks of the indifferents naturally, because their most responsive nerve is the dollar nerve. Once you convince this class that bad government is not only an indirect loss to them as a part of society, but a direct money cost imposed upon them as individuals, which they pay every day in unjust taxes, rents, clothing, food and all living expenses, their conversion to right ideas is assured. Beyond this is another loss, however, which, reduced to dollars and cents, would reach staggering figures. More teaching is needed to show the personal loss that comes to them from undeveloped natural advantages and rational, profitable business possibilities which are ignored by competent or venal rule.

For example, the prosperity of every large city—and it holds relatively true with respect to all municipalities—depends most largely upon its transportation facilities. A city government which does not provide adequate street-car service inflicts a great money loss upon every person interested in productive or mercantile pursuits. Every man, an hour of whose time is wasted by reason of the alliance of a corrupt city government with a public service corporation, must be taught first that he is being robbed and next that the robbery is possible only because he and all like him do not do their duty as citizens.

The working man must be made to understand that the cost of the bit of meat and the few vegetables on his supper table is partly his fault; that the higher cost of all he has to buy is due partly to the misgovernment which gives no thought to economic problems. It is not worth while to discuss differentials, rebates, and terminal charges in the abstract to the average man. But the time has come for him to learn the relation of transportation to his individual welfare by the discovery of why a basket of tomatoes costs 50 cents at the wharf, and \$1.25 at his home, a mile away.

There can be no better promotion of national advance than the teaching of men who are studying now the decreased purchasing power of their incomes, great or small, that the surrender of the water-fronts of the cities by grafting politicians to railroad control for the purpose of throttling water-borne commerce and the development of ports, takes out of their personal pocket more money for every fire to warm them in winter and every lump of ice to cool their drink in summer; that the rent of every leaseholder is higher because of unjust freight rates; that needlessly long hauls and waste of natural resources make all materials and all commodities higher in price, and that the unessential cost in the end is charged to the man who draws the wage.

Above all, the truth to be taught is the cost of disease and death which result from political misrule. Let the people understand that every case of preventable disease is not only a burden on those directly afflicted, but a money charge upon every citizen. All typhoid, all diphtheria and the greater number of tuberculosis cases are simply a toll exacted from a community by grace of a death-license granted by corrupt or inefficient government. And every citizen pays a part of every other citizen's unnecessary doctor and undertaker bills.

It is the spread of economic knowledge that gradually is teaching the American people that in order to have pure air, pure water, and pure food, and protection for their pocketbooks, they must purify their politics.

Belief that there is continuous increase of this good brand of materialistic wisdom, and confidence in its certain consequences, are not idle dreams of optimistic visionaries. They are certainties foreshadowed not to the novices, but to the shrewdest of the scarred experts in the game of practical politics. They constitute the political creed of the most useful citizens in America to-day—the short-term pessimists who are long-distance optimists.

These are the true teachers of the time. These are the men who see the rottenness cankering the whole social and business fabric of our modern civilization, but who never for a moment are disheartened, because they know the nature of the plain, everyday, average American; and, by grace of that knowledge, the certainty has been given them of the ultimate triumph in this nation of right ideas and ideals. They propose to cleanse what foulness exists, and not to ignore nor to gild it. For they are not deluded by the ancient lie that "whatever is is right."

They can not be discouraged. For they know that of the great mass of their countrymen, the poet's lines are true, that they may be "lying in the gutter," but they are "looking at the stars."

They can not be beaten. Because they foresee the finish of the struggle so surely that the thought never comes to them that the enemy thinks them defeated, when, in fact, they are rising from the earth so refreshed that they feel they "have just begun to fight."

Such leaders are not millennial dreamers. Nor do they advocate millennial methods. They have too keen a sense of humor and too much horse-sense to argue that it is wrong to use any ammunition but rose-water when the devil is fighting them with fire. They believe in the perfection of a workable and working election organization by the use of money that is indispensable as long as present conditions exist. They believe in combining with all kinds of elements that can be held together, even temporarily, for the promotion of a good cause. They desire prayers for their success in the churches and the good wishes of good women. But they want at every polling place red-blooded, two-fisted, hard-headed men ready to give and take blows before tolerating the filching from them of the guaranteed constitutional rights of every American citizen.

However, these practical fighting men know better than any others that all such action is purely tactical prevention of loss of ground in skirmishes. The great strategy that will bring victory for the right in the nation's civic Armageddon is founded upon that economic education which creates the public opinion that, in the end, will be irresistible because it is enlightened selfishness.

Already America is well into the new era of economic understanding. Theodore Roosevelt developed two dual doctrines of like high importance. His first great work was the setting up of a new, or, rather, a rescued and regenerated old standard of business morality in this country. His second enduring achievement was his successful effort to awaken the economic conscience of the American people.

Roosevelt and the Economic Conscience

Until ten years ago this always had been a spendthrift nation. Everybody always thought there was plenty more land, plenty more trees, plenty more water, plenty more coal, plenty more chances to make and spend plenty more dollars in the same old prodigal, shiftless way that always had obtained in the big, crude land blessed by nature above all other lands.

Now the thought of the nation is bent upon saving; upon intensive agriculture; upon the development of waterways; upon forest preservation; upon equitable restriction of trusts that

[Continued on page 114]

The Shears of Destiny

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Alexander Popini



5TH Instalment IN THE PRINCE'S STUDY

CHAPTER XII

AFTER several more of the countess's songs of Little Russia, and some vocal trapeze work by the colonel, the company adjourned to the hall, a room so large that a fair-sized house could have been erected therein. Here tables had been placed, and the company eagerly set about playing cards, the great pastime of the blasé Russian nobility. The stakes were moderate, Berloff purposely announcing a low limit that none might leave his house with feelings of regret, but nevertheless the play was continued with a silent intensity far into the morning hours.

The countess tried in vain to have a few minutes alone with Drexel during the evening. The next morning, however, she was more fortunate, for when she came down at eleven for her tea and sugared rolls, she found Drexel alone in the breakfast room. She assumed command of the great silver samovar, which would be steaming all day, and made Drexel a fresh glass of tea.

Before two minutes had passed she had led the talk to Borodin. To shrewd, hard-headed Henry Drexel, whose secret boast it had always been that no one had ever bested him in the game of wits, this frank, handsome woman seemed flushed with excited devotion to her cause. His impulse was to avoid the risk of working at cross-purposes by taking her at once as an ally, but he was restrained by the sense that this would be contrary to the spirit of his promise to Sonya. On the other hand, he could not tell the countess that he was uninterested—so he temporized.

"Do you know where Borodin is imprisoned?" he asked.

"No—not yet."

"Should not your first effort be to find out?"

"It will be."

Drexel did some quick thinking. "Where do you think his whereabouts can be learned?" he inquired.

"There is undoubtedly a record of it in the Ministry of the Interior."

"But the difficulty of getting it!"

"I know. But we have plans for searching the Ministry's records."

He hesitated; then in his eagerness he went farther than he had intended.

"But might there not be some easier, simpler plan?"

"How? What do you mean?"

"I have been doing some thinking apropos of what you said. Is there not some man intimate with the secrets of the Government, who may have record of Borodin?"

"Like whom?"

"Well, say, like our host. I merely use him for an illustration. He seems to be informed on every detail of what the Government does."

"If this idea interests him," thought the countess, "it will be well to lead him on through that interest." "Yes," she said aloud, nodding her head. "I think you may be right. And as for the prince, he may be the very man. It is entirely possible he may know where Borodin is."

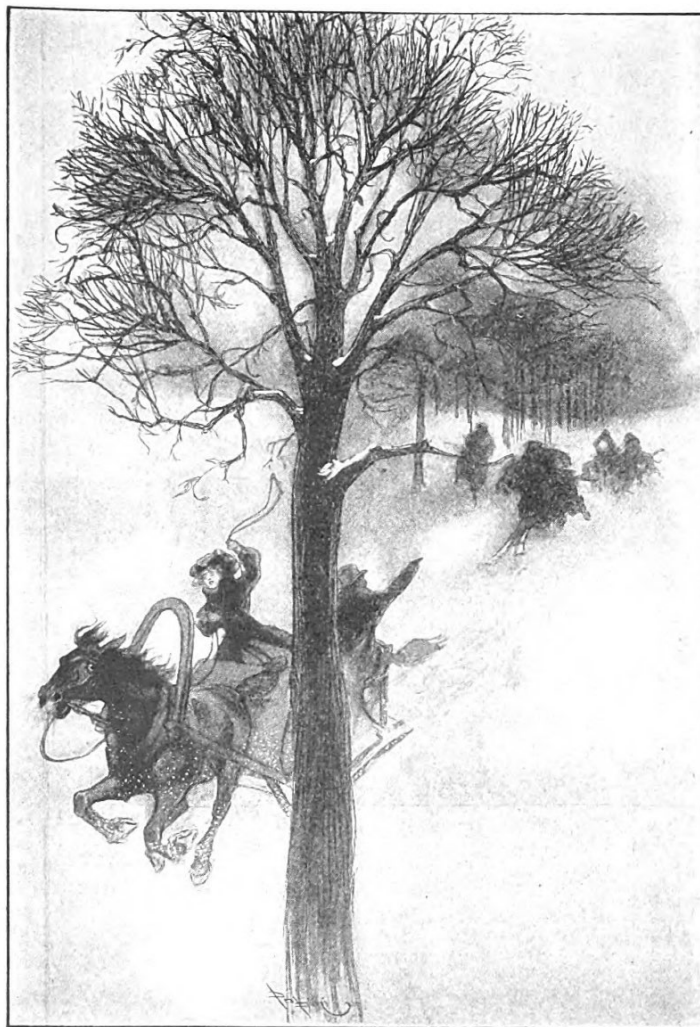
She leaned nearer, and her manner was excitedly joyous. "Since you have been doing this thinking, that means you are at heart already one of us!"

"I'm not saying yet, Countess," he smiled.

The voices of Prince Berloff and Mr. Howard sounded without.

"Come—you will be with us!" she said quickly, appealingly.

"Perhaps." And then, half ashamed of his enforced reticence, he whispered, "Who knows? I may do all you ask—some day."



His Browning flamed out. The captain and the other three galloped on

Her eyes glowed into his. "Ah—thank you!" she breathed as the others entered.

Drexel excused himself, leaving the countess pouring tea for the two men, and withdrew into the hall, where

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

HENRY DREXEL, a young Chicago financier, is in Russia to attend the marriage of his cousin to Prince Berloff, a high official. A mysterious young woman of great beauty enters his private traveling compartment, and her passport is demanded by the police. She appeals to him as her husband, calling him "John." He calls her "Mary," and holds off the officer with a promise. To evade the police they take rooms in a St. Petersburg hotel. Learning he is a friend of Berloff's, "Mary" evades Drexel and the police by a rear door. In seeking her, Drexel falls into the hands of Ivan and Nicolai, revolutionists, who hold him prisoner by an order of "The White One." "Mary" visits him in the garb of a working girl. He makes an avowal of love and is refused. Drexel makes his escape after five days' imprisonment. He accompanies his aunt and cousin to a ball given by Prince Berloff, and in one of the guests, Princess Kuratoff, recognizes his acquaintance of the train, "Mary." She does not show a sign of recognition when he is presented, and when he apologizes for having tried to patronize her, she looks puzzled. The following day he calls on the princess, who maintains her attitude of the evening before. When he leaves her house, he finds her jailers, Ivan and Nicolai, watching outside. He hails them recklessly, saying he will go with them, and has just stepped into their sleigh when a servant of the princess rushes up and tells him he must return to the house he has just left. On his return the princess greets him frankly, tells him she believes in his sincerity, explains that she is a revolutionist, and is trying to discover the whereabouts of her brother who has been thrown into prison at the instigation of Prince Berloff. Berloff wants to get rid of Drexel, and has employed the Countess Kurovskaya to involve him in some political plot. She begins by trying to draw Drexel out by representing herself as a revolutionist.

under pretense of examining some etchings he kept watch upon the broad staircase. As he had hoped, Sonya soon came down the stairway, alone. She responded to his "Good morning, Princess," with a formal smile.

"What kind of a day is it?" she asked perfunctorily, as she crossed into the embrasure of a window and gazed out into the park. He followed her, marveling that there could be a secret tie of common purpose between this haughty being and himself. But once within the alcove, she smiled at him again; this time a comradely, half-whimsical smile.

"Well, sir, how do you feel now about the lion's den?"

"Like getting out as soon as we get what we want," he returned.

"Then you are ready to go on?" she queried.

"Do I look like a man who wants to withdraw?"

She searched his face with its quiet, determined eyes.

"We shall make the trial to-day," was her answer. "We must watch till the prince and all the others are occupied in some distant part of the house. Perhaps there will be an opportunity before the rest come down—that might be our best chance."

But this last was not to be. After breakfast the prince excused himself, saying that he had some papers to which he was forced to give immediate consideration, and withdrew to his study, the very room Drexel and Sonya were to search. Moreover, Alice wanted her father to see something of the estate which was to be her main country seat, and since she had a headache and her mother felt disinclined to brave the cold, it fell on Drexel to accompany Mr. Howard. Until two o'clock the two, barricaded against the cold with layers of furs, and drawn by three swift blacks that threw up the snow like spray, flew across broad fields, through long, huddling villages, past forests of snow-shrouded pine and spruce and hemlock.

Half an hour before the afternoon dinner, Drexel and Sonya had another moment together in the embrasure of the window. After this interview Drexel went out to make a solitary inspection of the prince's famous stable, asking them to excuse him as he was not hungry. Just before dinner was announced Sonya, pleading a slight indisposition, retired to her room. Minus these two the company filed into the dining-room.

They were midway in the first course when Drexel returned to the house, slipped quietly through the corridor that led to the library, and taking a book at hazard from the French section, settled himself in one of the leather chairs. A few minutes later Sonya entered.

"That's the study there," she said quickly, leading the way through a door opening off the library.

They had decided there was no necessity for one to keep guard; the records were in French, as Sonya knew, and they could make double time by working together. In case anyone interrupted them, Sonya was to remark casually that Drexel was helping her look for a volume of genealogy.

The study was distinctly a workroom. There were no vaults here, no heavily locked cupboards, no air of secrecy, for all the prince's work was done upon the theory that the surest way to escape suspicion of harboring a secret is to make a quiet show of having nothing to conceal. Shelves reaching to the ceiling were crowded with the government reports of a dozen nations, and with rows of semi-official files. It

was frankly the room of such a man as Berloff appeared to be—a statesman without a post—an unofficial adviser to the Czar.

"When here a week ago," whispered Sonya, "I had barely entered this room when I had to fly, so we must begin at the very beginning—on those files."

Scarcely breathing, their ears quickened for the faintest step, they set swiftly to work. The danger was great; discovery for Sonya, at least, would mean complete disaster.

As each file was examined it was thrust back, so that in case they were suddenly interrupted there might be no disorder to betray them. Digests of reports on the railroads, on the peasants, on the wholesale corruption in the army commissariat, on a hundred things of vital interest to the statesman at large that Berloff ostensibly was, but nothing could they find relating to what they knew to be his real business.

"After all, he must have some secret hiding-place for the records of the political police," whispered Drexel.

"Perhaps, but we must first make sure they are not here."

The faint musical jangling of a bell without caused Drexel to glance through the window. Already the brief daylight was beginning to wane.

What is it?" asked Sonya.

"A sleigh driving up with one man in it. Another guest, I suppose."

Sonya, who had been leafing swiftly through crop reports from the Ministry of Agriculture, gave a low cry and stared at a paper.

"We're finding something! Think of it! Prince Berloff was behind the attempt to kill the prime minister with a bomb! The revolutionary leader who urged it was in reality one of his spies!"

"Berloff try to kill the prime minister! Why?"

"Because that would be to kill two birds with one stone—make the revolutionists unpopular because of their inhuman methods, and make vacant the position he covets. But here are more! Examine the bottom of the files!"

"Here it is!" cried Drexel.

"What does it say? Quick!"

"Arrested in the dress of a railway porter—"

"But the prison, the prison!" exclaimed Sonya.

"Put in Central Prison."

She gave a sharp moan of disappointment. "He was put there at first. But we know he was secretly removed to some other prison. Quick—we'll find it!"

They went feverishly at the files. But suddenly both straightened up. Indistinct voices were heard in the corridor that opened into the library. In an instant the files were back in their places and all looked as before.

"I did not expect you to-day," said one voice in the library.

"Berloff!" whispered Drexel.

"We'll carry it off before him," said Sonya, confidently, and she took down a volume of genealogy.

"Count Orloff was very eager you should have the reports at once," remarked a rumbling bass.

"That voice!" breathed Sonya.

"I, too, have heard it before! But where?"

The library filled with light. They crept to the half-open door. Sonya put her eyes to the crack and peered in. The next instant she had clutched Drexel with tense, quivering hands and was drawing him back. Even the deepening twilight could not hide her sudden pallor.

"Who is it?" Drexel whispered.

"The captain of gendarmes!"

"The one who pursued us? Captain Nadson?"

"Yes."

They stared at each other in deepest consternation. "If he finds us here together—" Drexel murmured. "The destruction of our plans—trouble for you—ruin for me."

Drexel motioned toward the windows.

"They are double and are screwed down. The only way would be to break the glass. And then they would have us before we could get out."

Drexel thought. "Our only chance then is that they may go away without discovering us."

They crept back to the door, and this time Drexel put his eyes to the crack. The big captain was in the act of handing Berloff a large envelope.

"Here are the reports Count Orloff sent."

"I suppose my advice is wanted soon?"

"Within two or three days, the count said."

"Of course, you can remain here until I have my advice ready. For a couple of days."

"Just as you order, your excellency."

"Very well. And now what have you to report concerning the young woman who made that attempt here a week ago?"



"I believe I have seen madam before," he said

"I regret to say I have found nothing, your excellency."

"Not even a clue?"

"She has completely disappeared, but her description is in the hands of our men all over Russia. We'll get her sooner or later."

"And the man who helped her? An American, you said."

"We have only his word for that. He probably lied. He could have been English. As to him, also nothing."

"You have had the police departments of the different cities send you the records of American and English passports?"

"Yes, but these foreign passports only give the age, and the color of eyes and hair. That helps little to identify a man—especially since most of the Americans and Englishmen in Russia are between twenty-five and thirty, which was about the age of this woman's confederate."

"Well, keep after them, Captain. There is another little matter on which I desire further information which I think you can give me, but I must refer to the record in the case. It is in my study. Come with me."

The prince and Captain Nadson rose and started for the study door.

"It's all up!" whispered Drexel. "I'll attack them, and under cover of that you run."

"No—no!" returned Sonya. "Don't move—don't breathe!"

And to Drexel's dismay she calmly swept through the study door into the arms of the two men.

CHAPTER XIII

AT SIGHT of her, Captain Nadson fell back and stared. "Prince Berloff!" he ejaculated.

But Berloff, surprised at her appearance, did not heed him. "Why, Olga," he said, "I thought you were indisposed and lying down."

Sonya, cool, haughty, ignored the captain as a thing below her notice. "So I was," she replied, "but I felt a little better, and a few minutes ago I wandered in there to look at your genealogical library. Here's a volume that I find has some new things about the Kuratoffs in the time of Ivan the Terrible."

"Don't you think it would be well for you to eat something?" inquired the prince.

"Perhaps I will," she said languidly.

"Boris will get you anything you wish. You will excuse us. Come, Captain."

He started toward the door. Sonya was putting out her hand, but it was Nadson who stopped him.

"A moment, Prince. I want to speak to the lady."

The captain's bearded face was a-quiver with excitement. Sonya turned her eyes upon him now for the first time—a cool, inquiring look, half amazed at his temerity in daring to address her. Behind the door, all Drexel's being stood at pause.

"What does the gentleman wish to say?" Sonya asked stiffly.

Triumph glittered in the officer's eye. "I believe I have seen madam before," he said.

"Very likely. Many persons have."

"And recently. Only a week ago."

"Ah—then monsieur has just come from abroad."

"I saw you in St. Petersburg."

"Indeed! This is very remarkable."

"Why?"

"Because only two days ago I arrived from abroad, after an absence of six months."

This effrontery was too much for the police official. "It's not true!" he blurted out.

Her face darkened. "What!"

"Captain—you forget yourself!" cut in the sharp voice of Berloff.

"I do not understand the insolence of this underling of yours, Prince," she said majestically. "I do not care what he thinks or believes. I have nothing more to say to him. If you desire to set him right, you may."

"Captain," said the prince severely,

"I myself met her when she arrived."

"You!"

"And from June until two days ago the princess—"

"The princess!" ejaculated the captain.

"Yes. My cousin—the Princess Kuratoff."

"The daughter of the military governor—"

"The same," said the prince.

The stupid amazement on the face of the big officer was a sight to see. This was quickly followed by the sense of the danger to him of his heinous blunder.

"I believe the captain said he had something to say to me," Sonya remarked with an awful hauteur that completed the man's discomfiture.

"What is it?"

"Nothing—a mistake—I beg pardon," stammered the captain.

"You are sure you have nothing to say?"

"Nothing, Princess—nothing—I assure you. I ask a thousand pardons. Nothing."

"In that case," said Berloff, "we shall go on into the study. Come on, Captain."

They started again toward the door. Drexel crouched with tense muscles, determined to make the best struggle that was in him.

But Sonya quietly slipped her hand through Berloff's arm. "Won't you take me in to the dining-room? It will be very stupid eating in that great room alone."

"With pleasure," returned the prince. "Captain, please wait for me here."

"Certainly, certainly!" said the officer.

"Then come, Olga."

The captain, with one hand on the back of the leather chair in which he was going to be comfortable for the next half hour, bowed low to them.

"I trust the captain will not take his mistake too much to heart," said Sonya, her manner relenting somewhat. "Perhaps he, too, would like something to eat after his drive from the station."

"No, no—don't think of me, Princess," protested the humbled officer. "I am not hungry—not in the least."

Sonya unbent a little more. "Then a glass of tea?"

"No—really—thank you—"

Sonya unbent still more—was the least bit gracious. "Come—let me give you a glass of tea just to show that I bear no ill will."

The captain flushed, gratified. "Well, just a glass of tea."

"Come then"—and Sonya led the two men out.

Drexel waited a minute, then slipped into the library. Already he had made one decision. If he remained in the house, Captain Nadson would be sure to see him. The captain might think himself mistaken regarding Sonya's identity, if nothing rose to reawake suspicion—but when he discovered the exact likeness of both his fugitives in the house, the finest bluffing in the world would not avail to save them.

He must fly the house at once.

But to leave that instant meant to abandon what would probably be the only chance to learn the whereabouts of Borodin—to abandon his precious, newly-made, uncemented friendship with Sonya. So he made a second decision. Sonya would keep the prince and Captain Nadson beside her for several minutes. It was a great risk, but he would go on with the search.

He hurried back to the files, first closing the shutters and turning on the light, and went with feverish rapidity through the documents, his ears strained for the faintest approaching step. Paper after paper he skimmed. His heart pounded as if it would burst his breast.

Suddenly he gave a start. He heard a light foot-fall, a sudden swish—Sonya slipping back, he guessed. But when he peeped into the other room, it was the countess he saw. She took down a book and settled herself in a chair; evidently she had come in here for a few minutes' relief from the crowd.

Drexel hesitated a moment—then went back to his work, and again the records of arrests, of exile, of nefarious plots flew beneath his nervous hands, his eyes looking only for the name of Borodin.

"Ah, Mr. Drexel!" said a low voice behind him.

He whirled about. "Countess Kurovskaya," he breathed.

She lightly crossed to him. Her color heightened with excitement.

"You are trying to find out about Borodin?" she whispered.

"Yes."

"Then you were in earnest in what you said this morning—about being with us?"

"Yes."

"I am proud—proud! To have won you to us—and so quickly!" she said softly, glowing upon him. And this marvelously clever actress told in her manner that the great infatuation for her that had led him to do this was returned.

"I must hurry," he said, turning to his work. "I may be interrupted any second."

"And I will help you!" The next moment she too was fluttering through the records.

She wondered if he had discovered what office the prince held. "Is there anything," she asked, "that makes you think Prince Berloff especially may possess the evidence we seek?"

He remembered Sonya's statement that their knowledge of Berloff's position was a close secret.

"He seems intimate with the Government, as I told you," he replied.

Several minutes passed. The two worked swiftly, in silence. Finally Drexel straightened up with a low cry of triumph.

"You have it?" asked the countess.

"Yes—at last!"

"Where is he?"

"In the Fortress of Saints Peter and Paul! In St. Petersburg!"

He quickly put the files back. Perhaps he had already remained too long!

"Countess," he whispered, "I am going to leave the house immediately."

"I was just going to suggest it," she returned. "It would be dangerous for you here. The prince has a violent temper; if he found out he might stop at nothing. And I shall go with you."

"Go with me?"

"I have led you into this. Do you think I shall desert you?"

"But, Countess—"

"Don't protest. Besides, I can help you." Her brain had worked as rapidly as her hands, and she had a plan in readiness. "I had this same idea for finding out about Borodin before I came here. So I laid plans to make my escape. I have bribed one of the servants. He is to have a horse and sleigh ready at a moment's notice."

"No, no, Countess. I can't let you run into this danger."

"Not when I am the cause of the danger?"

"No, no—I can't! But I must go."

He started across the room. She followed him.

"But how will you escape?"

"I'll say that I've been suddenly called away, and ask for a sleigh to the station," he said as they entered the library. "I'll be far away before they—"

He broke off. The countess gave a counterfeit cry of dismay. Before them stood the figure of Prince Berloff. The pale mask of cultured gentlemanliness was off, and all his relentless cruelty glared at Drexel in a scowl of dark, malignant passion.

"What were you doing with my papers?" his voice grated out.

Perhaps the prince had seen nothing, was merely suspicious. "What papers?" Drexel asked, with an effort at surprise.

"You can not pretend innocence! I came in here a minute ago—heard whispers—looked in and saw you at my private papers."

Drexel, feeling there remained for him but the slenderest chance, did not see wherein that chance would be bettered by a mild demeanor. Besides, the mere sight of the man set his soul afire with wrath and hatred.

"Well, suppose I was. What then?" he coolly demanded.

"What were you looking for? What did you find out?"

Drexel shrugged his shoulders.

"Speak out—what were you looking for?" repeated the prince.

"I don't choose to tell," returned Drexel calmly.

"You don't choose to tell—eh?" repeated the prince. "I think you do!" And he drew a pistol and pointed it at Drexel's breast.

The countess saw that the prince's rage sprang from his fear—his ever-present fear—that Drexel had discovered him to be the chief of the hated spy system. Also, she saw the danger of the prince spoiling her new-made scheme. She threw herself between the two.

"Don't, don't, Prince!" she cried. "It was all my doing!"

He turned upon her fiercely. "Your doing?"

She put all the double meaning into her words she dared.

"I led him into it! The blame is all mine! He merely did what I—"

"Stop, Countess!" Drexel interposed. He looked at the prince with the flaming recklessness of a mastering hate. "The blame is not hers, Prince Berloff. It is all mine. So whatever you do, you must do to me alone. I might as well tell you, though, in order to save your time, that I am not in the least afraid of that pistol."

The prince was silent a moment, during which he held the pistol to Drexel's breast and glared into his defiant eyes. "Not afraid? Why?"

"Because you dare not shoot."

"You think not?"

"I know not."

Berloff again was silent for a moment. "Why do I not dare shoot?"

"Because you want to marry my cousin."

"Well?"

"Well, if you were to shoot me down, no matter under what circumstances, my cousin would never marry you."

"Do you think the loss of your cousin will hold me back?"

"No, my dear prince, but the loss of my cousin's hundred millions will."

The prince did not answer.

As he gazed at the prince, Drexel flamed with the desire to hurl defiance, contempt, into that gleaming, passion-worked face; to tell him that he knew him for a man-hunter with the blood of rare-souled thousands upon his hands, and that he was going to disclose the perfidious business to his cousin Alice and proclaim it broadcast to the world. He was almost overmastered by the impulse to grapple that false throat and hold it till life was no more.

But there was the promise of silence that he had made to Sonya. His first consideration had to be her safety, and her safety depended upon his own. He thought of Captain Nadson; the captain might enter at any moment, and bring about the undoing of them both. For Sonya's sake he must make some desperate effort to escape.

He sought to get out of the room by virtue of mere audacity. "And so, Prince, since you are afraid to use that weapon, you will have to think of something else," he said. "And that you may think the better, I shall leave you alone."

He pushed the pistol to one side and stepped toward the door.

The fear that his secret was out dominated the prince. "Stop, or I shoot!" he cried.

At the same instant, drawing nearer in the corridor, sounded the deep voice of Captain Nadson.

CHAPTER XIV

FOR an instant Drexel stood appalled. Then the captain's step sounded just without the threshold—two more steps and all was lost.

Drexel's desperate eyes fell upon the electric light key beside the doorway. He sprang swiftly forward, and the room was filled with blackness. He disliked leaving the countess to face the trouble alone, but his first duty was to Sonya. He made for the door, and his shoulder brushed the captain's. "Excuse me," he said, and was gone.

Berloff started to rush after him, but the countess, who had caught his pistol, now caught his arm.

"It's all right," she whispered. "I'll tell you."

He turned on the light and gave her a quick, penetrating look. Then he wheeled upon Captain Nadson who, well disciplined officer, was seeing nothing he was not supposed to see.

"Captain, wait a moment in the study."

The captain bowed and withdrew.

"Quick!" breathed the countess. "Order me a sleigh!"

"What for?"

"Order it! I'll explain then. A sleigh with one horse—and not too fast—and no driver."

The prince took up the telephone from his desk and gave the order.

"Now tell me."

"He has fallen right into my trap!" the countess whispered. "He has found out where Borodin is—but no more."

"Then he does not guess—"

"No. I quizzed him about you," she went on rapidly. "He thinks you are what you pretend to be. Here is my plan. He's going to fly at once with his information. I am going to take him with me in the sleigh. We're confederates, you know. You discover that some papers have been stolen—by whom, you have no idea. You have the robbers pursued. We shall go toward the railroad station. You must give orders that I am to be captured. As for him—"

"Oh, I shall give the right orders for him!" said the

prince grimly. "And when we discover who the dead man is I shall be properly horrified at the terrible mistake, and they will all see it was the fault of his own rashness."

"And the fault of the captured woman revolutionist who led him into it."

"Yes." He opened a drawer of his desk and drew out a couple of Government documents. "Take these. It will help if these are found upon him."

She took them. "You have men to pursue me?"

"A company of Cossacks is stationed in the village. I'll telephone for a squad."

"Then good-by, Prince. I'll claim my fifty thousand to-night," and with an excited, triumphant smile she hurried out to find Drexel.

Drexel had rushed from the room with the desire to tell Sonya of his success, before he began his flight. He was aided by her watchfulness. The party had all gone into the music room, but she, wondering what had become of him, lingered near the door. When she saw him emerge from the corridor and make for the entry, she crossed to meet him. Her composure was perfect.

"I saw the captain go in there," she whispered.

"He didn't see me," Drexel returned quickly. "I'll explain some other time. Borodin is in Sts. Peter and Paul."

Her eyes glowed into his.

"I must go at once," he said. "Good-by."

"Go to Ivan and Nicolai. Good-by . . . comrade!" And the fire of her look made him tingle.

Her manner was proud and cold again as she turned away. He slipped out into the entry hall, but before the old doorman had helped him into his fur coat, Mr. Howard had joined him.

"Can I have a talk with you after you come in, my boy?"

"No—I'm sorry," Drexel answered rapidly, for to him every second had the worth of two lives. "Just got a telephone message from St. Petersburg—got to go back to Moscow on business—must hurry to catch the train." And disregarding his uncle's attempt at a reply, Drexel rushed out.

Night was fully on, though the hour was scarcely five. The sky was a-glitter with stars; all the vast spaces of the night were flooded with the cold, white brilliance of the moon, and this celestial brightness was reflected and doubled by the boundless mirror of the snow. "Why could not this have been a black and hiding night?" thought Drexel.

He first struck out on foot; but it occurred to him that if he walked, the prince, were he minded to pursue, could easily overtake him. So he turned back toward the stables, determined to ask boldly for a sleigh. As a curve in the hemlock-lined avenue revealed the stables, a dark object glided out and came toward him. It was the answer to his unspoken prayer.

"For whom is this sleigh?" he asked the driver.

"Countess Kurovskaya," was the answer.

For the first time in these last tense minutes he thought of the countess, and recalled her declaration that she proposed escaping with him. But before he could decide what should be his course concerning her, he saw the countess herself hurrying across the snow.

"This is luck," she gasped, "you are already here." She dismissed the driver. "Come, Mr. Drexel," she said, "we must be off at once."

"But, Countess," he objected, "I can not let you plunge into this danger!"

"I led you into it," she replied, "and I am going to share it."

Again Drexel could not explain to her that another had been his leader.

"I want to get away," the countess continued, "to help use the information you have gained. Besides, I am in danger as well as you."

"Well, if you are determined," said Drexel. He helped her in and stepped in beside her.

He struck the horse into a gallop and the countess tucked the thick bear robes snugly about them. They sped silently over the snow, and a minute later passed through the park gates.

"I feel safer now," breathed the countess. She took something from her breast. "Here—take these."

"What are they?"

"Some documents I secured while we were searching the prince's study—papers of great value to us, I think. They will be safer with you."

Drexel thrust the papers into the pocket of his shuba. "How did you get away from the prince?"

"Oh, a man came in, and then other people. The prince could not make a scene before them, so I calmly walked out. I suppose he had no idea you and I would run away."

"Countess, I know you must think me very much of a coward for my desertion of you. I—well, I really can't explain."

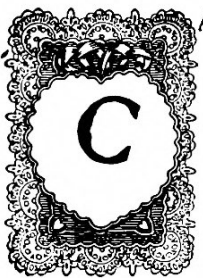
"Please don't apologize. You have shown you were no coward. Besides, all has turned out for the best. In an hour we'll be at the station; two hours after that in St. Petersburg."

"I wish we had a better horse," said Drexel ruefully. "This is a stiff old beast."

"I daresay I didn't bribe the stableman heavily enough. But we shall get our train."

They glided on—now over flat bright spaces where the road seemed as broad as eye-reach, now through

[Continued on page 117]



CARLYLE has said that a collection of books is a university. What a pity that the thousands of ambitious, energetic men and women who missed their opportunities for an education at the school age, and feel crippled by their loss, fail to catch the significance of this, fail to realize the tremendous cumulative possibilities of that great life-improver, that admirable substitute for a college or university education—reading. Many of the world's most eminent men acquired an excellent education mainly by reading. Franklin, the printer's devil, by self-effort, self-discipline, self-schooling, educated himself so well that the extent of his knowledge surprised the haughty English lords and the incredulous French scientists and authors.

Lincoln, who, to use his own phrase, had possibly a year's schooling "by littles," is a conspicuous example of self-education through reading, even with very few books, amidst the most primitive conditions and with no inspiring associates.

Elihu Burritt, working all day in a blacksmith's shop, had little opportunity for education, yet through his industry and love of reading and study he became one of the greatest linguists in the world, and won for himself the honorable sobriquet of "the learned blacksmith." Speaking of Burritt's profound learning, Edward Everett said, "It is enough to make one who has had good opportunities for education hang his head in shame."

The trouble with many of those who lack early opportunities and many others who see no chance for a college course, and say they have no opportunity for self-improvement, is that if they can not set aside several years for schooling or college, they think it is of no use to try to educate themselves. They do not realize the wealth that exists in spare moments—what can be accomplished in them, the opportunities they offer for repairing the loss of a college education. Even ten or fifteen minutes spent each day in concentrating the mind in thinking, in reading with a purpose, will enlarge your mental capacity and add to your knowledge to an extent of which you have no conception. At the end of the year you will see the change in yourself.

I know a man who went to school only a few months during his life, but who is one of the best informed men I have ever met. The very consciousness that he lacked the advantages of an early education spurred him on to make up for the deficiency in other ways. By reading in his spare moments he has absorbed an amount of information that surprises people who know him. His knowledge on many subjects, such as history, astronomy, geology, political economy, psychology, is so great that most people take him for a college graduate.

It is really wonderful how much can be gained by improving odds and ends of time in keen, analytical observing, thinking, reading, studying. Think of the untold wealth locked up in the spare moments and long winter evenings of every life. It is possible to pick up an education in the odds and ends of time which most people throw away.

If those who have been deprived of a college education would only make up their minds to get a substitute for it, they would be amazed to see what even the evenings of a few weeks devoted conscientiously to the college studies would accomplish.

When a noted literary man was asked how he managed to accomplish so much with so little friction or apparent effort, he replied, "By organizing my time. To every hour its appointed task or duty, with no overlapping or infringements."

There is a great deal of time wasted even in the busiest lives, which, if properly organized, might be used to advantage.

Many housewives who are so busy from morning to night that they really believe they have no time for reading books, magazines, or newspapers would be amazed to find how much they would have if they would more thoroughly systematize their work. Order is a great time saver, and we certainly ought to be able to so adjust our living plan that we can have a fair amount of time for self-improvement, for enlarging life. Yet many people think that their only opportunity for self-improvement depends upon the time left after everything else has been attended to.

What would a business man accomplish if he did not attend to important matters until he had time that was not needed for anything else? The good business man goes to his office in the morning and plunges right into the important work of the day. He knows perfectly well that if he attends to all the outside matters, all the details and little things that come up, sees everybody that wants to see him, and answers all the questions people want to ask, that it will be time to close his office before he gets to his main business.

The Pleasure and Profit of Reading

by Orison Swett Marden

Most of us manage somehow to find time for the things we love. If one is hungry for knowledge, if one yearns for self-improvement, if one has a taste for reading, he will make the opportunity to satisfy his desires.

Think of young Abe Lincoln being so busy that he could not find time to think, to read, to improve his mind. It was said by one who early knew him that "he lost no time at home; when he was not at work he was at his books; and he carried his books to work that he might read when released from labor."

Vice-President Wilson, when a boy, was bound out on a farm and obliged to work from daylight to dark, but he found time to educate himself. Before he was twenty-one he had read a thousand volumes.

Where the heart is, there is the treasure. Where the ambition is, there is time.

It takes not only resolution but determination to set aside unessentials for essentials, things pleasant and agreeable to-day for the things that will prove best for us in the end. There is always temptation to sacrifice future good for present pleasure; to put off reading to a more convenient season, while we enjoy idle amusements or waste the time in gossip or frivolous conversation.

The greatest things of the world have been done by those who systematized their work, organized their time. Men who have left their mark on the world have appreciated the preciousness of time, regarding it as the great quarry out of which they have carved reputations or fortunes, hewn instruments with which to continue other work of progress and civilization.

The faithfulness with which you improve every spare moment, every little chance to develop yourself to your highest possible power, is an indication of the sort of man or woman you will be, the sort of man or woman you are; it is an evidence of the ability that wins.

Lincoln used to say that there was a good education in the newspapers.

He applied for the position of postmaster in New Salem because he was too poor to subscribe for papers, and he knew that he could read those which came through the post-office for others, as the country was sparsely settled and many people did not call for their mail more than once or twice a week. He thought he was one of the most fortunate persons in the world to have access to this, to him a rich mine of knowledge.

What would he have thought of the marvelous wealth of reading open to the poorest in the land to-day? Never before was a practical

substitute for a college education at home made so cheap, so easy, and so attractive. Knowledge of all kinds is placed before us in a most attractive and interesting manner. The best of the literature of the world is found to-day in thousands of American homes where fifty years ago it could only have been obtained by the rich.

What a shame it is that under such conditions as these an American should grow up ignorant, should be uneducated in the midst of such marvelous opportunities for self-improvement! Indeed, most of the best literature in every line to-day appears in the current periodicals, in the form of short articles. Many of our greatest writers spend a vast amount of time in the drudgery of travel and investigation in gathering material for these articles, and the magazine publishers pay thousands of dollars for what a reader can get for ten or fifteen cents. Thus the reader often gets for a trifle in periodicals or books the results of months and often years of hard work and investigation of our greatest writers.

There is a wealth within the reach of the poorest mechanic and day-laborer in this country that kings in olden times could not possess, and that is the wealth of a well-read, cultured mind. In this newspaper age, this age of cheap books and periodicals, there is no excuse for ignorance, for a coarse, untrained mind. To-day no one is so handicapped, if he have health and the use of his faculties, that he can not possess himself of wealth that will enrich his whole life, and enable him to converse and mingle with the most cultured people. No one is so poor but that it is possible for him to lay hold of that which will broaden his mind, which will inform and improve him, and lift him out of the brute stage of existence into their godlike realm of knowledge.

The reading habit, if not abused, will not only give you infinite pleasure and profit, but it will make you a larger, fuller, better informed, more interesting man, a better worker.

An English tanner noted for the high quality of his leather said that he never could have produced such a good article had he not read Carlyle!

There are numerous examples of men whose careers and characters have been completely changed by the reading of inspiring books—sometimes a single volume.

Beecher said that he was not the same man after reading Ruskin that he had been before.

[Continued on page 106]

CHAPTER XX
(CONTINUED)

CAYLEY headed up into the wind, and hung for a moment soaring upon a steady current of air that poured along parallel to the cliff.

He was still tingling with excitement, with triumph, with a sort of joy which he hardly yet dared contemplate, over that wonderful last hour of his with Jeanne.

But now that he was out of her presence this excitement expressed itself, as it commonly did with him, in a sort of exaggerated coolness. When he told her that nothing could harm him to-night, he was not guilty of a mere lover's exaggeration. It was quite true that with body and mind tuned, as they were now, to their very highest pitch, with every faculty at the uttermost reach of its powers, ready and waiting to be called upon, nothing was likely to be able to harm him.

His original plan had been to follow Roscoe up the beach to the cave, in the hope of overtaking him, laden with their stores, and settling matters, out of hand, then and there.

But a moment later he rejected that plan for a better one. He towered in a sharp spiral up five hundred feet higher, into that velvet, spangled sky, swept across the crest of the cliff, and sailing thwartwise to the breeze which he found on that side, he went glancing down the valley toward the glacier, with the velocity almost of an arrow.

The snow mantle which covered the world beneath was glazed with an icy crust, and in the starlight it glowed with the milky, iridescent gray of an enormous pearl.

From the glacier where the ice pinnacles pierced the snow, there glinted tiny twinkling lights of sapphire.

When he reached the glacier he checked his speed a little, and slanted down to an altitude of not more than two or three hundred feet above the crest. He hardly expected a glimpse of Roscoe so soon, having no reason to think he would be here; but he began scanning the earth's surface closely, with the idea of accustoming his eyes to the light and the distance. Yet it was not his eyes, but his sensitive nostrils which gave him his first hint of the probable whereabouts of the man he was looking for.

The frozen air which he had been drawing deep into his lungs was odorless, save for the faintly acid suggestion of ozone about it—a thing, by the way, which he was puzzled to account for, unless it presaged some titanic electrical display in the sky.

But the odor which now invaded his fastidious nostrils automatically checked his flight. He tilted back his planes and his momentum sent him towering almost vertically aloft. He did not analyze it—not that first instant, but his sensation was the same that makes a dog suddenly throw up its head and snarl, bristling.

In a moment he knew that it was smoke—the smoke of no clean, sparkling wood-fire, but of smoldering bones and the flesh of some animal.

Slowly he began to descend in the sweeping circles of a great spiral, constantly searching with an eagerness, which amounted almost to agony, for the point of angry red which would tell him where his enemy was to be found. He had no doubt at all that his enemy was there. The man who had laid that fire was likely to be sleeping beside it.

He was within twenty feet of the level of the ice before his little mirror of concave silver caught the gleam of red that he was looking for.

He threw his head back sharply and gazed at it. He could not see the fire itself—that must be hidden behind the great rock which almost blocked the entrance to what must be the cave.

The gleam he had caught in his mirror had been reflected in turn from the gleaming surface of a mass of ice a little farther out.

He slanted away again, searching now for a level place to alight, found it within a hundred yards of the cave-mouth, circled once completely round, to make sure that he could not be surprised in the act of getting clear of his wings, and a moment later came down soundlessly, except with a faint slither of his planes, upon the ice.

He bounded almost instantly to his feet, slipped his knife out of his belt, and held the haft of it between his teeth while he furled his planes. That done, he deposited the bundle in the angle of a projecting rock, and stealthily made his way toward the cave-mouth.

The plan which most naturally suggested itself of



He felt the pressure of her body, as she knelt over him

The Sky Man

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Illustrations by Dan Smith

bearing away from it a little and attempting to get a glimpse into the interior from a safe distance he rejected in favor of a more audacious, but probably not more dangerous one.

He skirted the rock, which partially blocked the mouth of the cave, as closely as possible, intent on rounding the corner and appearing suddenly within what he hoped might be almost striking distance of the man he sought.

Of course he did not know where Roscoe was; could not even be sure that he was in the cave at all, though he felt very little doubt of that. But he reflected that while Roscoe's position might surprise him, his position would surprise Roscoe even more. He was sure that he was quicker than Roscoe, and better able to seize the advantage in an unforeseen situation.

At the very edge of the shelter afforded by the rock he paused for an instant; then, with every nerve tuned to the highest pitch, with every muscle in a state of supple relaxation, yet instantly ready for any demand that might be made upon it, he stepped round the corner and into the mouth of the cave.

Probably no apparition of the monster he expected to find there—no sight of him towering, expectant, armed, anticipating all that Cayley hoped to do, and ready to frustrate it, could have been so terrifying to Philip as the thing he actually saw, which was—nothing. At least, so far as a first glance into the cave would reveal, his enemy was not there.

For a full minute Cayley stood motionless, staring into the smoky, wavering shadow. He was not consciously looking at what was before his eyes—certainly not cataloging the details which went to make up the picture.

He seemed to be taking it in through some extra sense, or, perhaps, through all his senses at once. But he did not need to explore the remoter recesses of the cave to make sure that Roscoe was not there. The place cried aloud that it was empty.

Cayley shuddered, not with fear, and yet with a sensation stronger than disgust. It was as if a leopard had been standing over the deserted lair of a hyena. A wild beast's lair it was, and not a human habitation.

The floor was littered with feathers and half-gnawed bones. The rocky walls dripped with the oily soot of his horrible cooking. The foul air of the place was actually iridescent. But the real horror of it lay in the fact that Roscoe was not there.

Cayley's reasoning faculties attacked that blind, irrational horror with all their force. From the condition of the fire it was evident that Roscoe had been gone several hours. It was almost certain that he would return soon. Cayley's arrival in his absence really gave him an immense advantage. A man always comes unwarily into the place he calls home. If Roscoe came back now, he would have no chance at all against Cayley's quick spring and the flash of the long knife-blade.

Certainly it was reasonable to expect that Roscoe

would wait for another moonrise before setting out on any serious sort of expedition, and if that assumption were correct, he might be returning to the cave at any moment.

Cayley tried hard to force himself to accept this line of reasoning—to use it to combat the shuddering horror which Roscoe's mere absence caused him.

He strode a few paces forward into the cave, then turned about and faced the entrance, with the idea of selecting a good strategic position in which to wait for Roscoe's return.

He realized almost immediately, however, that quite without reference to the inexplicable terror which Roscoe's absence seemed to cause him, he would be unable to wait for his return here in the cave. The stench of the place was already turning him sick, and the poisonous exhaustion of

the air making his eyes roll in his head.

He strode abruptly back to the cave-mouth. As he did so, however, his eye alighted on something that made him pause—something so strangely out of keeping with its surroundings that it caused him, or he thought that was the reason, a sense of recognition, almost of familiarity.

The thing which so evidently did not belong to Roscoe that it seemed almost to belong to Philip himself, was a gold locket. It lay on a flint bit of rock which seemed to serve Roscoe's purpose as a table. The objects which surrounded it—an irregular piece of raw walrus hide, an overturned bottle of whale oil with a

smudgy wick in it, a sailmaker's needle and some ravelings of canvas, together with some scraps of food—all spoke so loud of Roscoe and made such a contrast with this bit of jewelry, that Cayley's action in stooping to pick it up was almost automatic.

He held it in his hand a moment, as if he did not know quite what to do with it, then he put it in his pocket and went out of the cave. Only during the moment when it had first caught his eye had it really commanded his attention at all. By the time he got outside he had forgotten it.

Two or three breaths of the clean air were all he needed to revive him physically, but to his surprise they did not suffice to rid him of the feeling which he regarded as superstitious; namely, the impulse to fly back to Jeanne as fast as wing could carry him.

He had every reason to believe that she was safe, he told himself. She was armed with a heavy revolver, was a good shot, and had plenty of nerve. She was in a place, the only avenue of access to which would give her a tremendous advantage over any invader. So that even supposing the worst—supposing that Roscoe's absence were taken to mean that he had gone to make an attack on the pilot-house, there could hardly be a doubt that Jeanne would kill him.

His reasoning was all based on the assumption that the pilot-house was inaccessible to any wingless creature, except by the way of the ice chimney. He steadied himself as best he could and crouched down in the shelter of the big rock to await Roscoe's return.

He had hardly settled himself when he saw something that made him shake his head impatiently and swear a little. It was the winking glow of an aurora borealis, off to the North.

Struggling as he was with a fear which his reason offered him no foundation for, he was in no mood to appreciate one of these infernal, inexplicable exhibitions that a succession of those long Arctic nights had made him all too familiar with. No familiarity could lessen the wonder of it.

He hoped that this one might pass off without amounting to anything, but it was not long before a slender, flickering, greenish-white flash across the sky convinced him that he was in for it. He remembered having read, in Captain Fielding's journal, how the members of his own crew, and more particularly the *Walrus* people, had been frightened to the verge of terror by them, and how the Portuguese had always fallen on his knees and begun jabbering his prayers when one of these phenomena took place. He had believed them, Captain Fielding thought, to be veritably the fires of hell.

Cayley and Jeanne had often watched the auroras from beginning to end with delight, but it always had been a strange, piquant sort of pleasure that has a spice of terror in it.

But to-night, as he crouched there alone on the beach, waiting for the man who did not come, the wild, freakish, indefinitely menacing quality of those

strange lights affected him powerfully. The way they leaped in long arcs clear across the sky and vanished; the way their brilliant streamers could flaunt themselves from zenith to horizon with all the colors of the sunset, and still leave the earth as dark as it was after they had rolled up and disappeared; the horrible, winking, shuddering ghostliness of them made it difficult to think of them as part of the order of nature, turned them into a sort of malevolent miracle. It was never possible to tell how long they would last. Sometimes they rolled up and left the sky unvexed at the end of a few brief minutes; sometimes they kept up their witches' dance all night.

The one he saw brightening now was developing itself into a stupendous spectacle. The long, greenish pencils of light, rippling, flickering, fading, flashing out again, gradually established themselves in an immense double devil's rainbow clear across the sky. The streamers which began presently to pour out from both sides of it ran a gamut of color from angry purple up to a flaming orange. The horizon, all the northern half of it, was banked with what looked like luminous sulphur-colored clouds, shot with occasional gleams of bright magenta.

Cayley gazed at the spectacle unwillingly, but still he gazed. And somehow, though he fought the feeling desperately, it began to assume a personal significance to him; a significance of mockery. The whole sky was quivering with vast, silent laughter. Was it because he, with his fancied cleverness and daring in finding Roscoe's lair, and waiting for his return to it, was really doing precisely the thing that Roscoe would have him do? Were those sky-witches laughing over what was happening up at the pilot-house while he sat here and waited?

No intelligence, no sane power of consecutive reasoning can resist this sort of thing indefinitely, and at last Cayley's power of resistance came to an end.

He sprang to his feet at last, dripping with sweat in spite of the cold, caught up his bundled wings, unfurled them, and took the air with a rush. Once he had jerked himself aloft to a height a little above the crest of the cliff, it was hardly more than a matter of seconds before he came opposite the dome-like mound of snow which covered the pilot-house.

There was no light shining out of the tunnel entrance. But that was as he had expected it to be. He made it out easily enough; and in another moment had alighted there.

"Jeanne!" he called.

It was not the exertion of flight, but a sudden intolerable apprehension that made him breathless. The word had halted a little in his throat. Exactly as he uttered it he saw down the tunnel, and in the pilot-house itself, a tiny spark of fire, and heard the click of steel against flint.

What the spark illuminated were the fingers of a gigantic hairy hand.

"Jeanne!" he called again, and now his voice came clear enough, "wait a minute and I'll make a light for you."

CHAPTER XXI IN THE PILOT-HOUSE

CAYLEY had been right in assuming as he did in his conversation with Jeanne upon the subject, that Roscoe and the other people of the *Walrus* had never noticed the ice chimney, nor suspected the existence of the pilot-house upon the cliff-head. Also, he had followed correctly the track of Roscoe's mind in the deduction that the two latest castaways upon this land, Philip and Jeanne, must have perished in the great storm which began on the night when he fired the hut, and continued for so many weeks that he, like them, lost all trace of the reckoning.

During the storm he had lived in the cave, much as Philip and Jeanne had lived in the pilot-house on the cliff. He had, that is to say, in some purely automatic fashion, kept on existing. The mere momentum of a mature man's vitality makes it hard for him to die. But when the storm abated and milder weather came, he bestirred himself, as Cayley did, and set about digging a tunnel of his own through the great drift which had blocked the entrance to his cave.

On the whole, the long weeks he had been hibernating, for that is what his state amounted to, had had a beneficial effect upon him. He was not only sane again, but had ceased altogether to be self-conscious about his state of mind.

That period of weeks when he had permitted himself to be terrorized by the ghost of a murdered man and an old rosewood box, and what he had taken to be an avenging angel from Heaven, had no more connection with his present self than the half-remembered delirium of a man who has once been sick.

The next time the moon came up, after he had completed the tunnel from the cave, he set out down the beach toward the ruins of the hut.

It was not mere curiosity which attracted him, nor any lurking fear, but simply the hope of making some salvage from the wreckage of the hut, or possibly from the bodies of his two victims, in case he was lucky enough to find them there. He had no doubt at all that they were dead. His pleasure over the quantity and condition of the stores he found in the ice cave

compensated for his disappointment in not finding the bodies of his two latest victims.

Evidently they had not even attempted to use such shelter as the ice chamber afforded, for it showed no marks of human habitation. They had probably wandered outside and died in one of the near-by drifts. Perhaps he would find them some day. For the present, however, the stores occupied his whole attention.

Very methodically he set to work, carrying them off to his own cave, working without fatigue and without intermission so long as the moonlight lasted. He was just setting out with his last load when, glancing skyward to see how long the light would hold, he caught a glimpse of Cayley on the wing. The sight occasioned him no return—not even momentary—of the old terror. He cursed a little because he had not his rifle with him; the sky-man loomed slowly and not very high presented a mark he could almost certainly have hit.

It was surprising, of course, to see him alive, but Roscoe, in his present state, never thought of looking to supernatural means to account for the fact. Indeed, he was hardly more than a moment in approximating the true explanation. There might well be, he supposed, up somewhere in the face of the cliff a cave or shelter of which he knew nothing, and easily accessible to anyone who happened to possess a flying-machine.

Skirting the cliff and keeping well in its shadow, he made his way with his last load back to his cave.



With a yell of rage,
he sprang upon Cayley

Here he spent a few minutes cleaning his rifle, making sure that the mechanism of the breech was working perfectly, and filling its magazine full of cartridges.

The moon was just setting, but the sky was still bright enough to give him a good hope of making out Cayley's winged figure against it.

He did not follow the old track down the beach, but made straight out over the rough masses of ice which covered the bay. It was dark enough to do away with the danger that the sky-man might see him first.

He was in better humor than he had been at any time since the coming of the *Aurora*. He was out hunting, and confidently expected to succeed in bagging his prey. Of those human passions which incite men to do murder, he felt, for the moment, none whatever. He expected a certain pleasure in getting the winged man squarely on the sight of his rifle and bringing him down, hurtling, from the sky, with one clean shot.

He expected he would come. He was almost certain to return to his shelter, wherever it was, before the last of the light had faded from the sky.

Roscoe squatted down in the lee of the great hummock of ice, surveyed the heavens with keen, practised eyes, munched on a strip of dried walrus-meat which he had brought with him, and waited very contentedly.

He had not long to wait. Long before the moon-twilight had gone out of the sky he saw in it, silhouetted against it, the sight from which he had once fled with such mad terror, the broad expanse of the sky-man's wings.

He was coming along almost directly above the spot where Roscoe waited, and within easy range. Roscoe had raised his rifle and was sighting deliberately along the barrel before the idea occurred to him which caused him to lower it again rather suddenly, and swear at himself a little, under his breath, as a man will who has nearly made a bad mistake.

What a fool he would have been, to be sure, if he

had killed the sky-man before learning from him the location of this unknown shelter of his; for, if the man was living, there was a pretty good chance that the woman was too. There would be plenty of chance to kill the man after he had discovered the location of their nesting-place.

So instead of firing he scrambled up to the top of the nearest ice hummock and from there watched Cayley's flight to his landing place.

He laughed aloud when he saw that it was not in the side of the cliff, as he had feared, but quite at the crest of it, where it was as accessible to a man who could climb a bit as to one with wings.

He did not move from his attitude of strained attention on the summit of a little ice hill until he saw a faint glow of golden light diffusing itself from the mouth of the tunnel that led to the pilot-house. Then, with that queer shuffling gait of his, which was neither walk nor run, he began making his way inshore, over the ice, toward the foot of the cliff.

Cayley's tunnel was not at right angles to the crest, but bore off diagonally westward. Roscoe had noted this fact, and he figured out that from the top of the promontory which formed the western boundary of their strip of beach, he should be able to command a view straight into the tunnel. Also, there was at this point a precipitous trail up the cliff. No one but Roscoe would have called it a trail, but that was the way it existed in his mind.

He had not climbed it since the day when the sight of Philip coming down from the sky had prevented his attack upon Jeanne. It was a hard climb, even for him, but it was worth the trouble.

There was a sheltered hollow where, except in the severest weather, one could pass a number of hours quite comfortably. Cayley had slept there once, on the night of his first meeting with Jeanne on the ice-floe.

His calculation of the angle of the tunnel proved to be correct, for from his newly gained coign of vantage he could see straight into the pilot-house, and make out clearly enough two figures there.

Once more he was tempted to fire, and might have yielded to the temptation had not the light been put out before he had fairly got his eyes adjusted to the distance.

It is to be remembered, always, that he knew nothing whatever of the ice chimney, and suspected no connection between the hut and the pilot-house, except by the air. For anything he knew to the contrary, Jeanne might be able to fly, as well as Philip, or he to carry her with him upon his flights. Consequently, he did not suspect, when he saw Cayley take to flight again, that this action had any reference to himself; nor that the woman who was left alone would be on her guard against him.

The moment he glimpsed the shadow of Cayley's wings against the stars he began making his way cautiously over the crusted snow toward the pilot-house. The distance was not great, not more than half a mile, but progress over that glazed, precipitous surface was necessarily slow. He had no chance to stand erect, and most of the way he had literally to crawl, often cutting little holes in the crust with his knife to dig his fingers and toes into.

But he was tireless as well as persistent, and at last he drew himself over the crown of Cayley's tunnel, let himself down, and dropped, with cat-like lightness for so heavy a man, just outside the pilot-house door.

The door was closed, but there was a light shining out through a crack beneath it. It was a glass door, but something had been hung over the glass, so that he could not see into the interior.

Both Jeanne and Philip had made the mistake of assuming that the only way of access to the pilot-house, except to Philip with his wings, was the ice chimney. It was a natural mistake enough, one that almost any but a practised mountaineer would have made.

Furthermore, they had no reason, either of them, for anticipating an attack on the pilot-house while Philip was gone. They had been living here for weeks, in unbroken security. So, though the girl obeyed Philip's injunction literally and scrupulously, she did it without the slightest sense of personal danger; and, indeed, she would hardly have had room for such an emotion even if there had been a much more reasonable ground for it.

An acute terror for Philip, who had gone out to find their monstrous enemy and try to kill him, would in any case have dominated both thought and feeling. And this terror was all the sharper because of what had passed between them the hour before—the coming of the full, complete, wonderful understanding and the sweeping away of the last barrier there had been between them.

Probably no human being, not even the sanest and most commonplace, is inaccessible to that fear of Nemesis—the fear that merely being too happy, finding life too complete—is sufficient to suggest.

Only an hour ago the thing had happened which made life perfect for her; and now Philip was gone and she left alone.

[Continued on page 108]



POINT & PLEASANTRY

Not Fast Colors

"AUNTY," said little Constance, "don't you want some of my candy?"

"Thank you, dear," was the reply. "Sugared almonds are favorites of mine."

"The pink or the white ones?" asked the little tot.

"The white ones, please."

There was silence until the last piece had disappeared.

"They were all pink at first, Aunty," remarked Constance.

As In Laundries

A CALIFORNIA woman in training a new Chinese servant to wait on the door had her daughter ring the bell and present her card. Next afternoon a friend called and handed her card to the Celestial, who pulled out of his sleeve the card the daughter of the house had presented the afternoon before and carefully compared the two. "Tickee no matchee," he exclaimed, handing back the visitor's card. "No can come in."

A. C. WEGNER.

Near-Billiards

TWO traveling salesmen, detained in a little village hotel, were introduced to a crazy little billiard table and a set of balls which were of a uniform dirty gray color.

"But how do you tell the red from the white?" asked one of the guests.

"Oh," replied the landlord, "you soon get to know them by their shape."

Soles and Souls

A NEAR-SIGHTED Methodist preacher was holding a revival in the mountains of North Carolina. A moonshiner, a tall, lanky specimen with large bare feet, approached the mourner's bench and knelt down in prayer. "My brother," said the preacher, "I am so glad you have come to give your heart to God," and then seeing the man's feet behind him, he added, "and that you have brought your two dear little boys with you."—J. D. HARRIS.

Man's Short Memory

THE fact that Speaker Cannon, who now denounces the "insurgents" as guilty of Bryanism, once supported the Nebraskan in a futile filibuster for free silver exemplifies the shortness of the political memory of Americans. Mark Hanna once told a story to illustrate this fact.

It was not until May, 1896, that anyone could tell what position either of the great parties would take on the silver question, and among the good politicians who guessed wrong was Walter P. Brownlow of Tennessee, who in an overwhelmingly Republican district made his successful canvass for the Republican Congressional nomination as a free-silver man. Even after the gold standard convention with Brownlow on the National Committee the Tennesseean continued to talk free silver. Finally Chairman Hanna protested.

Brownlow wrote back, "Dear Mr. Hanna: When I started to run for Congress I knowed I couldn't git up no speech out of my head, so I thought I'd find a speech some other feller had made, and git it by heart. I happened to pick a speech made to the Stark County, Ohio, Farmers' Alliance, by a feller of the name of McKinley. I'll be awful busy in this here campaign, but if Mc flops agin, jest wire me.

For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. Stories which have appeared in other publications are not eligible. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary. Material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, may be retained at the usual rates.

NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Holiday Visitors

AN APPALLING case of deafness was that of an old lady who lived just across the street from the navy yard. On Washington's birthday they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired; then, adjusting her cap and smoothing her dress, she exclaimed, "Come in!"—WM. C. BENNETT.

A Permanent Position

"MR. SMITH," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."

A Barking Dog Sometimes Bites

A WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA tax collector, though afflicted with stuttering, is an old gentleman of uniformly good temper, which apparently no combination of circumstances can ruffle. One morning he was asked into the "settin'-room" by the lady answering his knock, and was immediately beset by a barking dog.

"Don't mind Tip," said the lady, "he's only fooling—he won't bite you."

"He w-w-won't, w-w-won't he," said the old gentleman triumphantly, "h-h-he's b-b-bi-biting me n-now."—IDA B. GRAHAM.

The Walrus and the Socialist

IN WASHINGTON the moon was up
And shining with all its might,
Doing its very best to make
The nation clean and bright.
No other effort of the kind
Was anywhere in sight.

The sun was shining sulkily
Because the moon, he thought,
Threw no light on the problem,
The which of course she ought.
"There's so much moonshine now," said he,
"The nation's sore distraught."

The Walrus and the Socialist
Were strolling softly aft.
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of graft.
"I greatly fear, oh Walrus dear,
There's little hope from Taft."

"If seven suffragets with votes
Stormed it for quite a while,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"They could reduce the pile?"
"I doubt it," said the Socialist,
And tried his best to smile.

"Oh Congressmen, bestir yourselves,"
The Walrus did implore.
"The cost of things is going up
And more and more and more.
The trusts have got us by the throat;
It is a deuced bore."

The Congressmen all shook their heads
And winked the other eye—
A hint that they could make it right
If they would only try.
And then a movement to adjourn
Was carried *sine die*.

ELLIS O. JONES.

If the man behind the counter

of the corner cigar store were to say to you "Buy this box of cigars—smoke ten of them, and if you don't like them bring back the remaining cigars and get all your money—and no charge for the ten smoked" you'd be pretty well convinced of his faith in the cigar he was selling and you'd probably buy.

But the man in the corner store doesn't do business that way.

Now, I want to make you that very offer—with this exception—that I don't want you to pay for the cigars until after you've smoked the ten. *Here is my offer in full as I've stated it for seven years.*

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of Success Magazine, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

On that Offer I have built a large business extending into every State and Territory of the Union. My business grows by reason of repeat orders—eighty-five per cent of the cigars I sell are shipped on repeat orders.

Every cigar is made right here in my own factory (and it is not a small affair, but a full size business building in the business heart of Philadelphia) and I know that the filler is all clean, straight, long Havana, grown on the Island of Cuba and the wrapper genuine Sumatra, the cigars are hand-made by skilled workmen in a clean, sanitary factory. That's why I know that my cigar will stand this offer.

In ordering, please enclose business card or send personal references, and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigar.

MY BOOK FREE—it tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars and smoking in general that every man should know. Write for it.

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Pears'

"A shining countenance" is produced by ordinary soaps.

The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the complexion.

What your tailor?



Fifteen years ago, when we founded our business, we made the first strictly high-grade tailored-to-order clothes that were ever sold at prices similar to those asked for ready-made clothing.

We have continued to make them better each succeeding year, until today their excellence is unquestioned.

Yet, never satisfied that we have reached perfection, we pass by no opportunity to improve our tailoring wherever possible. We will always be able to deliver you the best values in the world for your money.

F. V. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world
of
GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago

Write for free copy of our Spring style book and address of our nearest representative. He will show our Woolens and take your measure.

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The Broncho Buster Hat

Direct from the land of the Cowboy. Suitable for all weathers, manufactured and sold by us exclusively, direct to the consumer. Description—Fine quality felt, light tan color, with richly Mexican carved leather band; "never flop" brim, made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4 1/2 inches; brim 3 1/2 inches, crown 5 inches, a regular \$10 dollar hat, sent express prepaid. State size. Money refunded if not as represented. **\$3**

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The Month in America

WHEN Dr. Frederick A. Cook returned to civilization from the mysterious depths of the frozen North, most people were willing to believe that he had been to the north pole. In the first place, he was an American; secondly, he was a jollier fellow than Peary; thirdly, he came from the place whence come all north pole explorers—the North.

The History of a Hoax

The only suspicious circumstance was that Wm. T. Stead, the English journalist who has been fooled by every hoax during two generations, fervently believed in Cook.

The King of Denmark laid his approving hand on Cook's shoulder, and the University of Copenhagen slipped an honorary doctor's degree into the explorer's pocket. Everybody from Copenhagen to Los Angeles with one exception cried "Bravo."

Besides the late P. T. Barnum, no one has ever understood our American psychology so well as Frederick A. Cook. Commander Peary "nailed" Cook, but Cook only smiled a modest smile, and coined the nail into gold pieces. When Peary showed that even the Esquimaux who had been with Cook denied having gone to the pole, Cook still smiled. When Edward Barrill, who accompanied Cook in an alleged climb of Mt. McKinley, admitted that he and Cook had "faked" the climb; when two worthy gentlemen named Dunkle and Loose boasted that they had forged the papers which Dr. Cook was to present at Copenhagen; when hundreds of people brought forth proof that Cook could not have got to the pole with the sleds he had, or the shoes, or the food supply, and that he did not have with him instruments which would tell the north pole from northern Minnesota, still Cook said nothing. He went on giving his lectures as long as people would listen to him without asking questions. In the meantime, he said, he was preparing his documents for Copenhagen.

When the pie was opened, the Danish scientists realized that they had been presented with a very rare specimen of the north polar gold-brick. There were no original observations, no calculations; nothing but a highly-colored composition on the purple snows of the boreal center. The report of the court of scientific appeal was unanimous; the Explorers' Club of New York declared that Cook had not gone to the top of Mt. McKinley either, and it expelled him from the organization. Rapidly all of Cook's friends melted away.

Meanwhile where is Cook? He has gone without leaving his post-office address. Incidentally he has taken with him from \$50,000 to \$100,000 of good American money. The charitably inclined say that Dr. Cook is mad. If this be madness, there is method in it.

THE past month in Washington has been one of "masterly inactivity" at least in so far as results are concerned. The new Congress has done little that is of interest to anybody outside of its own membership, and up to the time that this is written, it has had no stimulus to action, either by precept or example, from the President of the United States. The latter is preparing special messages, however, upon railroad, trust and conservation problems, and we are hoping that by the time this issue reaches its readers something will have been accomplished.

Meanwhile, the President has done little to reassure those whose faith is no longer triumphant over their fears. True, he has given his belated consent to an investigation of the charges against Richard A. Ballinger, but the people will not be satisfied on that score until they learn whether this renovation is to be a vacuum cleaning process or only a white wash.

The President's ruling upon the question "what is whiskey" is one that has given serious concern to the friends of the pure food law. He interprets the term liberally, and in so doing reverses the Roosevelt-Bonaparte-Wiley order on this subject.

A statement has been issued, apparently with the President's sanction, to the effect that Federal appointments upon the recommendation of Congressmen can only be made when these Congressmen are loyal to their party. This is interpreted as a threat to withhold patronage from insurgent representatives. Whether it

is aimed at the insurgents or the "regulars," it is an unjustifiable use of the appointive power.

Unofficially, President Taft has lent an all too attentive ear to the absurd theory that the newspapers and magazines which have disagreed with his Aldrich-Cannon affiliations are part of a mysterious "Back from Elba" Conspiracy to discredit his administration in the interest of Theodore Roosevelt. Once more President Taft seems to have listened to the voices of false prophets. He must know that nothing but his own action or inaction can possibly discredit his administration, and then only when the people have lost the faith that was in them on November 8, 1908.

WITH Secretary Knox playing fast and loose with our Oriental and Latin-American policies and Secretary Ballinger facing charges of remissness in protecting our natural resources, it is comforting to note that four of President Taft's cabinet have recently shown some signs of zeal for the public welfare.

Signs of Life

Secretary Meyer's recently announced plan for the reorganization of the Navy Department is too technical to admit of detailed discussion here, but its effect will be to concentrate power in the responsible head of the department, thereby simplifying administration and preventing duplication, waste and dishonesty.

Secretary Nagel in his first annual report of the Department of Commerce and Labor makes a vigorous plea for complete publicity of the business of interstate corporations.

An order issued by Secretary Dickinson forbids the War Department to purchase supplies from the Standard Oil Company on the ground that it is an outlaw corporation.

Secretary MacVeagh's contribution is personal rather than official. In a recent speech at Boston he announced that the Republican party has undergone a change of heart on the tariff question, and he admitted that the Payne bill does not "revise downward" as much as the party wishes.

Perhaps these things are not much to boast of, but at a time of general reaction in Washington they shine like a good deed in a naughty world.

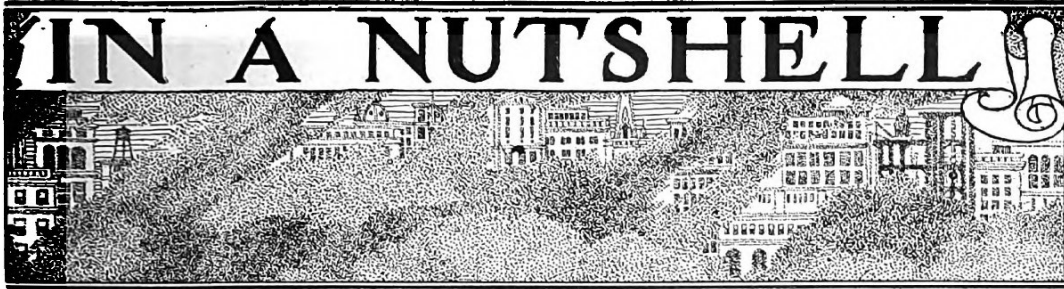
THAT well-known resident of the starry heavens known as the "Big Dipper" has been undergoing a muck-raking investigation by astronomers, and if the truth must be told, the result is not entirely to its credit.

It had long been believed that the constellation of which the Dipper was the most prominent group was all of one sidereal family, sticking together loyally through all celestial vicissitudes and maintaining the same relative position. Moons and planets, we knew, were unreliable, and we had no faith in comets, but the good old Dipper, we thought, remained always the same. Now the astronomical gossips whisper that the Dipper family is really divided against itself; that the constellation is gradually altering its shape, and the whole group is becoming dissipated in space. The change is of course slow, but it may be scarcely ten million years before the Dipper becomes a washtub or a coffee pot. There is something about this discovery that is infinitely discouraging.

It is estimated that America's annual crop loss from insect pests is eight hundred million dollars, and that there are insect-eating birds which, if given proper encouragement, could prevent this appalling waste. The National Association of Audubon Societies announces a gift of one million dollars for the endowment of an institution for the advancement of knowledge of the value of birds.

The association believes that a hundred dollars spent on bird study means a thousand saved. Often the farmer believes a bird which eats a little grain to be his enemy, when it is only presenting its modest board bill for very valuable services. The Department of Agriculture is doing important work in making experiments; the Audubon Societies can do much to further the movement. In our effort to save our natural resources, bird conservation should receive its share of attention.

A Million for the Birds



How would you like to invest your money at one-seventh of one per cent. per year? Just this sort of investment has been made by J. Pierpont Morgan, who has the reputation of being an able banker. He has bought for \$2,500,000 a block of 502 shares of Equitable Life Assurance Association stock, which can not by any possibility earn more than \$3,514 per year. The reason why Mr. Morgan has done this is clear. The 502 shares represent the control of the Equitable, and the company controls \$460,000,000 of assets.

The *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* believes that the general public should be grateful to Mr. Morgan for buying control of this stock. Had he not done so, financial sharks might have bought these shares, and played ducks and drakes with the policy-holders' four hundred and sixty millions.

Admitting that Mr. Morgan's purpose is disinterested, what does this situation mean? Simply this. That the owners of nearly half a billion in life insurance policies must be grateful because an honest financier without their consent gains control of their property—in order that a dishonest financier may not do so.

The buying of these 502 shares puts Mr. Morgan in the position of the most favored financier. He is believed now to control or influence the Equitable with \$460,000,000, the New York Life with \$495,000,000, several banks with deposits of \$440,000,000, a few trust companies with deposits of about \$315,000,000, and to have a "morganatic" union with the United States Steel Corporation with a capital of about a billion and a half.

Does not this situation point to the formation of a money trust greater—and perhaps more harmful—than any trust we have yet conceived? Is any man wise enough to deserve control over three billion dollars?

THE world has been greatly interested by Dr. Jonnesco's announcement that stovaine injected into the spinal cord is a valuable substitute for ether and chloroform as an anesthetic in certain grave surgical operations. Dr. Jonnesco, who is a Roumanian, has demonstrated that the use of this drug destroys sensibility without destroying consciousness. As the use of ether and chloroform is often attended with distressing and even dangerous effects, the discovery is accepted in many quarters as one of great value in the world of surgery.

A New Victory over Pain

The theory of spinal injection for destroying sensibility to pain is in no respect a new one. Dr. J. Leonard Corning having made experiments along this line as long ago as 1885. Dr. Dudley Tait reopened the subject about ten years ago, and it then received world-wide discussion. The earlier experimenters used cocaine, but its use never became general because of the fear of physicians that the procedure might be accompanied by subsequent dangers to the patient.

The same objection is raised to the use of stovaine, and the method will be subjected to the most critical tests before it is generally accepted by the medical profession. It must be proved that other forms of local anesthesia will not do, and that the insensibility produced is sufficiently long to outlast the operation. The experiments in America have not so far been entirely successful. If, however, it is proved to be practical, it will be another long step toward our emancipation from pain.

THE trusts now have dominion over the heavens above as well as the earth beneath and the waters under the earth; capital buzzes cheerfully through the air seeking dividends. The Wright Company, recently incorporated with a capital of one million dollars, promises to deliver aeroplanes to customers by May 1, 1910. Associated with the Wrights in this business venture are such men as Vanderbilt, Belmont, Shonts—we shall not go into all the distressing details. These substantial citizens have not taken personally to sky-larking; they only hold themselves ready to serve anyone who has vaulting ambitions and \$7,500. A lesson in aviation goes free with every purchase.

"Four years from now," said an inventor the other day, "passengers will be riding between New York and Chicago in aeroplanes." The past year's achievements in air conquest have taught the wise never to argue with an inventor.

Sky Finance

IF THERE is any act of the President of the United States that should be above criticism, it is the appointment of a Supreme Court justice. It is to be regretted, therefore, that the selection of Judge Horace Harmon Lurton of Tennessee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Peckham has met with considerable disapproval by serious men.

Objections to Judge Lurton's appointment are along three independent lines. It is pointed out that a man sixty-five years old should not have been chosen to a tribunal whose work is already seriously hampered by the advanced age of its members. Another complaint is that Judge Lurton comes from the Sixth Circuit, which already has two representatives on the Supreme Bench, while the Second Circuit has none. The third and most serious criticism is that Judge Lurton's decisions have been of a reactionary character, especially upon questions of corporation control and employers' liability. Hostile critics assert that his willingness to accept courtesies from railroads whose cases were before him for adjudication has earned for him the titles of "the Railroad Judge" and "Private Car Lurton."

Sectionalism and the Letter "R"

If there is a shadow of basis for the accusation that Judge Lurton is over-solicitous of the privileges of corporations, he should not have been appointed to a tribunal which must pass final judgment upon our right to regulate. Under such suspicion the selection of a Democrat by a Republican President ceases to be commendable nonpartisanship and becomes a means of disarming opposition in the United States Senate, which must confirm appointments.

UNTIL the administration of President Arthur, the harmful old doctrine, "to the victor belong the spoils," held full sway in official appointments. Succeeding Presidents, and especially Cleveland and Roosevelt, have enormously extended the number of competitive positions on the civil service list, so that the vast majority of all positions have ceased to be political "plums" and have become serious occupations. When Congress tried to force the Census Bureau to distribute its jobs to the friends of Congressmen, President Roosevelt intervened with a stinging veto. The census was accordingly put under Civil Service Reform Rules, and the count this year should be conducted more efficiently than ever before.

A new victory for civil service reform has now been won by the aid of President Taft. Not only is the Consular Service but even the Diplomatic Service to be opened to men of merit and shut to mere political camp-followers. Henceforth a man desiring to enter upon a diplomatic career will have to pass a written and an oral examination. He will have to know international law, diplomatic usage, at least one foreign language, the natural, industrial and commercial resources and the commerce of the United States, American and modern European history. Besides, he must possess a natural fitness for the career, including mental, moral and physical qualifications, address, alertness, general education and a good command of English. Promotion also will be by merit, the third secretary being appointed to the second secretaryship, the second secretary to the first, and so on.

The days of illiterate, boorish and dishonest representatives of America in foreign countries are numbered.

Justice Lurton under Fire

THE new Diplomatist and the Old

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"Original Catsup"

Snider was the first producer of what is best described as "home-made" catsup. Previously all catsup was made from tomatoes that had been allowed to ferment.

The "Snider-Process" changed all this. It requires perfectly ripe tomatoes, sound and red to the core, grown under constant, personal supervision in vast gardens surrounding the factory; picked in the early part of the day, hauled in spring wagons to prevent bruising—they arrive still wet with the morning dew and within two hours are converted into

Snider Tomato Catsup

The aim of the "Snider-Process" is to convert this fresh, ripe, sound fruit, in the shortest possible time, into Snider Tomato Catsup and thus retain the natural flavor and color of the fruit—absolutely free from chemical preservatives or artificial coloring.

Before use, each bushel of tomatoes is subjected to a final inspection to prevent the possibility of an unsound or unripe tomato being used. The fruit is then passed through the entire length of eight feet of clean running water from artesian wells, and further on passes through four separate sprays of fresh running water on the way to the Cooking Department.

The same exacting care is exercised all through the cooking, seasoning, evaporating, straining, bottling, etc., which is done in a "kitchen factory" where everything is sweet and clean and airy, and the result is Snider Tomato Catsup—the most delicious relish ever produced—so good that it has made the name "Snider" a household word the world over.



"It's the Process"

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.



Mr. Smoker—you don't have to be told that there is such a thing grown as real Havana tobacco. You know there is.

You have tasted it. You know that no other tobacco ever gave you that delightful, rich, tasty smoke that Havana tobacco does.

But the point you want to know—have to be shown—is this:

Is it possible to sell a genuine pure Havana filled cigar of "decent" size for 2 cents?

It certainly is—most positively is—and here it is—

Santa Glorias

Prepaid **\$1.00**
Box 50

Exact size and shape shown. A clean, thoroughly cured Connecticut wrapper with genuine Havana filler. A quickly rolled cigar—not expensively finished—but substantially made. Will please 99 out of 100 experienced, exacting smokers.

There's just one Havana tobacco—that which actually grows on the Isle of Cuba.

Tobacco grows the world over, have unsuccessfully tried, time and time again, to duplicate Havana tobacco—using the same seeds, same plants.

"Seed" Havana or transplanted Havana, in any shape or form, never had, cannot have that genuine natural Havana flavor, taste, aroma. It takes the sun, soil—the peculiar tropical climate conditions of Cuba—found nowhere else in the world.

The fact cannot be dodged that there is actual gross misrepresentation about Havana tobacco among the millions of cigars offered—in stores and by mail. But here is real Havana, grown in and imported from Cuba. Our 49 years of honorable business dealing is back of that statement.

SANTA GLORIA can be had of dealers everywhere. If you have the slightest difficulty in locating them just enclose a dollar bill with your name and address in an envelope to the makers.

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OCCUPATION

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

KANSAS CITY now makes its bow and begs to present the popular act entitled "a city that is bigger than its street railway company." It has decorated itself with wreaths of victory until it looks like a Pinchot forest reservation.

Kansas City Triumphant

The big town on the Kaw has had an agreement with its Metropolitan Street Railway Company that is a delight to the eye. The Metropolitan's franchise, which runs until 1925, compels the company to pay eight per cent. of its gross receipts to the city and to forfeit its right to use the streets if it disobeys the law. If its taxes are not paid promptly, the city may take over the cars and collect the amount twice over. The company became dissatisfied with the arrangement, and a complacent mayor and council passed a new forty-two-year franchise eliminating these embarrassing features. As a referendum was necessary before the new franchise could become a law, the company, as a bribe to the voters, offered six tickets for a quarter, with a string, however, to the sixth.

On election day the untrammelled voters trooped to the polls, and they "swatted" that unholy franchise by upward of seven thousand majority. The old agreement thus remains in force, and Kansas City stands before the world selfish but unashamed. On the strength of this victory it is advertising itself as a good place for everybody to live—except street-car magnates.

THE glad news came to New York not long ago that Harold Stokes while poking around among the ruins of ancient Egypt had come upon the mummy of one of the Rameses and was bringing it to America.

Cooks and Kings

The metropolis which has a weakness for royalty was in a flutter of excitement over the prospect of adding an Egyptian king to its population. When the antique gentleman arrived, however, and his credentials were examined, he was found to be not Rameses but only the imperial cook. New York is now deriving sad consolation from the thought that after 3,000 years a cook is as good as a king.

In the glad old days before registration laws were invented, the arrival of an Egyptian mummy would have meant another vote for Tammany Hall. There is nothing for it now but to pack the old party in moth balls and elect him to the Legislature.

A DOZEN years ago the American student was "made in Germany." After being graduated from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Pennsylvania, or Chicago, the university man went to Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, Heidelberg or Munich. There he drank deep of philosophy, science and *bier*, and returned to this country with the flavor of German scholarship strong upon him. The American

Passing the Germans

student finished in Germany because the German universities were far ahead of the American.

Since then the German universities have improved, but the course of the student stream is no longer eastward. Philanthropists, big and little, have poured millions into our colleges; new equipment, new men, new ideas have revolutionized the universities. While people have talked of foot-ball and track athletics, college and university education has been making silent, though gigantic progress, until to-day, according to Professor Lamprecht of Germany, the American universities have left German universities far behind.

It is a good first step, but we in America wish for Germany a further rapid advance in her university development. We want competitors. We want to be hard-pressed, so that our educational leaders shall always be pushing forward in the great American experiment of improving and democratizing university education.

WHEN Aldrich came to Michigan a few weeks ago, Senator Burrows tuned his harp and sang as follows:

The Sweet Singer of Michigan

"And I want to say to you that the good people of Detroit and Michigan have Senator Aldrich to thank for his fidelity to the interests of this State. Whenever I have wanted anything for Michigan, I always knew where to go to get it, and he never failed me."

The blushing avowal of the Senator from Michigan is quite in accord with the *Congressional Record*, which shows that Burrows was "me too" with the Rhode Islander in one hundred and twenty-six out of one hundred and twenty-seven votes. SUCCESS MAGAZINE's Michigan readers seem to disagree with the Aldrich program in the proportion of over ten to one. Burrows' song of praise sounds suspiciously like a solo.

MAN has been called the sick animal. An ordinary Bengal tiger or a self-respecting armadillo does not overeat, or smoke or drink to excess, or stay up all night at a director's meeting and awaken next morning with a bad taste in its mouth.

America Getting Well

Civilized man is especially likely to be sick, for the things that improve life make men ill through their abuse. If they were not for houses, there would be less consumption; but for the invention of glass, which lets in light and keeps out air, there would be less illness. Clothing, chairs, books and cooked food are all elements of civilization and of sickness.

America has a tremendous sick-list. According to Professor Irving Fisher's recent report on national vitality, there are in the United States at all times three million people actually sick. If you try to picture three million sick beds side by side stretching from New York City to Nevada you may get an idea of the extent of this illness. Our American sickness costs us \$1,500,000,000 a year, equal to about twice the revenue of the national Government. This estimate does not include the loss of efficiency of people who are not ill, but just tired, fagged, "below par."

The next great reform in America is to "get well." As a sick nation we have done fairly; we could double and treble and quadruple our work if we wiped out sickness. It can be done; in fact, it is being done. We have obliterated yellow fever and scurvy and almost ended small pox. In another generation any city which has a typhoid epidemic will be held up to the scorn of the nation. To-day there are five hundred thousand people continually sick from tuberculosis, an easily preventable disease; in another generation we shall have tuberculosis well under control. Hundreds of thousands of people in the South are suffering continually from the hookworm disease, popularly called the "lazy germ." This can easily be completely eradicated, and Mr. Rockefeller has just contributed a million dollars to start the work. According to Dr. Howard, there are three million cases of malaria every year. A little quinine and a vigorous war on mosquitoes will make this an unknown disease.

We are entering upon a new era in America. National, State and municipal boards of hygiene, better sanitary laws, associations of doctors, philanthropic and other organizations, bureaus of medical research, improved hospitals and sanatoria, better trained doctors and nurses are rapidly improving the health of the nation. The people themselves are doing still more. They no longer believe religiously in bad-tasting and worse-acting drugs, but are learning that pure air, pure water, pure food and war on flies, mosquitoes and rats are half the battle, and freedom from worry and anger the other half.

We are wisely spending a great deal of thought on the conservation of our natural resources; we are just as wisely devoting our spare effort and thought to conserving our vital resources. By lengthening and strengthening our lives, we can create a new and higher civilization in this tired old world.

THE picturesque old moss-covered, germ-laden drinking cup has received some damaging blows during the past few months. Kansas started the trouble in March by prohibiting the use of common drinking cups in public places. Michigan and Mississippi followed suit, and other States and cities are promising similar legislation.

Kicking the Drinking Cup

Another blow at this disease-breeding contrivance is even more damaging; it is better than a law because it offers a substitute. In many public places there are now slot machines which for a penny deliver a clean paper sanitary cup which can be destroyed after using.

The case against the public drinking cup is by no means a doubtful one. Again and again the vilest of diseases are known to have been spread by this means, often among innocent children. Doctors and boards of health can not cope with the drinking cup when it is at its worst. The public drinking cup must go. This is another of the evils upon which we can use our modern women's clubs.

A FARM journal raises the vital question, "Can a farmer retain his church membership and raise mules?" It is said to be very difficult to do so, and one witness testifies that a Methodist acquaintance of his lost two teeth and all his religion in an encounter with these obstreperous quadrupeds. The verdict seems to be that the man—if such there be—who can bring up a family of mules in the way it should go and refrain from profanity is entitled to a particularly starry crown in the world to come.

Mules and Religion

THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

The Month Abroad

BEFORE this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE reaches its readers, the great conflict between English progress and English reaction will have taken place.

To-day the voting has not yet begun, but both sides are sleeping upon their arms. The Lords, the brewers, the protectionists and the bishops on the one side are pouring money, energy and oratory into the contest. On the other hand, the Liberals are fighting tooth and nail in the cause of the Budget. The Irish, especially the Irish voters in England, seem to have come over to the Liberals in a body in response to a promise of home rule. The labor men are agreeing to divide the field with the Liberals, and to support Liberal candidates in some constituencies in return for Liberal support for labor candidates in others. It is a case of log-rolling before election—and for a good cause.

As matters now stand, London seems conservatively inclined, with the bulk of the country provinces tending toward Liberalism. The "heckled" and badgered Lords are modestly refusing to be an issue, and are pointing to protection as the "paramount interest." But the English public, like the American public, likes to decide for itself which is the paramount issue, and the Lords are being forced to fight in self-defense.

Year by year the bonds which connect America with England, and in fact with all of Europe, are growing closer. Upon the issue of this conflict across the water may depend the formation of progressive or reactionary sentiment in the United States.

THE course of true reform never runs smooth—not even in China.

Not long ago Yung Lin, a Chinese patriot, despondent over the rapidity with which everything was going to the Chinese, wrote a long letter to the Emperor-Regent, complaining about things in general. To add emphasis to his remarks, he committed suicide. The Government, in recognition of his patriotic devotion, issued an edict in his honor, but whether it has taken any steps toward the reforms he suggested the dispatch does not state.

The letter of protest is said to be one of the most remarkable pieces of muck-raking on record. "Rice," said this ardent reformer in one choice passage, "has become as dear as pearls, and firewood as costly as cassia buds."

So it seems that even in far away China, the ultimate consumer has his grievances. If we only had in America men who would put as much devotion into living for their country as poor Yung Lin did into dying for his, we should indeed be fortunate.

ONCE more the Russian boot has come crushing down upon the helpless, hopeless little Finnish people. The Governor-General has recently come from St. Petersburg to Helsinki with a warrant to revive immediately the most oppressive regulations. One of these orders

The Russian Boot forces Finland to contribute \$8,000,000 to Russia's defense instead of \$4,000,000 as before, and compels the little duchy to pay for the expenses of its own policing. In other words, Finland must not only lose its liberties, but must pay for having them taken away.

Finland has a population of 3,000,000; Russia a population of 150,000,000. Against the great empire, the disarmed citizens of Finland can do nothing; foreign powers will not—perhaps dare not—intervene. The hope of Finnish liberty must wait upon Russian freedom.

THE Nobel Prizes signalize the year's foremost achievements in five lines of human activity. The committees in Sweden and Norway have this year awarded the prizes as follows:

The Nobel Prizes For literature of an idealistic nature, Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish writer, is awarded the prize. She is the third woman to receive a Nobel medal. The chemistry award goes to Wilhelm Ostwald of Leipzig University. Another German, Friedrich T. Braun, gets half of the physics prize, the other half going to William Marconi, of wireless fame. Emil Theodor Kocher, a Swiss, receives the medical prize, while the award for the promotion of peace, which was given to Theodore Roosevelt in 1907, is divided this year between Baron d'Estournelles de Constant of France, and Augusta Beernaert of Belgium.

It is right that we should strive to speak no evil of the dead, but it would be hypocritical to pretend grief over the decease of King Leopold of Belgium. With the late Monarch's shameless private life, we in America happily have nothing to do, but the brutal exploitation of the Congo natives is the concern of every broad-hearted man and woman.

The Passing of Leopold

It is for the good people of Belgium and the new king, Albert I, to right the wrongs of the Congo, to prove to the civilized world that they can govern without cruelty and gather riches without torture and death. Albert brings to the Belgian throne an excellent reputation and splendid equipment for service. May the reign of Leopold speedily be forgotten in the press of happier things.

THE decennial Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau takes place this year, and the little German village is making elaborate preparations for the influx of visitors. Hotel reservations are being made at higher prices than ever before, and accommodations are upon a more luxurious scale.

Ober-Ammergau's Prosperity

Previous to 1880 the Passion Play was little known outside of Germany. The participants acted out the scenes of the life of Christ in a simple spirit of reverence; the visitors came as to a religious pilgrimage. With publicity came more visitors and more money, and by 1900 the simplicity of the earlier decades had vanished. The camera is said to have played its part in destroying the earlier primitive character of the festival; perhaps the moving picture will complete the ruin.

Even to-day the actors in this unique play preserve the piety of their medieval fore-runners. But among the spectators a new spirit has appeared. The Passion Play has gone the way of all human institutions; it can not live in the twentieth century and preserve the simplicity of the first.

WHEN the Turkish revolution came to a successful end with Abdul Hamid's deposition, the people of the Ottoman Empire heaved a sigh of relief. The times that try men's souls were over; New Turkey was fairly started on the road of progress.

The Turks Try their Hand at Government

There is nothing so dangerous as victory, as the Turkish Constitutionalists are now finding out. It was easier to drive out an old Byzantine despot like Abdul than to form out of the welter of conflicting nationalities in Turkey a new Ottoman Empire. Already grave racial problems appear; Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Serbs, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Armenians, Magyars, Jews, Gipsies, Circassians and Arabs all present divergent views. The army and the navy are in a woful state of disrepair; the credit of Turkey is at a low ebb. Moreover, as the second Parliament meets at Constantinople, the popular representatives, instead of joining hands, are giving themselves up to rancorous disputes and petty squabbles.

Before we give them up as hopeless, let us remember one fact. We too were a sorry spectacle when, in 1783, our Continental Congress used to meet in Philadelphia and devote itself to "sectional" abuse and vilification. And yet we have come out of our political swaddling clothes pretty well. Let us hope the best for Constitutional Turkey.

THE following *resumen* clipped from a Havana sporting paper will be read with interest by all our Spanish-speaking and baseball-speaking readers. It describes a game between the American All Stars and the Cuban team Rojo.

A Real International Language

Earned runs: All Stars 4; Rojo uno.
Three-base hits: Magee 2; V. González 1.
Sacrifice de fly: Parpetti 2; G. Sánchez 1.
Stolen bases: C. Sánchez 1; Lloyd uno.
Quedados en bases: del All Stars 6; del Rojo 5.
Double play: Lelivelt y Merkle uno.
Bases por bolas: por Joss 2; por Pereda 2.
Dead ball: por Pereda 1, á Magee.
Hits dados á los pitchers: á L. González 8 en 4 innings; á Pereda 2 en 5 innings; á Joss 4 en 6 innings; á Brown 1 en 2 innings; á Camnitz 0 en 1 inning.
Tiempo: 1 hora 40 minutos.
Umpires: O'Day y Gutiérrez.
Score: Conejo.

INSOMNIA

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"Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Topeka woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as the extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia which made life a most painful thing for me.

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself. I therefore gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum for my hot drink at meals.

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep, restfully and peacefully.

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL

Women Everywhere

SEVERAL months ago a few hundred girls in a New York shirt waist factory were making a desperate fight against an employer who had locked them out. The girls who picketed were arrested without cause, and in some cases roughly treated by the police. The magistrates were arbitrary, and everything seemed to conspire against the success of the few little girls, who were struggling for better working conditions.

Thirty Thousand Girls on Strike

Then of a sudden everything changed; without warning, thirty thousand shirt-waist makers, four-fifths of them girls, and most of them under twenty years of age, left their machines and went on strike. The women of the whole city came immediately to their rescue. The Women's Trade Union League, an organization composed both of wealthy women and working-girls, gave immediate aid, and put its own representatives on picket duty. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Miss Anne Morgan are among the women of wealth who gave sympathy and financial aid to the striking-girls.

The strike is not yet over, as we write, but three-fourths of the girls have already returned to work under the new and better conditions, and the others are sure to obtain substantial concessions. Whatever the result for the remaining fourth, one thing has been demonstrated: given a cause that appeals to broad human sympathies, and the women of all ranks will flock to its aid. The strike of the New York shirt-waist makers has, for the moment at least, obliterated class lines.

SARAH S. PLATT DECKER has been discussed as a probable candidate for Congress from the Denver district of Colorado. It was thought that the women voters would rally about Mrs. Decker's standard and that many a gallant Colorado man would give her his support.

A Woman in the House

We do not know what Mrs. Decker's chances of election are, but we have no doubt that the House of Representatives would be cleaner and its housekeeping more effective if it contained a woman.

A GENERATION ago the reply to this question would have been: "Nobody asked me, sir, she said." To-day this answer will no longer suffice. Many women are not marrying though they have been asked repeatedly. We no longer laugh at the "old maid." Often the "old maid" is well-to-do, reasonably—or even very—successful, with more brains and character than fall to the lot of most of us.

Why Do Not Educated Women Marry?

She does not marry for very good reasons.

What has happened is that the women have "struck." They are no longer willing to take any man as a husband. They are beginning to demand that he possess human qualities of worth and dignity equal to the qualities demanded of women. Rather no husband than an unworthy one. It is this demand for reciprocity between the sexes that is making spinsters of so many educated women.

A strike is a bad thing in itself, and it would be better if many of the working women who are now unmarried would enter wedlock with partners equally worthy. But a strike, though bad, is often a sign of a good thing. In this case it shows that women are beginning to have respect for themselves and their sex, and to demand respect from men, not in the form of flattery, but in a worthy life that will make men the equals of women.

How to be unhappy though rich might be the title of the story of the Brokaws. In the progress of the divorce trial in New York, Mrs. Brokaw's expense account was exposed to the public gaze, and it was found to exceed thirty thousand dollars a year. Of course, she was not expected to pay any of the household expenses out of that modest allowance. Furs occupied a prominent place in the list of her expenditures, one set alone being listed at \$750. Gowns and dress goods run into five figures, and there is one item of \$5,000 for eight patterns for suits. Jewelry is responsible for \$7,000, and there are various inconspicuous sundries such as \$1,000 for shoes and \$250 for corsets. One can not help wondering how being the ultimate consumer of all that material left Mrs. Brokaw any time to disagree with her husband.

A Rich Man's Bride

THE American housewife, long patient under tribulation, is showing signs of revolt. A meeting of women has been held at Washington to protest against the rising cost of living, and steps have been taken to organize a million or more householders into a National Anti-Trust League. The first act of the organization will be to declare boycott against the products of the Beef Trust unless the extortionate prices are reduced. That this is a movement that should appeal to the many rather than the few is shown by the League's statement that it is the cheaper rather than the high priced meats which have increased in price during the past year. In other words, the increased prices fall most heavily upon those who can afford it least.

The Beefsteak Revolution

In the French revolution it was the women who formed the historic uprising against the price of bread; our colonial "foremothers" ardently supported the protest against the tax on tea. The housewives of to-day, upon whom falls the heavy burden of making an inelastic pay envelope cover a swelling butcher's bill, may well try their hands at a beefsteak revolution.

THE extent and the depravity of the white slave traffic, as revealed by the report of the Federal Commission on Immigration, should arouse red-blooded Americans to indignant activity. This report deals with an extensive and systematic business of destroying young girls and keeping them in actual, literal bondage. In the language of the report, "those who recruit women for immoral purposes watch all places where young women are likely to be found under circumstances which will give them a ready means of acquaintance and intimacy, such as employment agencies, immigrant houses, moving-picture shows, dance halls, sometimes waiting rooms in large department stores, railroad stations, manicuring and hair-dressing establishments."

The White Slave Infamy

The girls are held "practically enslaved" in disreputable resorts; they are robbed of their earnings, kept in debt, and "when they attempt to escape are tipped off to the police or hounded by a league of men cooperating with the persons seeking to enslave the women." The most horrible fact of all is that in some cities it is the police themselves, the paid guardians of the law, who deliberately aid in the work of holding the white slaves in bondage and in preventing them from leading better lives.

President Taft has recommended an appropriation of \$50,000 for the investigation of white slave conditions, and the persecution of the slave dealers and slave owners. It is to be hoped that this appropriation will be granted, and that the new attitude of the Federal Government will force the State and local authorities to cooperate in the suppression of this cruel and infamous traffic. May not the constitutional prohibition of "involuntary servitude" be extended to the robbed and imprisoned "white slave," threatened by the slave dealers and harried by the police?

A KANSAS man complains that since his daughter has taken music lessons, which he paid for, she insists upon playing only classical stuff. When he comes home tired and asks for a little tune, he gets nothing but musical gymnastics. The whole feminine part of the community, he thinks, is in a conspiracy to uplift him, and he doesn't want to be uplifted.

Fathers will be Fathers

It is just like father to make a complaint like that. Father never did take kindly to culture. He sits disconsolate in the draughty kitchen, while daughter's Browning Circle meets in the front room. It is mother's idea entirely that he put on an uncomfortable collar in the evening, and hear a missionary lecture on Borneo. Father's taste for music stops short at Swanee River, and he knows almost nothing about the minor poets and the pre-Raphaelites. His art ideas are derived from the illustrated Sunday supplement; he will not sit in a Louis XVI chair, and he cares not a whit for the pottery of the ancient Chaldeans. Shirt sleeves, and carpet slippers are his conception of correct evening dress for gentlemen.

There is little hope that anything permanent can ever be done for father. When the millennium comes, he will still be found reading the newspapers, smoking up the window curtains, impeding progress—and paying the rent.

forfeit a boy's confidence. It will take only a little snubbing, a little scolding, a little indifference, a little unkind criticism, a little nagging and unreasonableness to shut off forever any intimacy between you and your boy.

One of the bitterest things in many a business man's life has been the discovery, after he has made his money, that he has lost his hold upon his boy, and he would give a large part of his fortune to recover his loss.

I have been in homes where the relation between father and sons was so strained and formal that the latter would no more think of making a confidant of their father than they would of a perfect stranger. They have been rebuffed, snubbed and scolded, so unkindly treated that they would never think of going to him for advice, or with any confidential matters.

It is a most unfortunate thing for a boy to look upon his father as a task-master instead of a companion, to dread meeting him because he always expects criticism or scolding from him.

Some fathers constantly nag, find fault, and never think of praising their sons or expressing any appreciation of their work, even when they do it well. Yet there is nothing so encouraging to a boy, especially if he finds it hard to do what is right, as real appreciation of his effort. This is a tonic to youth. Boys thrive on praise. This is why most of them think more of their mothers than their fathers—because their mothers are more considerate, more appreciative, more affectionate, and do not hesitate to praise them when they do well. They are naturally more generous with them; less exacting than their fathers.

I know a man who takes a great deal of pains to keep the confidence of his pet dog. He would not think of whipping or scolding him because he would not risk losing his affection, but he is always scolding his boy, finding fault with everything he does, criticising his conduct, his associates, and telling him that he will never amount to anything. Now, what chance has a boy to grow, to develop the best thing in him in such an atmosphere?

You should regard the confidential relation between yourself and your son as one of the most precious things in your life, and should never take chances of forfeiting it. It costs something to keep it, but it is worth everything to you and to the boy. I never knew a boy to go very far wrong who regards his father and mother as his best friends, and keeps no secrets from them.

What Do You Do With Your Margins?

You can not read a man so well during his busy hours as by what he does after supper, or from the closing hour of business to bedtime. You can not gauge his character so well by the money he spends for necessities or the living of his family, as by that little overplus of money which is left after the necessary expenses are paid. What does he do with his spare money, that margin left over from business and from living expenses? What he does with that margin will throw a wonderful light upon his character.

The largest part of every active life must be devoted to getting a living, attending to one's affairs, and this is done by most people in a routine sort of a way. You can not tell much about the real man during these hours, because he has a system, his regular daily routine, and he does very much the same thing every day. But the moment he is free, he is quite a different man. Then his real propensities come out. People are not natural until they are free from restraint.

Watch the boy and the girl when they are free from their regular duties, and see how they spend their evenings, what society they keep, what companionships they form, what they do. This will be a pretty good test of their character.

Like Attracts Like

Did you ever think that the thing you are looking for is looking for you; that it is the very law of affinities to get together?

If you are coarse in your tastes, vicious in your tendencies, you do not have to work very hard to get with coarse, vicious people; they are seeking you by the very law of attraction.

Everywhere affinities are seeking one another. When boys and girls go to the city for the first time to seek positions, how quickly they find their affinities.

Those who want to get with good people, those who aspire and are ambitious to get on and up in the world, very quickly find those who are trying to do the same things.

Those who are naturally wild, and those who wish to dissipate, do not have to look very far or very long to find those with the same coarse, animal tastes.

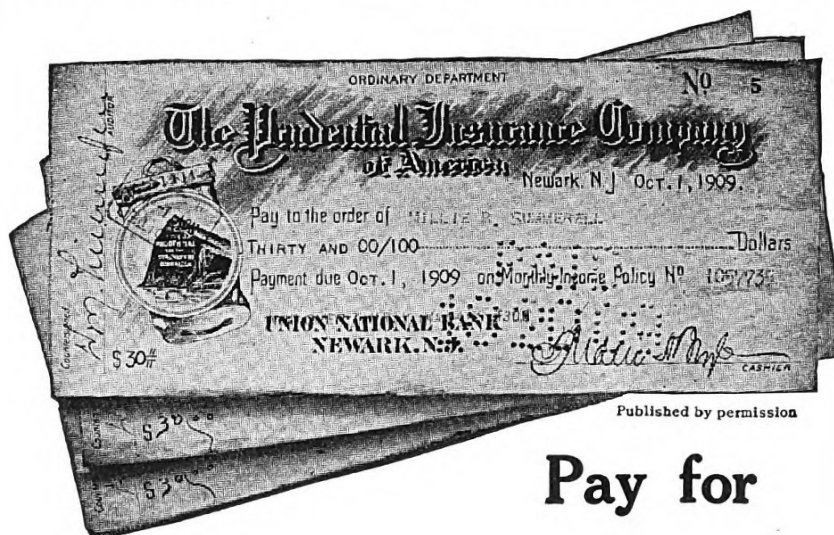
Watch country youths who go to the city to seek their fortunes.

Some seek the Young Men's Christian Associations; some the churches; some the saloons and the dance-halls. Those with musical tastes very quickly get into a musical atmosphere. Those with artistic natures gravitate naturally to other artistic temperaments.

Our thoughts and motives, our desires, our longings, are forces which find their fellows.

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Every Month for Life.

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Burpee Building, Philadelphia.



PIN MONEY PAPERS

TO REMOVE DRIED TEA STAINS FROM LINEN, use equal parts of glycerine and yolks of eggs. Apply and let dry, then rinse in clear cold water. This will not injure the most delicate coloring, and will remove all stains of the tea.—MRS. F. G. B.

Helpful and Practical Hints For Every Day From Our Women Readers

YOLKS OF EGGS LEFT FROM BAKING may be kept for several days if put into a deep cup with just water enough to cover. The water must be poured on very gently. Cover the cup and set in a cool place. This is effective only when the yolks are unbroken.—MRS. B.

IF POTATOES ARE BOILED UNTIL ALMOST DONE, then put in a quick oven for ten or fifteen minutes, they are simply delicious. If I want them stuffed or puffed, I prepare them just before putting into oven.—A BUSY MOTHER.

TO SMOOTH IRONS THAT HAVE BECOME ROUGH from poor starch, rub with powdered pumice stone tied up in a bit of cheese-cloth. The waxed papers from cracker boxes are nice to keep irons in good order.—Miss K. H.

AFTER DRINKING WATER HAS BEEN BOILED it has a flat and insipid taste. This may be entirely obviated by pouring the water rapidly from one pitcher to another, holding the pitcher from which it is poured some distance from the other. This process restores the natural taste.—C. A. M.

ALWAYS COVER BED SPRINGS with a worn sheet or faded quilt. Take a darning needle and cord and tack neatly and firmly in place. Even the best springs are liable to rust a little, and this will save unsightly marks on your bedding.—M. C. N.

TO MAKE SUCCESSFUL CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP, strain a quart can of tomatoes, bring to a boil and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour. Season with salt, sugar and pepper to taste. In a separate pan bring one pint of milk to the boiling point. When ready to serve, mix the two together thoroughly. This never curdles.—MRS. E. H. ROSS.

DURING VACATION BOYS CAN EARN MONEY by gathering catnip and selling it to the owners of cats. One boy of my acquaintance earns quite a goodly sum by washing windows. He furnishes his own rags and wiping cloths and charges five cents a window. Another buys cherries on the trees, picks them, and retails them to housekeepers.—M. S.

WHEN YOU PREPARE GRIDDLE CAKES FOR BREAKFAST, instead of grease try a raw turnip. Cut the turnip in two, rub the hot pan with the flat surface of it and your batter will brown perfectly without burning.—M. B. G.

UTILIZE ALL SCRAPS OF TOILET SOAP by dissolving in boiling water. On taking from the fire, stir in a handful of oatmeal. Pour into a wooden chopping-bowl, and when cold cut into cakes.—C. A. S.

KNEADING RAISED BISCUIT JUST BEFORE ROLLING makes the dough tough and difficult to roll thin enough to cut out. It should be lifted out of the pan gently with the hands, laid on the bread-board, which has been lightly dusted with flour, and rolled gently from side to side with the rolling-pin.—H. J. P.

TO CLEAN AN OLD VARNISHED FLOOR, make a soft-soap from ordinary yellow kitchen soap. When more than half cooled, stir in one tablespoonful of concentrated-lye and one-half cup of kerosene. When just pasty, spread on the woodwork with a paint brush. Let it remain for twenty-four hours. Then wash off with plenty of hot water, which will bring dirt and varnish with it, exposing the grained wood underneath.—MRS. J. W.

ONE OF THE BEST HAIR TONICS, cheap and within easy reach of everybody, is salt water. If your hair is falling out, saturate it at least three times a week with salt water, in the proportion of one heaping teaspoonful of salt to one-half pint of cold water. Let it dry without wiping. The effect will be noticeable inside of a month. It will not give you a cold if you use this on going to bed. In the morning the hair will be perfectly dry.—C. B. H.

TO MAKE TOMATO BALLS, have ready a dish of dry bread crumbs which have been put through a meat chopper. Use canned tomatoes, and drain most of the juice into a saucepan. Place the pulp on the stove, add salt, a dash of red pepper and a little black pepper. Let this boil, then stir in as many bread crumbs as it will absorb. Boil a few minutes, let cool, form into balls and fry in bacon fat. Thicken the juice with flour after it boils, season with a dash of red pepper and salt, and serve as gravy.—MRS. T. E. W.

I HAVE JUST MADE OVER TWO ARM-CHAIRS which have been in the attic for years into really handsome chairs for my living-room. I bought imitation leather for four dollars and a half and tacks for twenty-five cents, making each chair cost less than two dollars and a half. My husband fixed the springs thoroughly, and as I put the leather on perfectly plain, I know the chairs will last for years. Tufting is beyond an amateur upholsterer, and the leather is apt to crack unless put on plain.—MRS. U. P. H.

TO WASH CRETONNE OR COLORED MUSLIN I boil two handfuls of wheat bran in a quart of water for fifteen minutes and strain through cheese-cloth. The bran I boil a second time, for rinsing. I make the hot bran water cool by adding a quart of cold water, and if there is any fear of the colors running, I add a tablespoonful of salt. When all dirt is removed, I rinse first in tepid bran water, then in plain water containing a weak solution of gum arabic and iron them on the wrong side while still damp. Sometimes no extra stiffening is necessary, the bran answering every requirement.—A. M. A.

AFTER RUGS HAVE BEEN CLEANED AND RELAID they are often found to be faded, while they still retain their weight and nap. The color can easily be restored by using any good dye, applying it to the figures with a small, stiff paint brush. Have the rug laid flat on the floor, mix a quantity of dye, and while it is hot go over each figure very carefully, carrying out one color at a time. Only the most prominent colors need be retouched to give the rug a fresh appearance. The same treatment is very satisfactory in carrying out a one-color scheme on faded Brussels or velvet carpets.—G. W.

BEFORE PUTTING MY COMFORTERS AWAY last summer I washed them one at a time, using the following method with great success. I soaked the comforter overnight in a tubful of soapy water. Next morning I laid the washboard flat across the top of the tub and used a moderately soft scrubbing brush and plenty of soap. I scrubbed the edge of the comforter all around, a section at a time, until I reached the starting-point. I then lifted the comforter, and hanging it across a line in the yard I thoroughly rinsed it on both sides, using the garden hose for that purpose. After all the dirty, soapy water was rinsed out and only pure water dripped from it I let it hang until thoroughly dried by the wind and sun. Every one knows what a back-breaking job it is to wash comforters, and any one trying this method will be more than satisfied with perfectly sweet and clean comforters washed in this way. I also wash heavy bedspreads in the same manner, only I scrub over every portion of the spread, instead of just around the border, as with the comforters.—MRS. M. B. N.

STARCH WILL REMOVE BLOOD SPOTS if moistened with cold water very slightly and applied in a thick layer over the stain.—Mrs. B.

YOU CAN GIVE FUDGE A FLAVOR equal to maple by using a teaspoonful of dark molasses added to a cupful of granulated sugar.—H. M. H.

CARPETS MAY BE BRIGHTENED AND CLEANED by first beating well and then going over with a broom dipped in gasoline.—Mrs. W. A. A.

SNAP FASTENERS ARE BETTER THAN BUTTONS for fastening the backs of little girls' dresses, as they can not catch the hair to break and wear it off.—Mrs. B. J. M.

TO USE NUTMEG SCRAPS, save all that are too small to grate and grind them in the coffee mill. Where a large quantity is used, this will be found a great saving.—E. W.

IN MAKING AN ORDINARY SIZED MEAT LOAF, add half a cup of boiled rice and the loaf will be moist and will slice firmly. The rice also adds much to the flavor.—Mrs. M. G.

IN BAKING A CUSTARD PUDDING or any pudding that is of the consistency of custard, it should be set in the oven in a pan of water. This makes the pudding more delicate.—C. B. H.

TO PREVENT WATER IN SAUCEPANS BOILING OVER, just grease the top of the pan and you will find you do not need to worry about its boiling over the stove.—Mrs. R. A. W.

TO BAKE PIE CRUST the nice, delicate brown that is so much desired by all housewives, mix the dough with cold sweet milk instead of water and the result will be satisfactory.—A. J. A.

TO DESTROY MOTHS IN CARPETS, take a damp towel, spread it out upon the carpet and iron it dry with a hot iron. The heat and steam will destroy the worms and eggs.—Mrs. ETHEL B.

TO RELIEVE SORE AND ACHING FEET, make the foot bath as hot as can be borne, mixing in ginger or mustard enough to make the water yellow. Leave the feet in the water until it is nearly cold.—M. E. B.

WHEN THE FURNACE GOES OUT IN THE SPRING give the pipe a coat of black paint. A stovepipe rusts when not in use. The price of a small can of paint will save you a new stovepipe in the fall.—H. L.

TO RELIEVE A BURN, put affected part in clear kerosene and hold it there for a while and you will find that all the pain will cease. Cover with a coating of flour to keep out air and it will leave no scar.—F. C. D.

WHEN MAKING JUICY PIES, to prevent the juice from coming through the crust and breaking open the edge of the pie, I make small paper pipes and place them in the openings of upper crust, so steam will escape through. This will prevent the lower crust becoming water-soaked.—Mrs. M. E. R.

BY RUBBING SOAP ON THE BOTTOM OF KETTLES before placing directly over the fire, the black may be washed off very easily. Grease will do, but not so well, as the soap helps when washing the vessels. As softsoap is preferable and many do not have this, boil up scraps of toilet soap and keep ready for this purpose.—H. H. W.

A QUICK, EASY WAY TO MAKE CHOCOLATE ICING for cake is to put a quarter of a pound of chocolate candies into a pan and add a few drops of hot water or milk—not more than a tablespoonful. Cover and set this into another pan of hot water, or over a steaming teakettle until the chocolates are dissolved; then stir thoroughly and your icing is ready for the cake.—Mrs. A. B.

WHEN A BOTTLE OF GLUE OR CEMENT IS OPENED, rub mutton tallow or cold cream on a sound cork before inserting it; then it will not stick in the neck of the bottle and break when you try to draw it out. The glue will also remain liquid. Glass stoppers may be treated in the same way.—Mrs. G. A. SMITH.

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When you buy Holeproof Hose—the genuine “Holeproof,” bearing the mark below on the toe—you get hose that are knit with yarn that now costs us an average of 70c a pound—a three-ply, “soft as down, strong-as-silk-cord” yarn, knit into the hose by the “Holeproof” process.

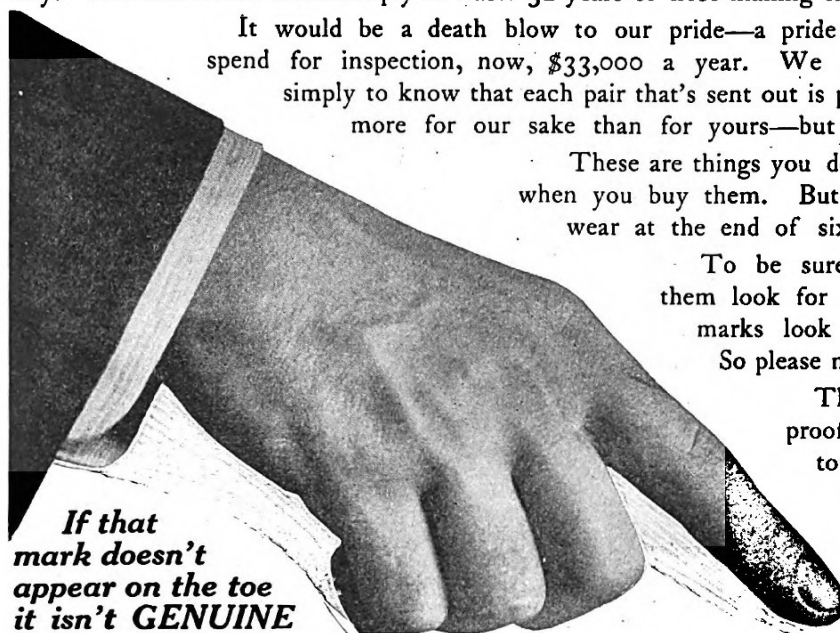
We could save 30c a pound by using a two-ply yarn. We could knit in the common way. But that would mean simply to waste 32 years of hose-making experience.

It would be a death blow to our pride—a pride that compels us to spend for inspection, now, \$33,000 a year. We incur this expense simply to know that each pair that's sent out is perfection. This is more for our sake than for yours—but you get the benefit.

These are things you don't see in the hose when you buy them. But they count in the wear at the end of six months.

To be sure you are getting them look for this mark. Other marks look something like it. So please memorize ours.

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FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The Original Guaranteed Hose.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, \$2.00. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustré-Sox—6 pairs, \$3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, \$3.00. Same colors and sizes as Lustré-Sox.

Holeproof Silk Sox—3 pairs, \$2.00. Guaranteed for three months—warranted pure silk.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

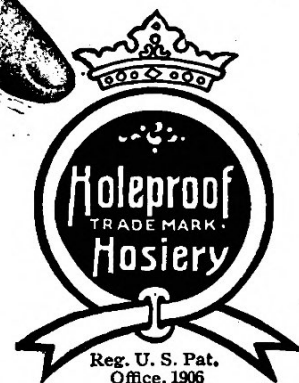
Holeproof Lustré-Stockings—6 pairs, \$3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 6 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 6 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

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The Home Vacuum Cleaner WEIGHS FOUR POUNDS

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The Painful Struggle for Display By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

"DID you notice yesterday," remarked a friend, "how the papers splurged over the debutante tea of little Mary Brooks?"

"I was there," said my friend, "and in all my social life I have never seen so pitiful a farce. The little Brooks girl is so exceedingly pretty you can almost forgive a mother for trying to give her the place in society she might have had if the family fortune had not dwindled. But it meant such a dreadful strain. I happen to know that Mrs. Brooks has just enough to live upon in a very modest way. The rent she pays for five rooms in a fashionable apartment is far beyond her means. As for the dainty debutante gowns, they meant one or two things: a debt that will hang heavy over her head for a long time, or all sorts of privations. My idea is that they were secured through privations. The cruel part of it was that women who gushed and smiled went out to scoff at every small makeshift. Beds had been taken down and each room in the tiny apartment was used to receive in. A slender imitation of an orchestra was tucked away behind a few palms. The refreshments were home made and—delicious. It went to my heart as I realized the labor which lay behind the event. The mother could not hide her weariness under powder and a smile; even the sweet little debutante wore a jaded look. They had toiled for goodness knows how long to achieve yesterday's small triumph. Few of the women or girls there were people of small means. In their luxurious homes an entertainment of that sort meant nothing but half an hour spent in ordering what was required, and then dressing. They trooped out in groups, commiserating with each other over the discomforts that follow when a hundred people are tucked away in space enough for a score."

"I came away with the hair on my head and the teeth in my mouth," said one angry dame, "I am not so sure about the rest of my belongings. One thing I do know is, you will never find me again at a jamboree in a hencoop!" At last nobody was left in the tiny apartment except the exhausted hostess and the weary little debutante. Flowers were drooping, days of toil and a long weary succession of petty economies stared them in the face. All the way home I kept wondering, is it worth while? Is anything worth while in the sordid commercialism that city dwellers call hospitality?"

IN the older countries, we are frequently brought face to face with the tremendous difference between social life as it was a century ago and to-day. Every old house in which people are content to leave undisturbed the belongings of a generation ago impresses on even a thoughtless visitor the simplicity of our ancestors' lives compared with present-day turmoil and ambition. In America I know of only one public place where you find a reminder of quiet domestic life as it was in Colonial days. That is at Mount Vernon. One feels it as the boat approaches the green hillside above the Potomac. The first time I visited Washington's old home the steamer carried a holiday throng; a peanut, popcorn and banana throng, loud-voiced, vulgar, jostling and ill-bred. When Mount Vernon was reached, the spirit of the place seemed to penetrate the souls of even that mob. Their voices and footsteps grew quieter as they moved from room to room. They felt something they could not have explained, although half of them may not have been American born. It was the peace of the house, the simple stateliness, the old-fashioned dignity, the feeling that here had reigned an exquisitely neat housewife, a gentle hostess. The very atmosphere of long ago dwells like a ghost in the old mansion.

The peace and quietness of Mount Vernon seems more than a century past when we compare it with the unrest of to-day, the hurry and rush after pleasure, money, honor and position. One gets so little for the effort—not much love or respect—nothing you can call real honor or happiness. The mischief is not confined to what is called "the leisure class;" it goes filtering down to the poorest in our land. It is the reason for the cheap clothing stores which multiply and thrive in our large cities. Have you ever looked at a window full of such goods in the searching sunlight? Mangy furs, flamboyant hats, shoddy suits and tawdry furberlows—each one a miserable imitation of the clothes of the rich. The pathos of it is, they cost more money than substantial comfortable clothing. City streets are trodden by thousands of girls in slip-shod, bedraggled finery which cannot protect the body in inclement weather. Among the poor women of other countries—I mean the working poor, not the squalid unemployed—there is far less desire to appear other than they are. In America the chief ambition of a working girl is to "look swell." Go out any morning on the streets of

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New York, between seven and eight, when a day's toil begins in the factories, and study the throng, especially the girls. Few wear what might be called working clothes. They have no idea of the fitness of things.

WOMEN who toil earnestly in settlement districts tell me that the question of proper clothing among the poor is one of their most serious problems. Often when plain, serviceable clothes are provided for a destitute family, they find the garments touched up with the most ridiculous adornments. It is simply the pathetic endeavor for beauty as beauty looks to them; the same craving that makes a wealthy woman expend thousands of dollars on a pearl necklace. One settlement worker who makes an intimate study of life among the poor ascribes the idiotic misuse of a working girl's wages to the desire to possess the shoddy imitations of "swell" gowns seen in East Side shops, the ridiculous fashion departments in Sunday papers, as well as the pinchbeck finery worn by actresses in cheap theaters. "A poor shop-girl will sometimes nearly starve," said one woman, "to buy some absurd frivolity upon which she has set her heart. Hundreds of working girls who break down from lack of proper nourishment, want of warm clothes or ordinary-creature comforts are earning enough to live in fair comfort if they would only buy sensible clothes."

Among the wealthy women who are trying to help in settlement districts are a few who believe implicitly in example as the best teacher.

"An idea used to hold among us," said one of them, "that when some entertainment was afoot, the more beautiful our gowns, the more pleasure it gave the people we were trying to help. Some believed that a lovely dress or fine jewels gave as much enjoyment as a fine picture. I always had my doubts because I could see in it a touch of feminine vanity. Every appearance in settlement circles of beautiful gowns was followed by an outbreak of imitations which was simply pathetic. The garishness of it carried exactly the lesson our women needed. Many of us now endeavor by our own clothes to set fashions poor women can follow. Already we see results. It is impossible to force the simple garments of a deaconess or Salvation Army lass on the multitude, but we strike a happy medium between severity and absurdity. We are achieving wonders through the classes in millinery and dressmaking. A teacher chooses the prettiest girl in her class as the model to show a plain gown or neat hat. She looks more jaunty in it than in any number of furbelows, and there you have an object lesson worth while.

Results of that sort are worth any amount of missionary work. When I go shopping I search for a plainly dressed clerk, who generally possesses the manners of a gentleman. Unless absolutely forced to, I never turn to a girl who is bedizened with gewgaws, whose head is loaded with a mass of false hair, and whose gown trails in the dust. I know from experience with many of her kind the treatment I will receive. If she is not actually rude, her condescension and lack of interest are insufferable. Once, in a large city store, I found clerks who wore such simple clothing and possessed such courteous manners, it made me ask questions. I was told that years before, the wife of one of the proprietors had one day gone shopping in her own store. She was a plain little woman, plainly gowned and most unobtrusive in manner. She happened to visit a counter where her identity was unknown, and she was accorded such scant courtesy that it opened her eyes to the treatment other customers received. She talked it over with her husband, and the result was a gradual weeding out of overdressed clerks from every department, and a careful selection of new help from the waiting list. Smartness counted less than good breeding and simple clothes. Gradually there came to be accepted in the store a sort of standard as to clothes and manners. It offered no place for the pert, flashy girl. The very character of the store was raised, and to-day it holds the reputation of having the best custom in the city. It carries the choicest goods, which are shown with the utmost courtesy—and the firm pays good dividends.

I HAVE strayed far from Mount Vernon and all it stands for besides sheer patriotism. Under its red roof lingers a memory of the gentle hospitality once dispensed there. The quaint old kitchen with its cavern of an oven is redolent of it, so is the stately banquet hall and the many guest chambers, some of them tucked queerly away in attic corners. It was different hospitality from that of fashionable circles to-day, which has degenerated to a sort of debit and credit affair. In olden days the mistress of a pleasant home did not keep a system of accounts to tell where she owed a dinner, a luncheon or reception. Friends came and went, taking the everyday life in another's home as they found it, and giving loyalty and love in large measure. American homes are improving so far as comfort, sanitation and architecture go, but life is too full for the average woman to allow of the old-time measure of hospitality and neighborliness. In bygone days the mistress of a home counted it an everyday affair to set another plate and bid the transient guest welcome. The elaboration of modern living, the hopeless effort of keeping up appearances, or a fear of criticism kills such a brand of hospitality.

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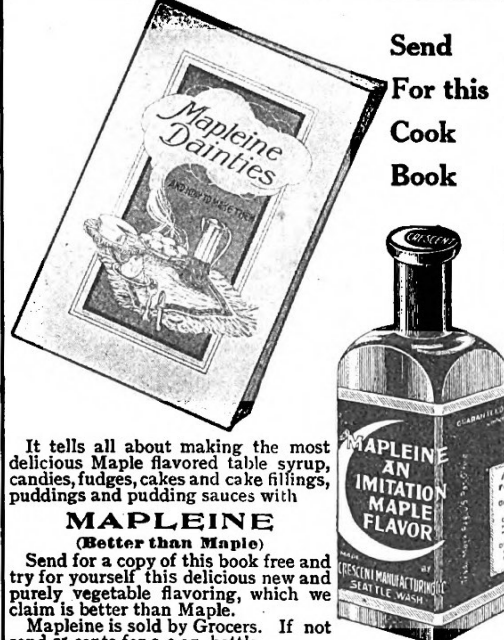
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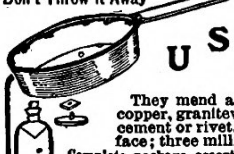
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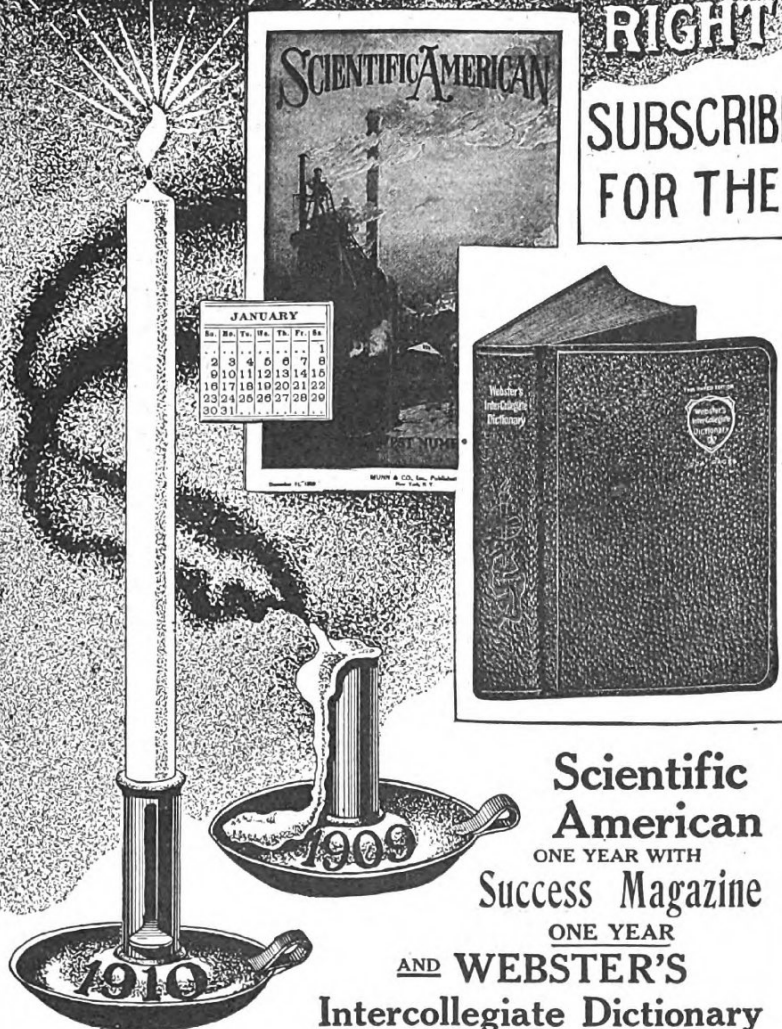
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SERMONS IN STONES

AT a recent horse-race one of the horses attracted a great deal of attention before the start by his remarkable appearance, and many spectators thought he would surely win. He was so full of life, and so eager to begin the race, that he broke through the barrier and ran several hundred feet before the jockey could stop him. The animal was full of confidence and life, but he finished fifteenth in a race of sixteen.

This horse furnished a pretty good illustration of the human bluffer, the man who struts and brags, who makes great pretensions, lots of noise, but never gets anywhere. The silent, unpretentious man, who keeps pegging away, distances him in the great life race.



FORTY-EIGHT immigrant children were recently graduated from the Baron de Hirsch School in New York, where in half a year they had learned to speak sufficiently well to enable them to enter the public schools.

During the graduation exercises, when the American flag was borne past the children, one little girl pulled up the folds and reverently kissed that which symbolized to her freedom and safety for the refugee, an end to oppression, and the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.



THERE is a fable of a milkmaid whose fanciful dream on her way to market converted her pail of milk into eggs, and the eggs into chickens, and the chickens into money with which to buy a farm, the farm to be her future home. And in her pride she fancied herself repulsing the advances of her lover with hauteur, when she stumbled, fell and spilled her milk!



A boy of thirteen was often brought to Judge Lindsey's Juvenile Court in Denver, charged with truancy. Notwithstanding the Judge admonished him many times, it did not seem to do him any good. The teacher kept writing, "Tim will stay out of school to work."

Once, when reproving him, the Judge told him that there would be time enough to work when he was a man. "My father was a man," replied the boy, "and he did not work. He went off and left mother and me. I guess that's what killed her."

Finally Tim appeared in court one day with a happy face, and pulling a soiled and crumpled paper from his pocket handed it to the Judge. "I'm goin' to remember all the things you told me and I'm goin' to school regular, now I got that done," he said, with some pride. Judge Lindsey examined the paper, which proved to be a receipted bill, and found that, little by little, Tim had paid fifty dollars for a headstone at his mother's grave.

"My boy, is that what you've been doing all these months?"

"I wanted her to have a monument, Judge." Tim furtively wiped away the moisture in his eyes. "She done a lot for me; that's all I could do for her now."



A woman took a pair of gloves to Wanamaker's not long ago, insisting that she bought them there, notwithstanding that the head of the department told her the house never carried that make of gloves. She insisted, however, and the gloves were taken and she was given the money for them. The manager says that he knew the woman was telling an untruth, but that he did not want to quarrel with her, and he regarded the transaction as a very good advertisement for the house, because she would probably many times tell her friends how she beat Wanamaker's, and that this publicity would be worth more than the gloves.



Not long ago a boy was drowned in three feet of water in Central Park, New York, when there were at least one hundred people within sound of his appeal for help; but no one went to his rescue until too late. Everybody was too intent upon his own affairs.



THE world with all its infinite expressions of beauty, of force, of power, and vast resources, is a great kindergarten for man, and he ought to be able to use everything in it for his advancement. It is a ladder on which to climb Godward. This is its significance.

Everything in the universe is an object-lesson for our education, a thought, an idea of the Infinite. There are no mysteries in it except to our ignorance. There is nothing in it which we can not use for our advancement if we have the necessary knowledge.

Many of the great problems of this age will be simple addition to those who come after us. A great many things you do are miracles to your child; but when he becomes a man the miracles will be perfectly natural.

UNCLE BOB'S MONEYMAKERS

A Club for Boys Who Want to Earn Money



Cad W. Kirkpatrick of Kentucky
and his "Success" Bicycle.

EVERY boy wants to make money. It's a whole lot better to make it yourself than to have it given to you. You feel more independent, and there is more satisfaction in spending it. Some wise man has truthfully said that only those who earned the money they spend know its true value.

Unfortunately, the usual opportunities for a boy to make money are limited. Sometimes there is snow to be shovelled off folks' sidewalks, or their coal to be carried in; but odd jobs like these are all too odd—they don't come often enough for the fellow who has simply got to have some money right away in order to carry out his plans.

I well remember in my boyhood days the longing for—guess! Nothing less than a pair of cowhide boots, with shiny copper toes. In the small Western town where I lived such footwear was then as much the thing for the boys as the patent-leather slippers and white stockings now are for the little children of the rich here in New York. Needless to say, this was a long time ago. Now, alas, the cowhide boot is no more! In towns the boys wear shoes, and even in the country the farmers' boys are equipped with the felt contraptions fitted to a big pair of overshoes.

It is hard to picture the intense yearning with which I longed for a pair of these leather boots. I thought of them by day, and dreamed of them by night. I got no encouragement from my parents, who were already becoming citified enough to disapprove of such homely footwear. Try as I might, I could discover no means of raising the necessary dollar or so which would have bought the boots, and so I was forced to bide my time, as patiently as I could, until my chum's boots were so badly worn that I was able to induce him to trade them to me for a jackknife.

Now SUCCESS MAGAZINE has already helped many of its boy friends over these youthful tragedies, which may so quickly be turned into happiness with the aid of a little ready cash, and it wants to help more of them, so it has organized "Uncle Bob's Moneymakers," a club for its boy readers. Uncle Bob is its secretary, and he is the kind of a boy's chum and helper that all good uncles ought to be. He has always been interested in boys and their affairs, and he knows more ways by which boys can make spending money than you can shake a stick at. He will tell you all about the progress of the club in this column from month to month, and he is very anxious to hear personally from every boy who needs a little money to buy that gun, bicycle, pair of skates, baseball outfit, or any of the thousands of other things so dear to a boy's heart.

Cad W. Kirkpatrick, a bright Kentucky boy, wanted a bicycle more than anything else at the time he wrote us for advice, and it was Uncle Bob who gave him a plan. That he got the wheel and is now a happy boy is shown by the above picture he recently sent us.

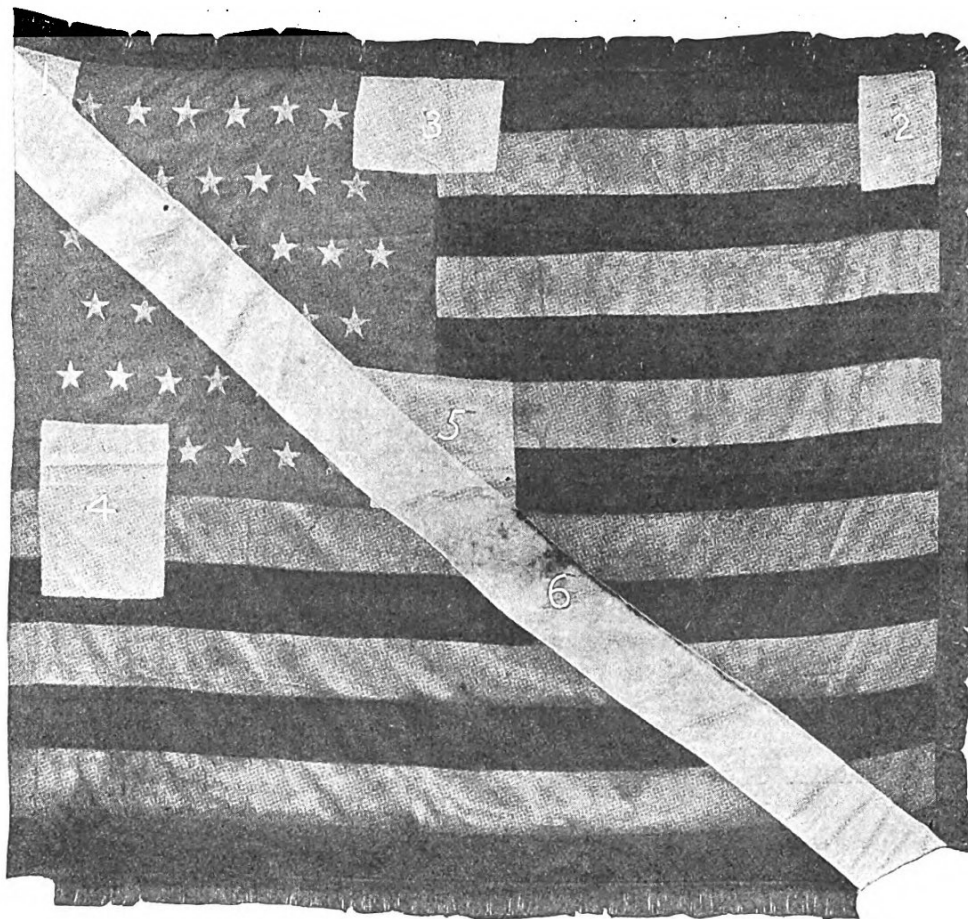
Money-making will be the principal object of the Club, but the many plans for helping our boys to make money will bring with them certain good things that will make it more and more of an advantage to become a member of this helpful body of young people. There are no dues or other expenses. The only requirement for membership is that you shall be a boy who wants to learn how to make extra money. The only limit to the amount of money which may be earned through the Club is the amount of effort a member is willing to make. Some boys—the ones who prove to be the smartest—will be paid a monthly salary for their work. Would n't it be nice if you were on SUCCESS MAGAZINE's pay-roll for a regular income?

All you need to do is to write to Uncle Bob, care of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and tell him you want to know how to earn money. If you like, tell him what you want to get with it. He will then write you a personal letter and tell you how to turn your hopes into realities.

That the army of SUCCESS boys will feel they have a friend and helper in me, and that I will hear from many of them this month, is the earnest wish of

UNCLE BOB, Manager Moneymakers Club

29 East 22d Street, New York City.



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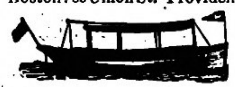
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The Pleasure and Profit of Reading

[Continued from page 98]

After reading Homer, one writer says that on going out into the street men seemed to be ten feet high. This suggestion of superiority in reading the work of this great writer made a powerful impression upon his mind. It is a great thing to read books which inspire high ideals and grand purposes during the formative years.

How heroic we feel after reading the inspiring life-story of some one who has achieved great things under difficulties! We feel almost as if we were the hero ourselves for the time being, just as we do sometimes after seeing some great character in a stirring play. For the moment we assume the personality which has stirred our sympathy and aroused our admiration. We feel that we actually have the qualities which we admire.

Emerson says, "I can not even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution. . . . This is the moral of biography."

Great inspiring life-stories of those who have won and pushed their way to the front against all sorts of obstacles have proved the turning-point in tens of thousands of careers. They have encouraged the disheartened to hold on when they were ready to let go; they have induced them to persevere when they had decided to turn back. They have given them fresh hope and renewed confidence in themselves when those dearest to them even had predicted failure and had told them that to continue would be to waste their time.

Who can ever estimate the numbers of careers that have been completely changed by the marvelous life-story of Abraham Lincoln? Lincoln himself was powerfully influenced by "The Life of Washington," which he first read by the light of the fire in a floorless log cabin. The lives of Benjamin Franklin, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, and scores of other great Americans started in multitudes of youths fires which have become beacon lights in American history. Not half enough is made of great life-stories in our homes and schools.

Spartan mothers, in order to stimulate their ambition, used to take their boys to the Pantheon, where their young imaginations would be fired by the sight of the statues of the nation's gods and heroes. Standing before one of those heroic marble figures, the mother would tell the story of the original, while boyish hearts would glow and young eyes would sparkle with awakened ambition under the inspiration of her words. Many a young mind was thus fired to emulate the hero that particularly appealed to him.

No other one thing is of such precious help to a youth as to be constantly stimulated along the line of his career, and nothing else will do this so effectively, nothing else will give him such inspiration, nothing else is so ambition-rousing as the life-stories of those who have accomplished things under great difficulties.

Smiles' "Self-Help" was a wonderful stimulus to me, and I believe it has proved the turning-point in the careers of tens of thousands of youths. Nothing else is more fascinating than the romance of achievement under difficulties. The youth full of hope, bubbling over with enthusiasm, reads the life-stories of men and women who have succeeded under difficulties, and he says to himself, "Why can't I do it?" To which something within him replies, "I can, and I will!"

Most parents do not realize to what an extent their children are influenced by their reading. I believe there are thousands of young people in this country today who have not been able to decide as to what they had better do in life, who are greatly perplexed as to the choice of a vocation, and who have never shown any great ambition, who would be wonderfully stimulated and helped by the reading of inspiring, invigorating life-stories of men and women who have done things in the world, especially who have succeeded under difficulties.

If you do not know what to do with your boy—if he does not seem to take an interest in anything—if you can not find what he is best fitted for, just get him to read some of the great life-stories of self-made men, and the chances are that they will arouse his ambition and touch springs of power in him which you were never able to reach.

In order to get the most out of books, the reader must be a thinker. The mere acquisition of facts is not the acquisition of power. To fill the mind with knowledge that can not be made available is like filling our houses up with furniture and bric-a-brac until we have no room to move about.

Food does not become physical force, brain or muscle until it has been thoroughly digested and assimilated, and has become an integral part of the blood, brain and other tissues. Knowledge does not become power until digested and assimilated by the brain, until it has become a part of the mind itself.

If you wish to become intellectually strong, after reading with the closest attention, form this habit: Frequently close your book and sit and think, or stand and walk and think—but think, contemplate, think, reflect. Turn what you have read over and over in your mind.

It is not yours until you have assimilated it by your

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thought. When you first read it, it belongs to the author. It is yours only when it becomes an integral part of you.

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Good reading makes a full man, an interesting man. If you read in the right way, your reading will keep you from a multitude of temptations, and will elevate your life standards. Your ideals will be higher, your views of life nobler because of it. It will not only make you more interesting, but it will also enrich your life as nothing else can.

Many people still hold that it is a bad thing for the young to read works of fiction. They believe that young minds get a moral twist from reading that which they know is not true, the descriptions of mere imaginary heroes and heroines, and of things which never happened. Now, this is a very narrow, limited view of a big question. These people do not understand the office of the imagination, they do not realize that many of the fictitious heroes and heroines that live in our minds, even from childhood's days, are much more real in their influence on our lives than some of those who exist in flesh and blood.

Dickens's marvelous characters seem more real to us than any we have ever met. They have followed millions of people from childhood to old age, and influenced their whole lives to good. Many of us would look upon it as a great calamity to have these characters of fiction blotted out of our memory and their influence taken out of our lives.

Readers are sometimes so wrought up by a good work of fiction, their minds are raised to such a pitch of courage and daring, all their faculties so sharpened and braced, their whole nature so stimulated, that they can for the time being attempt and accomplish things which were impossible to them without the stimulus.

This, it seems to me, is one of the great values of fiction. If it is good and elevating, it is a splendid exercise of all the mental and moral faculties; it increases courage; it rouses enthusiasm; it sweeps the brain-ash off the mind, and actually strengthens its ability to grasp new principles and to grapple with the difficulties of life.

Many a discouraged soul has been refreshed, re-invigorated, has taken on new life by the reading of a good romance. I recall a bit of fiction called "The Magic Story" which has helped thousands of discouraged souls, given them new hope, new life when they were ready to give up the struggle.

The reading of good fiction is a splendid imagination exerciser and builder. It stimulates it by suggestions, powerfully increases its picturing capacity, and keeps it fresh and vigorous and wholesome, and a wholesome imagination plays a very great part in every sane and worthy life. It makes it possible for us to shut out the most disagreeable past, to shut out at will all hideous memories of our mistakes, failures and misfortunes; it helps us to forget our trouble and sorrows, and to slip at will into a new, fresh world of our own making, a world which we can make as beautiful, as sublime, as we wish. The imagination is a wonderful substitute for wealth, luxuries and for material things. No matter how poor we may be, or how unfortunate, we may be bed-ridden even, we can by its aid travel round the world, visit its greatest cities, and create the most beautiful things for ourselves.

It is probable that the careers of the majority of criminals in our prisons to-day might have been vastly different if the character of their reading when young had been different; had it been up-lifting, wholesome, instead of degrading.

Nothing else will more quickly ruin a good mind than familiarity with frivolous, superficial books. Even though they may not be actually vicious, the reading of books which are not true to life, which carry home no great lesson, teach no sane or healthful philosophy, but are merely written to excite the passions, to stimulate a morbid curiosity will ruin the best of minds in a very short time. They tend to destroy the ideals and to ruin the taste for all good reading.

Read, read, read all you can. But never read a bad book or a poor book. Life is too short, time too precious, to spend it in reading anything but the best.

Any book is bad for you, the reading of which takes the place of a better one. If you want to develop a delightful form of enjoyment, to cultivate a new pleasure, a new sensation which you have never before experienced, begin to read good books, good periodicals, regularly every day. Do not tire yourself by trying to read a great deal at first. Read a little at a time, but read some every day, no matter how little. If you are faithful you will soon acquire a taste for reading—the reading habit; and it will, in time, give you infinite satisfaction, unalloyed pleasure.



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ELGIN WATCHES LEAD THE WORLD

The Sky Man

(Continued from page 100)

For a while after he left she had kept the pilot-house door open, and, bundled in her furs, had sat near it, her ears strained for the sound of a cry or the report of a rifle.

But the torture of that situation was too great. Philip might be gone for hours, and at this rate she would be fairly beside herself long before his return. So, resolutely, she made a light, shut the pilot-house door upon the world, took up her father's journal and tried to read.

But even this fascinating narrative lacked the power to command her attention to-night. She rose half a dozen times from the rude bench on which she sat, to make some trifling alteration in the room.

One thing she did had reference to the possibility of Roscoe's attempting an attack upon the pilot-house—this was to remove the wooden cover from the chimney-mouth. If Roscoe should succeed in eluding Philip or in killing him, she wanted ample warning. The rising wind rattled the pilot-house door and wailed in the chimney; but she knew she would be able to detect the sound of the monster's laborious ascent long before he could reach the top.

She was sitting beside the oil-stove in one of the farther corners of the room. The chimney-hole was in the corresponding corner. The revolver lay on the table in the middle of the room, a few paces behind her. The pilot-house door was directly in line with it, and almost directly behind her back. The door was hinged to swing inward.

When it burst open she attributed the fact to no other agency than the wind. She laid down the red-bound book upon the bench beside her, and rose, rather deliberately, before she turned round.

As she did so Roscoe sprang forward to the table and seized the revolver. Her failure to turn immediately had given him the second he needed to take in the strategical possibilities of the room.

His rifle was a clumsy weapon in close quarters. So, as he sprang forward, he dropped it and made for the revolver instead. He only needed a glance at the girl to convince him that she was unarmed. So, quite deliberately, he broke open the breech of the revolver and satisfied himself that it was loaded. Then he looked up again, blinking at the girl.

She had not moved since she had caught her first glimpse of him. In her mind was the thought that Philip must be dead, and the hope that Roscoe would kill her quickly—before she could realize that fact—before this strange, blessed numbness which had frozen her in the instant of her first glimpse of him should have lost its anesthetic power.

With that in mind, she kept her eyes upon the revolver, which those vast, hairy hands of his were manipulating.

She had uttered no cry at all. She turned dead-white and her eyes were wide, but there was no terror in them. Roscoe on his part stood staring at her.

It is no wonder that Carlson and Rose had mistaken her for the man their leader murdered. She looked like her father as woman may resemble man, and her whiteness, her fineness, her delicacy, all increased rather than diminished the credibility of the fact that she was, in fact, his spirit.

It was this thought that for a moment held Roscoe staring blankly at her. But he conquered it and forced his eyes upon the details of her.

He saw that her fine hands were trembling a little; he marked the faint rise and fall of her breast as she breathed, and then his greedy eyes ran over her from head to heel and back again.

The hand which held the revolver dropped nerveless at his side. He swallowed hard, and wrung his cruel lips with his other great hand. It was then that the girl looked up into his face. It was then that she uttered her first cry.

For she saw that he did not mean to kill her.

That was a horror she had never foreseen; never, during all the months in the hut, when the shadow of this monster had been a part of their daily life. The worst that had ever occurred to her was that he might kill them both. She understood now why Philip had shuddered; why she had seen that look of horror in his eyes when he said that if Roscoe killed him, when he had the revolver, he would come back here and find her defenseless. She understood now to the full; it needed only one look into the monster's face to understand.

The shock of this new idea brought an instantaneous change in her. A moment ago her mind had been absolutely lifeless. She had been incapable either of thinking or of acting. Now she was intensely alive, her body keyed and ready for sudden action, while her mind, with the vividness of sudden summer lightning, took in the situation and assessed her chances—her chances, not to escape with her life, but of foiling the loathly intent which she could read in the monster's face.

Already her eyes had brightened and the color had returned to her cheeks, and at that, Roscoe moved restlessly to one side, as if he meant to come round the table.

Suddenly Jeanne's eyes detached themselves from his face. A look of sudden alarm came into them, and

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she raised her hand to her throat, as though she were choking. She was looking past Roscoe and straight down the snow tunnel.

"Philip!" she cried. "Take care; he's here!"

The snow tunnel was empty, and for aught she knew, her lover's body might be lying mangled in the monster's cave. She had thought of that before she tried the trick. But even if that were so, that cry of hers might lead the monster to steal one uneasy glance at the door behind him, and even that would give her time enough. If he had not killed Philip, but merely eluded him, he would turn instantly.

That was what he did. He sprang round with a suddenness which bespoke a perfectly genuine, common-sense alarm. And then he found himself in darkness.

He understood at once that he had been tricked. Without wasting the time to turn back and look at Jeanne, he sprang toward the pilot-house door. He thought she meant to attempt to rush by him, gain the snow tunnel and throw herself over the crest of the cliff. He had not misread the sudden loathing he had seen in her eyes when they met his face.

In the open doorway he wheeled round triumphantly. She had not got ahead of him that time. He laughed aloud into the darkness, and then spoke to her with a vile, jocular familiarity.

But he got no answer, in words or otherwise. There was no outcry, no stifled sobbing. Nothing at all but the sigh and whine of the wind.

It was not perfectly dark. The faint blue flame of the oil-burner began slowly to bring out the objects in the room as his eyes adjusted themselves more to the darkness.

The man who the moment before had laughed out the vile, triumphant taunt now began to tremble and sweat. The girl was not there.

He stood where he was for a little while, drawing deep breaths to steady himself. She must be there—must be hiding somewhere in the shadows. She could not have got out. There was no way out.

He moved forward, groping in the dark, but stopped when he felt the pressure of the table across his thighs. He could do nothing without a light. He would re-light the candle, first of all, and then he would find her.

He took a bit of flint, a nail, and a rope of tow from his pocket. He struck a spark, but it failed to kindle the tow.

It was at that instant that Philip alighted.

Philip's stratagem was a perfectly rudimentary one, and it was an instinct rather than a conscious plan that suggested it. His mind did not pause to draw even the most grimly obvious inference from the fact that it was Roscoe's hand which held the flint and steel here in the pilot-house.

He knew that the next thing to do was to kill him, and he fully expected to do it—though he expected almost equally to be killed himself in the process.

His calling Jeanne's name the second time, telling her to wait and that he would make the light for her, would enable him, probably, to get within striking distance of Roscoe before Roscoe attacked him. The man would think he had him at his mercy.

Philip sprang clear of his planes, left them as they were there at the tunnel-mouth, and walked steadily up toward the pilot-house door.

Roscoe, on hearing his voice the first time, had dropped the articles which encumbered his hands, and groped on the table for the revolver. Before he could put his hand on it Cayley spoke the second time.

At that, wanting no weapon, confident that he needed none, his great hands aching for the feel of the sky-man's flesh within their grasp, he moved a step nearer the door and waited.

He saw Philip cross the threshold, unseeing—apparently suspecting nothing; saw him, at last, within hands' reach.

Just as he touched him he uttered a sobbing oath, and his great hands faltered, for Philip's knife had struck through, clean to the hilt, and just below the heart.

The effect of the shock was only momentary. With a yell of rage he sprang upon Cayley, crowded him back against the wall, tore at him blindly, like a wild beast, and finally getting Philip's right fore-arm fairly in the grip of both hands, he snapped it like a pipe-stem.

In a moment Cayley got round behind him, and with the crook of his good arm round Roscoe's neck, he succeeded in forcing him to release his grip and in throwing him heavily. As he lay, his body projected through the doorway, out into the tunnel.

Philip left him huddled there, and went back to the table. He found Roscoe's flint and steel beneath his hand; but it was a full minute before he could summon his courage to strike a light, for the inferences from Roscoe's presence here in the pilot-house began to crowd upon him now, grim and horrible. He struck a spark at last, lighted the candle and looked about.

The reaction of relief turned him giddy for a moment, as the glance about the room convinced him that what he feared worst had not happened. But another thought occurred to him almost at once when he saw that the cover had been removed from the top of the ice chimney.

In his mind, of course, that represented the way



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Our Business is the manufacturing of canvas gloves and mittens. The demand for these goods has increased by jumps and bounds, way beyond our ability to manufacture them. For that reason we are compelled to look for outside assistance and are willing to help others, who are willing to help themselves, to get a start in this business. There is room today for ten canvas glove factories where we have one now. Start a factory with our help.



Immense Profits are made in this fascinating business. The McCreery Brothers started only a few years ago without a cent. Today they have thousands of dollars, own their own large factory, have interests in others, and do an enormous business. They have started a few other men and women in the glove business and they will help you to start too, furnishing you with the necessary equipment for starting free, and teaching you the secrets of the business.

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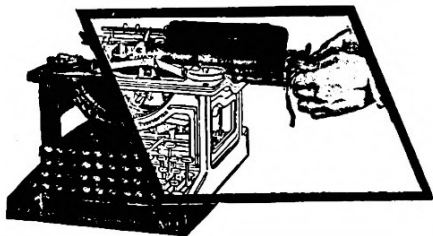
Millions of Pairs of canvas gloves are being sold. Somebody is getting the profit on these goods, why not you? Come with us and let us start you in this profitable, legitimate business, which with a reasonable amount of light work and attention should make you a prosperous factory owner in a short time. Each member of the family can help—father, mother, son and daughter can each do their share and as the business grows and develops help can be obtained on the outside. It is to your personal advantage, to the advantage of your pocket book, to learn all about this wonderful offer we are making. All you need is the use of an ordinary sewing machine. We supply the other necessary equipment without cost. No matter how small or how large your town; no matter what section you live in, there is always room for a factory. You can start at home or in a small store room near by. You can work all or only part of the time and can engage others to work for you.

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Roscoe had come. What if Jeanne, unable for some reason to defend herself, had chosen, as the lesser evil, to fling herself over the cliff from the tunnel-mouth?

The moment he thought of that he went out into the tunnel, stepping across Roscoe's body to do so. He went to the edge and looked over, but it was too dark to see. The light of the aurora which still blazed the sky dazzled his eyes, without lighting the surface of the world below.

He must go down there in order to be sure. He had not stopped to furl his planes when he alighted, and they had wedged themselves sideways into the tunnel, still extended and ready for flight.

He righted them and slipped his arms through the loops that awaited them. He stood for a moment, testing the right wing tentatively. There was a play about it that he did not understand. So far as he could see, nothing was broken. The fact that it was his own arm did not occur to him.

He was just turning to dive off the cliff-head when suddenly he saw the great form of the man he had supposed to be dead rise and rush upon him.

Philip's knife had, indeed, inflicted a mortal wound, but a man of Roscoe's physique lets go of life slowly. He was bleeding to death, internally, but the process was, probably, retarded by his huddled position as he lay there in the tunnel.

So he had lain still and awaited his chance. Cayley was standing quite at the edge of the cliff, and the man's momentum carried him over. His clutching hands grasped Cayley's shoulders, and they went down together, over six hundred feet of empty space.

For Cayley the space was all too little. As they went over he thought that he and his gigantic enemy were going down to death together. Instinctively, and much quicker than a man can think, he swept his great fan-tail forward and flung himself back in an attempt to correct the balance destroyed by the great weight that was clinging to his shoulders.

They were, of course, bound to go down. Neither his strength nor the area of his planes was sufficient to support them both in the air. But in the position into which he had flung himself they would go down a little more slowly. He would gain, perhaps, a precious second more.

But he did not waste even an infinitesimal moment in any struggle against the force of gravity.

Twice, with all his might, he sent his left fist crashing against the face, the staring, horrible face that confronted his own. But still that convulsive, dying grasp held fast.

They were no more than a bare two hundred feet above the ice. With a supreme effort, an effort whose suddenness availed it better than its strength, he wrenched himself free and the great weight dropped off. Another effort, the instantaneous exertion of every ounce of force he possessed, corrected the sudden change of balance and prevented him from falling like the great inert mass he had just cast off.

Trembling, exhausted, he managed to blunder around in a half-circle, slanted down inland and stumbled to a landing on the beach, not fifty yards from the ice-clad ruins of the hut.

As he did so, the thought was in his mind that during his struggle in the air with Roscoe he heard a cry which neither he nor his antagonist had uttered.

The perception came to him as a memory, and in memory it seemed to be Jeanne's voice.

Now, unless his wits were wandering, he heard it again, and it called his name. He was half incredulous of its reality, even as he answered it. But the next moment, before he could extricate himself from his planes or even attempt to get to his feet, he felt the pressure of her body as she knelt over him.

[To be concluded in March]

Painless Payments

ROBBIE often heard his father complain of customers who were slow pay. "It is just like pulling teeth to get money out of them," the father would say, and Robbie—who had watched the work of the dentist next door—pitied the poor creditors greatly.

One day a miserly customer came in to pay a bill, and the boy gazed sympathetically at the unwilling payer as he slowly and caressingly unfolded each separate bank note and laid it lingeringly on the counter. Suddenly an idea came into Robbie's head, and he turned excitedly to his father.

"Why don't you give him gas, papa?" he cried; "then it won't hurt him so much."

Circular Talk

THE judge's son had just finished his course in law and came home triumphantly, with his sheepskin in a fine frame. The old judge turned to his son with some wholesome advice. "My son, when you have a case in court and your opponent has the law on his side you must talk facts, and when he has the facts on his side you must talk law." The young man sat and pondered awhile and then asked: "Father, what must a fellow do when his opponent has both the law and the facts on his side?" The judge looked wise and replied, "Just talk around and around, my son."

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THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and
1431 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio Cartooning

The Daguerreotype

[Continued from page 90]

to go to you, David; then I shall tell him myself."

"Amy, I should not let you."

There was a gleeful laugh. "You can't help yourself, sir; the lady is going to carry you off and marry you out of hand. Come, there's the curtain—hurry! Your chair is on my crinoline! Now—while the people are going out. We will be back before the fourth act commences—this was only the second."

"Amy, I ought not let you do it. Your father—"

"Pf, a fig for Father! David, are you coming?"

"Of course I'm coming, you bundle of sweetness. Here's your cloak—look out, the tassels are caught in your curls! I believe there's a faithful Jehu waiting to convey me to the depot—he can kill time this way. All ready? Well, come along."

And like a whirlwind two people seemed to whisk out of the box and down the stairway. But they had not been gone two minutes before I caught the swish of petticoats and the sound of a merry contralto voice.

"Come right in, Cynthia. No, Amy is n't here—gone a-visiting too, I suppose. Take this chair and look over the house. It's a gay winter is n't it—yet it seems strange somehow and not altogether right to me."

Is n't it brilliant from up here, Julia? Lucky you—to have this box—you can see everybody." It was a sparkling, caressing voice, and it was accompanied by the rippling of silken flounces and the jingle of metal trinkets. "I don't seem to see Amy in the parquet, Julia. What is she wearing—white?"

"Oh, her sprigged delaine with the black velvet ribbons! Never mind Amy, Cynthia; tell me what they are wearing in Paris. Is it true that you had all your chemises embroidered by hand in a convent?"

Thereupon followed an exchange of feminine confidences which—because of my fealty to the sex and because of my ignorance of intricacies sartorial, as well as because of my natural modesty—I forbear to repeat. But I found out a great deal about "what they wore then."

It was while the audience was going mad over the recalls at the end of the third act, that light footsteps could be heard tripping up the stairs and into the box, and a smothered contralto voice from behind me cried protestingly:

"Stop, Amy! Don't strangle me, child—ouch!—you're pulling my curls, you little wretch—Oh, not going, Cynthia?"

"I must, Ju dear; I promised my brand new better half to be back at the end of the act. My, Amy Charlton, but you look blooming! How's your David? Seems to me I heard that he is going to be a soldier boy. How can you let him? I'm precious glad my Ralph is too delicate to be wanted. Good-night, girls, I'll see you both to-morrow at luncheon."

"Amy, did you?"

"Oh, Julia, yes, we did! Julia, congratulate me. Oh, I'm so happy and so—so unhappy! He's gone, dear. He's gone to join his regiment at the train."

"I heard a tender little feminine kiss, and sundry feminine murmurs of endearment and comfort."

"But you are really married, Amy?"

"Really and truly married, Ju—and I'm so glad. It makes it so much easier."

"I knew it would."

"Julia, you dear old thing, if it had n't been for your fairly pushing me on, I would never have thought of it. And just look at my ring! It was David's mother's wedding ring—he wore it on a ribbon round his neck. Oh, I shall be so happy, sleeping with it under my cheek! But, Julia, think if father knew!"

Finder of Men



An average American knows many people. But he does not always know where they are.

He has a thousand friends and acquaintances. Where are they at this particular moment? He can be sure of some of them—perhaps a dozen. But he wants to locate one or more of the others.

The Bell system enables him to reach them.

If he finds his friend at home, or in his place of business, he talks with him at once. If he learns that his friend is in some other town the Bell System will furnish the connection.

Cities are larger than they used to be. Men know and need to know more people. Yet the need of keeping in touch is as great as ever. Without Bell service there would be hopeless confusion.

The range of the telephone is not confined to one town or one community. It is not satisfying simply to learn that a man is out of town; through the Long Distance Service of the Bell System he may be reached, wherever he is.

The Bell Service extends to all communities. It reaches the millions of American people. One in twenty is a Bell subscriber. The other nineteen can be found because Bell service is universal service.

The telephone does more work for less money than any other servant of mankind. There is economy as well as efficiency in one system, one policy, universal service. Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

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You take no chance in buying land under the Kuhn projects. The Kuhn interests are irrigating 400,000 acres in the Twin Falls Country, Idaho. Their great Sacramento Valley project offers a frostless winter and a still wider range of crops. Organize a California Colony in your own city or town. Take your neighbors with you.

There is in press a very choice book of 48 pages, "California—Now or Never." It is by far the handsomest California book ever issued and will show you at a glance whether you want a home ranch in California. To insure a select distribution, it is priced at ten cents. All other publications which are fully descriptive are free. Fill out the coupon below and mail. If you want the new book, enclose ten cents for each copy.

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What Do You Know About Wireless?

Almost everyone knows something about the art of wireless telegraphy through reading the scientific journals or through news articles in the daily papers. But how many persons know that the UNITED WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY has developed commercial wireless until it is now possible to transmit aerograms from 107 land stations to 215 steamships owned by 63 steamship companies, or from these ships to the shore stations, at any hour of the twenty-four?

From Galveston to Boston the United Wireless Telegraph Company owns and controls twenty-seven stations for handling messages passing between the shore and the many steamships plying along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

More than a score of stations extending along the Pacific Coast from Los Angeles, California, to Juneau, Alaska, handle hundreds of messages daily between the shore and the ships of the coast and transpacific fleet equipped with the United Company's system. All the principal Great Lakes ports, to the number of seventeen, are in constant communication with the steamships of the lake fleet through the stations owned by the United Wireless Company.

Overland wireless communication is now established on a commercial basis. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago and Erie, Pa., are among the larger inland cities now in touch with each other by aerogram.

Aerograms are transmitted with the same expedition as messages sent over wire lines. Passengers at sea may be in hourly communication with friends or business associates on shore by filing their messages with the wireless operator on board ship. Aerograms for persons at sea may be filed at any Western Union or Postal Telegraph office and will be promptly relayed to the nearest United Wireless station for transmission to destination.

Principal Commercial Stations:

ATLANTIC AND GULF-COAST STATIONS

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Albany, N. Y.	New York City.
(Ten Eyck Hotel.)	42 Broadway.
Boston, Mass. (2)	(Manhattan Beach.)
(Boston Herald Bldg.)	(Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.)
(Broad Exchange Bldg.)	Norfolk, Va.
Bridgeport, Conn.	(Law Bldg.)
Baltimore, Md.	New Orleans, La.
(Baltimore American Bldg.)	Cape Hatteras, N. C.
Charleston, S. C.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.	(Bellevue-Stratford.)
Fort Morgan, Ala.	Port Arthur, Tex.
Gallie, N. J.	Savannah, Ga.
Grand Island, La.	Tampa, Fla.
Galveston, Tex.	Tangier Island, Va.
Havana, Cuba.	Washington, D. C.
Key West, Fla.	(New Willard Hotel.)
Mount Beacon, N. Y.	Wilmington, Del.
(Beaconcrest Hotel.)	

GREAT LAKES STATIONS

Benton Harbor, Mich.	Holland, Mich.
Buffalo, N. Y.	London, Mich.
(Buffalo News.)	Mackinac Island, Mich.
Calumet, Mich.	Manitowoc, Wis.
Chicago, Ill.	(Wm. Rohr's Sons)
(Congress Hotel.)	Maitland, N. Y.
Cleveland, Ohio.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Detroit, Mich.	(Faber Brewery.)
(Wayne Hotel.)	San Francisco, Cal. (2)
Duluth, Minn.	(San Fran. Chronicle.)
Grand Rapids, Mich.	San Pedro, Cal.
(Grand Rapids Press.)	Sacramento, Cal.
Grand Haven, Mich.	(Capitol Hotel.)
	San Luis Obispo, Cal.
	Salem, Ore.
	Seattle, Wash. (2)
	(Perry Hotel.)
	(University Grounds.)
	Seward, Alaska.
	Susitna, Alaska.
	Tacoma, Wash.
	(Tacoma Hotel.)
	The Dalles, Ore.
	Victoria, B. C.
	Wenatchee, Wash.
	West Port, Wash.

PACIFIC COAST STATIONS

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Catalina Island, Cal.	(Hotel Potter.)
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Friday Harbor, Wash.	Sacramento, Cal.
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Klamath, Wash.	Salem, Ore.
Los Angeles, Cal. (2)	Seattle, Wash. (2)
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Marshfield, Ore.	(University Grounds.)
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Newport, Ore.	Tacoma, Wash.
North Vancouver, B. C.	(Tacoma Hotel.)
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Rate for message from ship to shore or shore to ship, \$2 for ten words, and 10 cents for each additional word, exclusive of address and signature. Regular land charges will be added where the point of delivery is not reached by wireless. Rates on land same as those of the wire companies.

*On steamers North Star, Hamilton, Jamestown, Jefferson, Monroe, Princess Anne, Manhattan, Yale and Harvard the rate is \$1 for ten words and 7 cents for each additional word. On Great Lakes steamers, 50 cents for ten words.

United Wireless Telegraph Co.
No. 42 Broadway . . . New York City

Pacific Coast
and Western Division,
Seattle, Washington
Great Lakes
and Northern Division,
Chicago, Illinois

"It's a rare joke on Father, I think. But we will take precious good care not to let him see it. Now hush, there's the curtain. Oh; poor Violetta! See her in bed. Isn't it pathetic?"

"How can I listen to music, Julia, Me, a married woman with a husband just gone to the front?" If he should be killed—oh—oo, Julia!"

"Amy, stop squeezing my arm!"

"Julia, just say you don't think he'll be killed."

"Nonsense, No! Hear Violetta sing. Does n't Kellogg look old and lanky in that wrapper thing without her hoop?"

"Julia, my name isn't Charlton any more. It's Mrs. Da—"

"Amy, darling, will you just let me hear her sing this one—Oh, plague take it, there's Father!"

There came that stamp of slow, elderly feet on the stair, the thud-thud of a cane feeling the way, the puffing of labored breath, then the cane seemed to thump its way into the box.

"Well, girls, ready? Come, come—get on your duds; don't keep the horses standing."

"But Father—"

"Hey, Miss Julia, whose horses are they, I'd like to ask? Come, Amy, no mooning back there in the corner. Well, what's the matter now?"

"Amy has dropped something, Father."

"Dropped what? Are you coming?"

"Julia," breathed an anguished whisper, "it's my daguerreotype of David. I—I can't find it anywhere and I just had it in my hand."

"What is it, hey?"—irascibly from the box entrance.

"It's—it's Amy's glove. I must find it, Father."

"Must, Miss?" "Well, well, where is the thing? Here—I'll light a match."

"Amy," cautioned a quick contralto whisper as I heard what sounded like a stick beating about under my chair, "you don't want Father to find it! Run on ahead with him. I'll speak to an usher and you and I can come back early to-morrow morning. Coming Father! You lead the way."

Suddenly the box was very still. I leaned over and looked at the stage.

"My little bapee," the Music Master was saying, "my little bapee!" and with startled gaze I beheld the attic hallway and the old stove and the broken window where the snow blew in.

I stumbled to my feet, and my walking stick slid to the floor. Stooping to recover it, I felt something under my hand on the carpet of the box. It was the old daguerreotype which I must have pulled from my pocket with the opera-glass. In a mechanical way I opened it and looked again at the familiar boyish face with tinted cheeks and flashing scarf-pin beneath.

No—it had not been taken in his uniform! And how she must have missed it in those days of his absence!

As I came out into the lobby—dazed and bewildered—the crowd pressed about me, such an every-day crush as you would expect to find of a Monday night when a great attraction was playing at popular prices in the old Academy.

Then suddenly, while I was trying to piece the bits together in my muddled brain, I heard a voice behind me—a sweet, appealing voice with the slightly quavering inflection of old age; and there came from somewhere the delicate, elusive suggestion of lavender.

"David dear, do you remember?"

"Bless us, yes, Amy! But the poor old Academy is a bit different these days, to be sure! Heigh-ho, it makes one feel the years, my dear."

"What matter, David, if we have not changed?"

"Not a bit, Amy—not a bit, thank God! Just as much my little sweetheart as ever—is n't she—in spite of the white hairs and the grandbabies?"

"David dear! And think of its being the anniversary of that very night—the forty-fifth, David."

I swung rudely around—

This is what I saw: A lovely old face framed by snowy bands of hair beneath a velvet bonnet; a little gloved hand reached up to clasp the man's arm; a pair of blue eyes lifted to his fine, grizzled old face.

"Madam," said I, and bowed low before them, "if I mistake not, this belongs to you." And I handed her the open daguerreotype.

The sweet old face went deadly white. The little hand in its loose glove trembled pitifully.

"Sir," she faltered, trying to steady a raised lorgnette upon the picture, "where did you find this?"

"David!" she whispered. "David, it is the daguerreotype. I lost it that night—forty-five years ago."

"Yes," returned I very gently—for they both seemed much agitated—"my grandfather found it where you may have dropped it—in a fold of the carpet, in the second tier of boxes on the left hand side. He found it just before the academy was burned in '67."

"But, Sir, I—"

The throng was pushing determinedly against us and carried me along with it. I lifted my hat, smiling back into her face and leaving the daguerreotype in her hands. The last I saw of them, his gray head was bent beside hers over the picture.

I had time to note, however, before they stepped into the carriage which was waiting for them, that David had not—after all—managed to keep his promise about coming back to her with both of his arms.

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Our Chance in China

[Continued from page 92]

valley of the Yang-Tse, France is continually pushing its influence northward from Annam, and even Portugal is attempting to annex more Chinese territory. The United States alone is guiltless of design upon Chinese land. China to-day leans upon the United States as its best friend among the nations. The United States has always respected its territory, and has always treated China as a nation possessing full sovereign power. The United States alone has manifested the disposition to support, in practical fashion, Chinese plans for internal reform. The friendship for America and things American is being rapidly extended throughout China by the influence of education.

The Question Is Up to the Business Men

The Government has, until this time, done everything in its power to support and sustain American interests in China, short of inviting war. Congress has manifested, time and again, a disposition to do everything within reason for the upbuilding of American trade in the Orient. The interests of this practically non-existent Oriental trade had no small share in inducing Congress to embark upon the most expensive and gigantic enterprise ever undertaken by any nation—the construction of the Panama Canal. If the associations of business men would, through the National Board of Trade or some other organization, perfect a plan for doing their share of the work to be done, instead of criticizing the Government or suggesting further schemes to Congress, they would do a great patriotic service.

The west coast of our own country, the territory of Hawaii, the territory of Alaska and the Philippines make it necessary that the United States shall guard well its political possessions in the Pacific Ocean. It will be impossible to do this unless the American commerce is kept up to the first rank.

Mr. Taft is the first President of the United States who has had personal experience in and acquaintance with the Orient. It is fitting that future historians shall write down the Taft Administration as the beginning of the era of the first great over-seas commercial campaign undertaken by America, and that that campaign should be prosecuted in the Orient. The administration has already manifested in word and deed its willingness to assist American business in the Orient in every possible way. It is entirely within the power of American merchants and manufacturers, through intelligent organization and effort, to make the American trade in China greater than that of all other nations combined, and to make the American city of Manila the maritime capital of Asia—an honor now divided between the British colonial cities of Singapore and Hong Kong.

There have been times in the history of the American people when business men, roused to patriotic action, have forgotten their pockets and have sacrificed their fortunes upon the altar of their country. But now comes the opportunity to perform the greatest possible patriotic service, and at the same time to increase their store of treasure. Shall it be said that the American business man is so blind and deaf that he can neither see his duty to his country nor hear the jingle of Oriental gold?



Helping the Minister

A SCOTCH preacher had in his congregation an old woman who was deaf. In order to hear the sermon each Sunday, this old lady would seat herself at the foot of the pulpit stairs. One day the sermon was about Jonah, and the preacher became very rhetorical. "And when the sailors threw Jonah overboard," he said, "a big fish swallowed him up. Was it a shark that got 'im? Nay, my brethren, it was ne'er a shark. Was it a swordfish that eat him? Nay—"

"It was a whale," whispered the old lady excitedly. "Hush, Biddie," said the preacher indignantly. "Would ye tak th' word of God out o' yer ane meenister's mouth?"—BATTLE WORTHINGTON.



An Observant Child

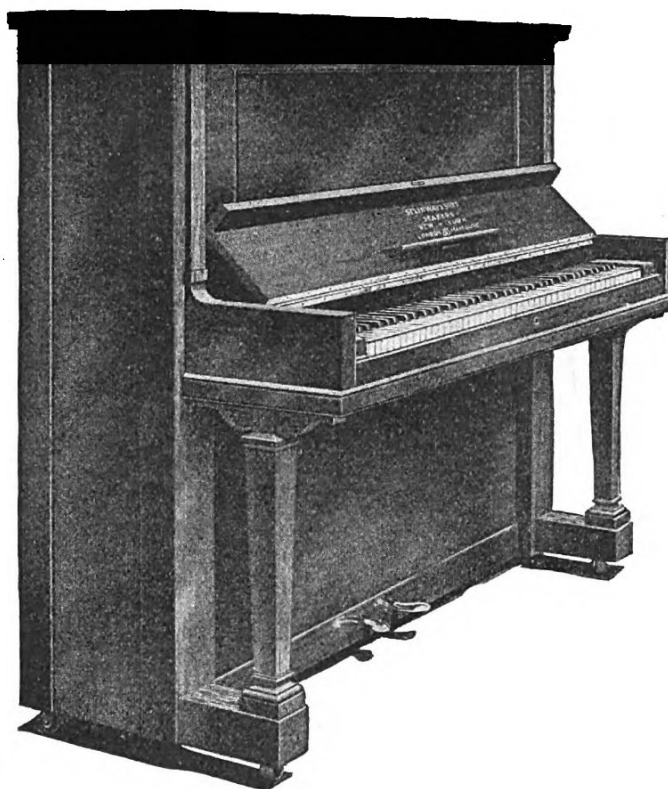
LITTLE Adelaide was inclined to be cowardly. Her father found that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, and decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she ventured, at the close of the lecture, "when you see a cow, are n't you afraid?" "Why, certainly not, Adelaide. Why should I be?" "Well, when you see a dog, aren't you afraid then?"

"No, indeed!" with marked emphasis on the "no." "Are n't you afraid when it thunders, papa?" "Why, no," and he laughed at the thought and added, "Oh, you silly child!"

"Papa," and Adelaide came closer and looked into her parent's eye, "are n't you afraid of nothing in the world but just mamma?"

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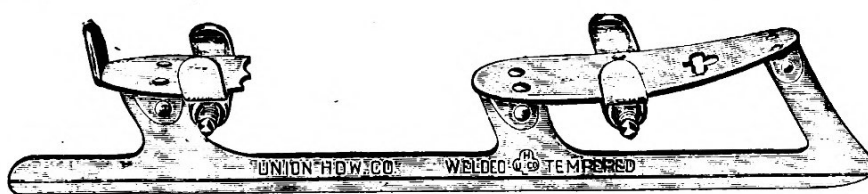
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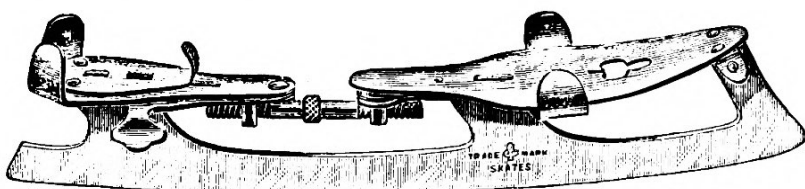
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"CLUB" SKATES

Enlightened Selfishness

[Continued from page 94]

will not obliterate the benefits that follow honest concentration of capital and corporate activities; upon regulation of railroad rates that will prevent discrimination and yet will not decrease profitable earnings and fair dividends that are necessary for the provision of good service and extension of transportation facilities; upon the conservation of coal deposits and water power in the public lands for the profit of the public; upon public health and pure food as a money question affecting every citizen; upon sanitation and tenement inspection and clean streets, not as philanthropic fads, but as essential to the general good, for the neglect of which every man is bound to make his part payment in cash; upon the child as a national asset, who will become a charge upon the community as pauper, criminal, invalid, or inefficient worker unless everyone be provided with a chance in life, enough to eat, an education, a place for play and some years of play and growth before the long years of work, a shelter from vicious environment, and in place of brutalizing punishment shall be put in the path of good and useful manhood and womanhood.

These are the dollars and cents things that the American people are thinking about. For the first time hatred of waste has been borne in the souls of a people whose whole history is one of waste. And since every evil, commercial and political, is waste, the ultimate fruition of this enlightened economic selfish thought is not a matter of conjecture, but a certainty.

The Irresistible Combination of Ethics and Economics

Roosevelt was no more a discoverer in civics than Edison in science. The man who made the incandescent light and the phonograph never conceived a new principle. But he had the typical American mind—blended of idealism and intense practicality and splendidly receptive. And so Edison took all the good, new, abstract, inchoate thought of everyone, from everywhere, and coalesced it into concrete things for the daily use and enrichment and happiness of the common people.

Wiley taught Roosevelt pure food. Pinchot taught Roosevelt forestry. Forty lawyers and editors and students taught Roosevelt all he ever knew about railroads.

Then he did what Edison did. He made dreams come true. The energy and honesty and fighting quality of the man had made the American people love Roosevelt, even for and not in spite of his defects and weaknesses. He typified to them the national virility. And when he talked to them as man to man of things that other men had taught him and told them that he thought those things were right, the people listened and began to think about those things for themselves.

Roosevelt's popularity enabled him to create public sentiment. Thought thus stirred resulted in study that has crystallized into public opinion. Thence the new, great, generating power in our national life which has produced the civic force which, in the near future, will regulate all American public affairs—enlightened selfishness.

The development of that new force is measured by the increasing understanding of economic problems and their intimate relation to all the activities of life of the community and the individual. The growing comprehension that preventable waste is not only an abstract wrong, but a concrete individual loss, and that toleration of vicious civic and political conditions is responsible for that waste, is the generator of the new force—enlightened selfishness.

For the first time in our national history economics are not regarded as suitable only for the edification of the political economist. Economics are coming to be regarded as a flesh-and-blood, heart-and-soul personal problem. This is the selfish enlightenment which is developing the public opinion which ultimately will sweep away misgovernment and civic abuses.

To those whose mainspring of action is morality, it may not be pleasing to admit that an appeal to man's selfish instincts is necessary to bring about changes for good. Let these good people remember that however far apart at the beginning two forces may be that are working for the same end, their lines must constantly converge. The decisive victory must come from public opinion. And majority public opinion must come from a union of altruistic ethical convictions and enlightened economic selfishness.

The modern high explosive which alone possesses the force to shatter every fortification of civic misrule will be a combination of ethics and economics—enlightened selfishness.



Taking No Chances

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets of Boston not long ago, and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written:

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The Power Behind The Republic

[Continued from page 88]

sake might very well overlook all else and fix its attention upon this phase alone.

And again, when we come to the matter of class feeling, for Business to give rein to that seems very questionable policy. The fact is, brethren, that sort of thing always cuts two ways. If we band together to secure the escape of an accused member of our caste, we may be sure that other castes will do likewise, and the next thing will be a chaos bad for Business. Business is too big, too important, too broad, too national to entertain class prejudices. Business is the government, and government can not well discriminate among the occupations of its people.

As a matter of fact, the only really important man in the community is the Man at the Bottom—the only important man to Business or to anyone else if we are to keep on as a nation and not go to physical decay.

Business Must Keep Its Eye on the Slums

The worst enemy of Business is the Slum. About eighty-five per cent of the people of this country are classed by the sociological experts as poor or very poor. Whatever tends to increase this sum of poverty strikes in two ways at the heart of Business. It interferes with consumption and it interferes with production. Nothing could be worse.

One way by which poverty is being steadily increased among us is through the tax burden. Taxes, of course, are paid by the ultimate consumer. The burden of increased taxation falls lightly on the well-to-do; by the time it has reached the poor it has grown to a size grievous in itself, and still more grievous in proportion to the incomes affected. The tax is not levied directly upon the poor; most of the poor are unaware that they pay it in their rent and in everything they buy with their scanty wages, because the original tax is passed along to them from hand to hand, each hand laying on something additional for profit, until it lands at last upon the wage-earners, who can pass it to no one else, but must pay it. That is the real reason why taxation is such a serious matter to Business, and why, since it is now become the government, Business ought for its own sake alone to conduct the government on the highest plane of efficiency, eliminating all waste. It can not afford the impoverishment of the majority of the people, because—for one reason of many—as fast as you impoverish them you reduce their consuming power.

The wide-open and wasteful policy of city government works incessantly to spread poverty. Every dollar stolen or wasted by the Tammany or Schmitz or Philadelphia style of municipal misrule must be paid by somebody. The well-to-do pay little of it because they can usually pass it along—with interest—to somebody else. The poor can pass it along to no one; they must pay it with the accumulated interest. And since the slums are growing visibly upon us, and the state of the people in them gets worse, and the amount of poverty shows every indication of steady growth, Business will be compelled to face this condition very frankly and deal with it, or else see its opportunities fade and the government it conducts end in a colossal failure.

There are no two ways about this. You can not achieve national success with a race of tenement house scare-crows, and you can not sell goods to a population that has no money to buy withal.

Hereafter I purpose to go farther into this vital matter and show what impends for Business if it continues to neglect its true interest for the sake of the daily balance sheet. Just now I wish only to call attention to one great and convincing illustration of the processes at work around us.

Germany Built Better than England

In the last twenty-five years England and Germany have entered upon a desperate duel for the commercial kingdom of the world. At the beginning England was everything in international commerce, and Germany was next to nothing. Now, to speak quite plainly, Germany, fighting with skill and tenacity, is the assured victor in the battle, and England is going down to defeat. How did Germany manage to make such a marvelous showing in this tremendous conflict?

The secret of Germany's success is no secret at all to those who know the relative condition of her working population and England's. England has allowed the slum to take care of itself and the slum has turned upon her and eaten out the heart of her strength. The real strength of a nation is not her banks, palaces, rich men, armaments, guns, battleships, splendors, park lanes, royal state, pomp and circumstance: the real strength is her men that work with their hands. That is her only asset worth talking about; her physical condition depends upon their physical condition. England has allowed her working populations to deteriorate in slums; Germany has labored to abolish the slum and to rear her working populations in the full measure of health and vigor. When the two working populations clash in the commercial battle, down goes the English line.

These are facts, not theories; there is no room in this discussion for any theories. A generation ago the

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¶ Fred Ireland, Official Reporter of the United States House of Representatives, has said:

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exigencies of domestic politics forced upon Bismarck a certain broad policy that had for its object the care of the working people. Once started upon that line, the government greatly improved and enlarged its plans. Old age pensions, accident indemnity, sick benefits were added to rigid regulation of dangerous employments. The Government strenuously endeavored to secure a condition in which the German workers should be housed in comfortable, sanitary dwellings, should have good food and pleasant surroundings, and their children be afforded every opportunity to be healthy and intelligent. As a consequence, the German workmen maintained a normal consuming power, while in production they were strong and efficient. Being assured of support in their old age and in sickness or when injured, they lived more comfortable and rational lives, and their way of life was reflected in their physical stamina. Therefore the average German workman was well fed, sturdy, healthy of mind and body. "Everyman for himself," was the essential of the English policy, as it is, so far, of ours. The process of centralizing the sources of supply drove the English people into the cities where they swarmed in huge slums, while the Government went its way and disregarded those who gave warning of the results of this policy. The third generation of such conditions had its perfect flowers in the wretched race that inhabits the poorer regions of London and of every other English city—a race with chalky bones and impoverished blood and feeble minds and again its sources of natural weakness in millions of working people only a little better off.

Therefore, when it came to grapples between these forces so ill-matched, there could be but one result. England, with its eight million people on the destitution line or below it, was in no condition to compare with the sturdy legions of the German workshops. Some day it will come to grapples for commercial supremacy between the United States and Germany and between the United States and Japan. If we have then a great working population dwelling in hideous slums, ill-fed, reared in degrading environments, with bodies stunted for lack of light and air, with minds stunted and distorted in the tenement house, we shall go England's road to the bottom. Slum consequences are inexorable as well as unpying. Our defeat will be, on sentimental grounds, a hard blow for patriotism. For Business it will be something far worse, because for Business what is involved here is a matter of life and death.

Evolution Has No Favorites

The best is none too good for Business—the best of everything, the best of ideals, the best and highest standards of humane policy in this government of ours it has assumed. Only the very best will keep it and us off the rocks. To preach at it that it ought to do certain things because these things are prescribed in a code of morals, or to threaten it with law, dissolution, fines and other punishments, is just to waste our good time. If it goes down dark alleys after vice and graft alliances, or arm-in-arm with San Francisco and Philadelphia rings, and if it continues to let poverty pile up, it will learn in time that these things do not pay. But whether it will learn this fact before it gets crumpled up by a nation where Business is wiser, or before it declines at home among a nation of slum-dwellers, nobody knows and evolution does n't care. That's one beautiful thing about evolution: it does n't care a rap and has no prejudices about race or nationality. If the people of one nation desire to get—for a while—outside of its lines, it works on cheerfully in Germany, New Zealand, Denmark or any other old country. And after a time a fold of the stratum topples over upon the reversionary spot and crushes it out forever.



Answered an Emergency Call

A YOUNG matron in Oyster Bay has a maid who is as original an adept in matters of domestic emergency as any Japanese. A few days ago a trio of college-girl friends arrived unexpectedly to luncheon. The young housekeeper was in despair.

"What are we to do? There is n't enough of anything to go around," she cried in desperation, rushing out into the kitchen.

"Oh, don't bother at all," said the quick-witted maid. "Just you go sit in the parlor with your company and let me manage—only," she added, "don't be surprised at anything you get yourself."

The bride gladly obeyed, and when the luncheon was served she partook unflinchingly from her plate of *consomme*—smoking hot black tea—while the soft-shell crabs, browned to perfection, on her guest's plates, were well imitated in potato and flour on her own.

Her friends warmly congratulated her upon her excellent cook, which sentiment she echoed.

Diplomacy

THE wife of a man who came home late insisted upon a reason. "When I go out without you," he said, "I do not enjoy myself half as much and it takes me twice as long."

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Every Prospective Mother.

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society.—Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or basting.—Can be worn the year round.

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To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patent.

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Croup, Sore Throat
Coughs, Bronchitis
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NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., No. 58 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

The Shears of Destiny

[Continued from page 97]

shadowy forest stretches where on either side they could almost touch the pendant boughs of the snowy evergreens. The countess talked eagerly of their plans for the release of Borodin; Drexel answered with reserve. She spoke warmly of what it meant to her that she had won him to the cause; on this subject, too, he was perforce reticent.

Presently, after they had been riding for over half an hour, Drexel thought he heard a faint, soft thudding. "Do you hear that?" he asked, looking back.

"What?"

"It sounds like horses' feet."

"I hear nothing; it must be imagination. See, the road is empty." And so it was, to where it emerged from a forest but half a mile behind.

The countess talked rapidly, but soon the thudding had come so near that it could no longer be concealed by the countess's conversation. Drexel again looked back. Forth from the forest into the broad moonlight shot four dark bodies, and sped swiftly toward them over the snow.

"Look, Countess!" he cried. "We are pursued!"

"Yes—horsemen!" she breathed. "The prince has sent for us."

Drexel leaned forward and began to beat the horse's flanks with the ends of the lines; the whip the countess had dropped out unnoticed when they had climbed into the sleigh. But belaboring the beast was to little purpose. The countess's orders had been well observed. The horse was one of those dogged roadsters that can strike a fair gait at daybreak and hold to it till nightfall, but can not be pressed much beyond this speed, no matter how strong the arm that lays on the whip. The animal quivered at the blows, but kept his even pace.

"They're gaining on us fast!" Drexel exclaimed. "We can never outrun them with this beast of wood!"

The countess had to play her part. "What shall we do?" she asked. Her voice came with a difficulty that surprised her.

"What can we do in this great empty prairie?" he returned grimly. "In fifteen or twenty minutes they'll be upon us."

"And then?"

"We'll see."

They glided on—the excellent cob doing its mediocre best, the four black figures gaining, gaining, gaining—showing more and ever more clearly the lines of horses and armed men. It was a race that could have but one end. Soon the pursuers were but three hundred yards behind, and still they crept closer, closer. Drexel thought these horsemen only meant arrest—which would be disaster enough; he never guessed that death was riding after him, and that in his pocket were papers that would justify his killing.

Two hundred yards . . . one hundred seventy-five.

In five more minutes it would all be over; the countess's fifty thousand rubles would be earned. She stole a glance at the face of the man she had led to his end in this white waste. In the moonlight it showed, clean-cut, strong.

"There is no escape," she whispered; and her voice sounded strange in her ears.

His head shook.

One hundred and fifty yards . . . one hundred and twenty-five.

"Countess," said Drexel, with intense self-reproach, "I can not tell you how I blame myself for letting you come!"

"Had I not come, I would have been in trouble just the same," she said.

"Perhaps not. But even if so, far better be arrested in Prince Berloff's house than by those Cossacks in this desert spot."

The countess, her head turned backward, saw Drexel's death, her fortune, gain upon them—and no chance of escape before him. He was as much trapped in this vast, open country as if he were locked in a narrow dungeon in the granite heart of a prison-fortress.

At the moment the Cossacks had come galloping out of the forest, a strange feeling had risen within her; as they gained, it had grown stronger. She did not try to analyze that feeling; had she done so, she would have thought it born of the tense excitement—of the death-moment riding so hard behind.

As the Cossacks sounded closer, closer, as her well-plotted success drew nearer, nearer, she grew weak, and a strange feeling swirled dizzily within her.

One hundred yards.

"Stop, or we fire!" boomed across the night in a deep powerful voice.

The moonlight shining straight into the speaker's bearded face corroborated the voice. Drexel saw the leader was Captain Nadson.

And he was all but in that man's hands. For an instant he thought what capture would mean to Sonya!

"Take the lines, Countess," he said sharply. "Now crouch down in the body of the sleigh." He himself



Astonished Her!

HERE'S a beauty recipe: Take a pinch of Pompeian; rub it on your moistened face and well into the pores. A few more moments of massaging—and lo! out comes the cream many shades darker than when applied. You are astonished! You never suspected that so much deadly dirt could stay in your skin, despite soap-and-water scrubbing.

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Beauty comes from skin health. Pompeian keeps the pores clean, and thus promotes skin health. Resolve to-day to preserve and promote your beauty. Trial jar sent for 6c.

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Look the picture over carefully. Note every detail. Then write out a telegram of ten words or less, exclusive of the address or signature, and mail it to

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Before March first, 1910.

You do not have to be a subscriber to LIFE to be eligible. The Contest is open to everybody. Only three answers, however, will be considered from any one person. This Contest is now running in LIFE, the only real humorous paper in the world.

Contest will be decided by Editors of Life, and money sent to winner as soon after March first as possible.

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Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059 word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours--yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

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No. 14

Telegraph
Secretary.

proverbial greased lightning. "3-in-One" is the only oil for sewing machines, because it won't turn rancid, won't gum, collect dirt, or stain any fabric.

"3-in-One" penetrates the stitching, gets going every action point, just what it makes any machine run smooth and light. No "hard pump" or break a woman's back if "3-in-One" is used generously.

"3-in-One" will bring back to life and usefulness many an old apparently worn out machine. And it adds years to the life of any new machine. Cleans, polishes the wood, tightens, and prevents rust and corrosion on all metal parts.

Write immediately to: 3 IN ONE OIL CO., 67 Broadway, New York City, for large sample and "3-in-One" dictionary—both free. Your favorite store sells "3-in-One."

Clean machine, and the shuttle and needle liberally all parts with "3-in-One" and run at a high rate of speed. The cuts out the gum and dirt and old sticky oil. Then wipe all parts carefully and put "3-in-One" on all action points as a lubricant. Can be cleaned and oiled today and run six months later as "3-in-One" won't dry out. Ordinary oils do in less than a week.



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huddled on the floor, his face toward the Cossacks, his Browning revolver drawn.

For a moment the countess—"the cleverest, keenest, most heartless woman spy in Russia"—sat crouching in the bottom of the sleigh, reeling, appalled. The captain's cry, "Stop, or we fire," was to her the beginning of the death-climax, and this nearness of the end revealed to her, as if by a flash of lightning, the meaning of that blurred, wild, new feeling—and the revelation froze her soul with horror.

This man that she had led to this lonely death—she loved him!

She had, in the pursuit of her profession, lured many a man to acts or confidences which had sent him to prison, to frozen exile on far Siberian plains, even to death by bullet or hangman's noose. For more than one of these victims she had felt a liking—which, however, had never stayed her purpose; and when the man was gone, and his price was in her hand, she had never wished her act undone. Her original liking for Drexel she had lightly classified as one with these others—and only this climactic moment revealed the truth.

She loved him; she had set this trap for him; and now she was helpless to save him!

She sprang up and began wildly to belabor the horse. The poor beast, under this terrific beating, did manage to make a little spurt, and for a moment they held their own.

"You're under arrest! Stop, or we fire!" belabored the captain.

"Do you think you could shoot them?" gasped the countess over her shoulder.

"I have only the seven cartridges in my revolver. And I'm a poor shot."

"Try! Try!"

"If I fire, all four of them will fire. They have carbines. If they begin to shoot it may mean that you'll be killed. It's better for you to be arrested."

"Don't think of me!" she cried frantically. "I'd rather be killed. Shoot! Shoot!"

"I'll wait till they are nearer. My pistol will have a better chance."

The next moment there was a spurt of fire. He looked behind him to see if the countess had been hit, and for the first time saw that she was on her feet striking the horse with all her strength.

"Sit down!" he cried, and he seized the back of her coat and dragged her into the bottom of the sleigh beside him.

"Then shoot!" she gasped.

"If I could only kill the captain I would n't mind arrest so much."

"You must kill them all! All!"

"Why?"

"Because they—"

She broke off suddenly. She dared not tell him why. To tell him that they meant to kill him would be to reveal to him that they were but her tools.

"You must kill them all! All!" she repeated frantically.

Another flash—another whizzing bullet. "Here goes, then. For the captain first."

His Browning flamed out. The captain and the other three galloped on. The Browning cracked again—and a third time. All four riders kept their seats.

"Oh, oh, moaned the countess. "Only four bullets left! You can't miss again. You must get a man with every bullet!"

"Stop!" roared the captain. "We don't want to shoot! We don't want to hurt the woman!"

"Shoot!" gasped the countess to Drexel. "And for God's sake shoot straight!"

Drexel in silence tried to take careful aim over the back of the sleigh. But a galloping horseman at twenty-five yards is not an easy moonlight pistol target for a novice in a swaying sleigh. After the crack of the revolver the captain rode on, but one of the men slowly fell behind.

"That's better!" breathed the countess. "You've wounded a horse. Once more!"

At the next shot the captain's bridle arm fell to his side. The sixth went wide.

"Oh, oh!" groaned the countess.

"They're not shooting any better," commented Drexel between his teeth.

She could not explain that their shots were going wild because they were under orders not to risk injuring her.

"Is the next the only cartridge? Feel in your pockets—perhaps you have some more!" she implored.

"This is the last," said he.

He took aim at the captain—fired—threw the empty Browning away with a cry of despair. For the captain still sat his saddle.

"All is over," he said grimly.

"No, no!" she cried, wildly. "They must not take you! They must not!"

"I'm willing they should not."

"See—we're in the forest," she said desperately.

"We're running within two or three paces of the trees. See how thick they are. The men could never follow you on horseback in there. If you jump from the sleigh and make a dash—"

"I will not desert you, Countess," he interrupted.

"You must—you must! They'll take me just the same, whether you go or remain. So why should you at least not escape?"

Yes, his thought told him in a flash, it would be just

the same with the countess. He should think of Sonya—think of his safety, which was Sonya's safety. "I'll pretend to help them," she went on breathlessly. "I'll try to hold you; we'll pretend to have a struggle—that'll make them more lenient with me." This bit of play-acting was an inspired device for clearing herself with Prince Berloff. "And if you get away, don't go near a railway station; the Prince will have men waiting for you at them all. Now!"

She seized him and turned backward toward the pursuers. "Hurry! Hurry!" she cried to them. "I have him!" And to Drexel she whispered: "Now struggle to break away from me. Be rough—it will be better for me if I have some marks to show."

They struggled—squirmed and swayed about in the rocking little vehicle—the countess encouraged by the pursuers; and in the struggle she deftly removed from his pocket the document that was to excuse his death.

"Now—jump!" she whispered.

He leaped forth. Then, all within the space of an instant, he went rolling in the snow—there were four cracks; fine dry snow-spray leaped up about him, and at the instant's end he was on his feet and dashing into the forest.

Crack—crack—crack went the guns blindly behind him, and the wild bullets whined among the branches. The horsemen plunged in after him, but were thrust back by the arms of the close-growing, wide-spreading trees. They sprang from their horses and gave chase on foot. But Drexel, going at the best speed he could make in the knee-deep snow, weaving among the trees, stumbling often, scratching his face on the undergrowth, heard their voices grow fainter and fainter—and when he paused after half an hour, completely blown, he could hear no sound at all.

For the time, at least, he was safe.

[Continued in March]



Too Good to Live In

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, a veteran Sunday-school teacher of New Jersey, relates an odd story of human interest taken from personal observation.

"I went to see a beautiful new farmhouse near Fort Wayne, Iowa," says Mrs. Wright. "A friend who accompanied me explained that the owner, a prosperous ranchman, had been forty years building it. He had started life in a small home of logs—but in his early days had dreamed of a larger and better home for himself and family. Every tree he saw that struck his fancy he cut down and hewed into lumber so that when he was finally ready to erect his mansion he had all the seasoned material at hand. The new home was at last completed and beautifully finished upon the interior in polished natural woods. There were soft carpets for the floors, and rich furnishings; a bathroom, steam heat, and other modern conveniences.

"That was several years before my visit, but I learned that, although surrounded by all of this luxury, the farmer and his family lived in the basement. He had spent the best years of his life striving to build such a beautiful home, but, after getting it, he thought it too good to use and the family kept it to look at. The farmer and his family washed at the old pump in the yard while the costly tiled bathroom, with hot and cold water equipment, stood idle. They drank out of tin cups and ate off of cracked earthen-ware in their humble abode in the basement, while fine cut-glass and delicate china pieces reposed undisturbed in china closets in the elegantly furnished dining-room up-stairs.

"All the members of the family entered into the spirit of 'keeping the house looking nice,' and they kept it so nice that the wife and mother who had worn out her life in helping to secure the luxuries that she afterward thought too good to enjoy, begged to be allowed to die on a straw mattress in the cellar rather than muss the clean linen in the bedchambers above.

"How much that is like some people," moralized Mrs. Wright. "They are living in life's basement, carefully cherishing the higher and nobler things to look at and show their friends, when they might experience life's fullest joys and privileges for the choosing."

Making It Hard for Father

THEY were having a guessing match at riddles, and nothing seemed impossible to old Father Jones. As a last resort, old Mother Jones got up and announced that she had one. "It is green, it stands against the wall, and makes a noise like a cow."

After a volley of faulty answers the younger generation gave up and turned to Father Jones. Even he looked helpless. At last he surrendered to Mother's mercy.

Mother Jones drew a deep breath and with a look of importance said, "It's a herring."

"A herring?" all yelled. "How?"

"Why, it's green if you paint it green," said Mother Jones, "and—"

"But it doesn't stand against the wall," they all protested.

"Yes, if you nail it against the wall," smiled Mother Jones.

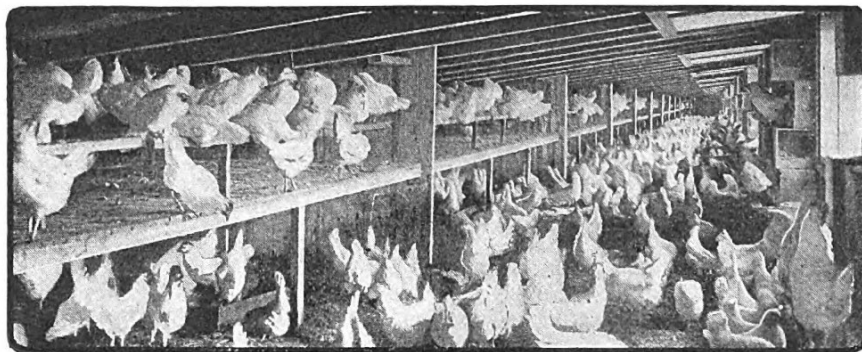
"But," spoke up Father Jones, "who ever heard of a herring crying like a cow?"

"Well," defended Mother Jones, "if I had n't put that in you would have guessed the riddle."

Read how two egg-raisers made \$12,000 a year

TO men, women, and young people who want to make money at home—one of the most intensely interesting of recent books is the CORNING EGG-BOOK, which tells how the Cornings, on a patch of ground at Bound Brook, N. J., have built up in four years an egg-raising plant that earns a clear profit of over \$12,000 a year. When they took up egg-raising, both were in poor health, and had no experience. Capital? Well, they began with one little pen of *thirty hens!* Now they have a large and valuable plant, and their 1953 hens averaged a profit for last year of \$6.41 each.

The CORNING EGG-BOOK is valuable especially because it shows how ordinary, every-day people, without special training, but with "gumption" and industry, can make money in a business that can be carried on



1500 pullets in this laying house; shelling out eggs by the bushel.

anywhere. Egg-raising is much simpler than poultry-raising. The hard work of killing, dressing, and marketing fowls is left out. The rest can be done by persons who are weak, old, or in poor health. Corning methods have proved successful on both a small and a large scale. There is a ready market everywhere. Everybody wants fresh eggs. They are better food than meat, easier to cook, keep fresh longer, and make a far greater variety of dishes. Your own family wants them. When high you can sell them, when low you can eat them. You can sell one dozen or one thousand dozen a week, and for READY MONEY, and if you can only learn the secret of raising a regular supply for customers IN WINTER, you can get fancy prices.

This and all the secrets of ACTUAL SUCCESS in egg-raising are told in The CORNING EGG-BOOK. It tells where the Cornings find their market, why they raise only white-shelled, sterile eggs, how they keep hens laying regularly in winter, when they hatch chicks to lay best in December and January, how to mix the feed that produces the most eggs, how to prevent losses, how they found the best breed for egg-producing, and how their whole system works to that one end—eggs, EGGS, EGGS. It gives photographs and complete working plans of their buildings, which can be made in sections, large or small, as needed.

The FARM JOURNAL publishers believe that thousands of SUCCESS readers, both women and men, will want to learn how two novices could in four years make egg-raising pay \$12,000 a year; so they have arranged to offer the CORNING EGG-BOOK to subscribers to the

FARM JOURNAL to increase its subscription list to ONE MILLION for next year.

FARM JOURNAL is the standard farm and home paper of America; made for women, housekeepers, boys and girls, as well as fruit growers, truckers, poultrymen, stock-men, dairymen, suburbanites and village people. It has always "stood up" for women, and is a great favorite with them. It is clean, brief, bright, "boiled down," intensely practical. "Cream, not skim milk," is its motto. It is thirty-three years old, and known everywhere. "Judge Biggle" and "Peter Tumbledown" are characters better known to many than Hamlet or Micawber. Its poultry department is famous for the practical value of its contents. It is well printed and illustrated. It has now more than 650,000 subscribers, but won't be happy until it gets a million, which it expects in 1910. More than half a million of its subscribers pay five and TEN years ahead, which shows rare confidence in a paper. It never prints a medical, fraudulent, or trashy advertisement, and it is famous among high-class advertisers for its extraordinary "pulling" power.

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TYRRELL HYGIENIC INSTITUTE
134 West 65th Street NEW YORK CITY

The Things He Wrote to Her

[Continued from page 79]

of gold have, in themselves, no joy or substance. Matrimony lacking sustained mental and affectional unity is a miserable estate. The function of man is the inspiration of woman; the function of woman is the inspiration of man. Wage-earning and house-keeping, children and charities, are but incidents. The statesmanship of the heart involves an irrevocable statute of reciprocity—mutual inspiration. There is no level so dead as that which is reached in the descent of a man and woman who, wittingly or unwittingly—it makes no difference—have lost the power of communion, and are daily stung by the memory of a brittle and impotent vow, universally exacted by a decayed ecclesiasticism. Whoso loves is blest; whoso promises to love is a speculator in the soul's future, of which he knows nothing. My love is fair to-day, but will she be fair to-morrow? It will depend on her to-morrow-qualify—and mine. And then—oh, paradox of pain and heartbreak!—though she be as fair as Christ she may not be fair to me.

No man can love a woman, in the sex sense, merely because she is good. He can only love *his* woman, and then, whether she be good or bad, he is bought and sold by her smile and sigh. This may not be as it ought to be, but it is as it is, and the gods sit complacently by without interfering with the resultant mosaic of happiness and woe.

I am not afraid of Fate; I do not shy at responsibility; I want all of life that is coming to me, and covet for you every good, but I am wondering whether any further bliss or opportunity would be added to you and me in an odor of orange blossoms and a shower of rice. What we have now is so sweet and inspirational, so given to the bringing out of the best that is in us, so marked in its progress toward the ideal, that I am loth to trade it, if the opportunity should occur, for any change or chance that might shatter the bisque of achieved happiness. The necessity for decision does not seem to be imminent, but if it were, what would we do? For my part, I confess I do not know. But this we can do without fear of error—fight for every possible hour like *the last*. Oh, the riches of it! I count them over and over as a miser counts his ingots, and the further greed of me passeth understanding.

THE ACCIDENT

I have your letter saying that he is dead. The suddenness of the thing is, to a degree, shocking, but that is the way the wheel sometimes turns.

I bear him no ill-will, and never did. He is a young soul, and, in time, will doubtless catch up with Justice and Gentleness and Opportunity. He simply did not understand you—could not—and so was only able to hail you awkwardly across the gulf which lay between.

If there is aught I can do in this hour, command me. I fear there is nothing. But there may be other hours. If so, we will try to make them wholesome and fine. To think of a program just now would be untimely. I have only this word: when at the final hour, as you sit where you are expected to sit in the shaded room, be glad, with me, that the mean and unworthy has not passed between us. We have only walked the path that was plainly marked for us. I believe that for us both it has been an upward one, and that no injustice has been done to the one who sleeps. Conceptions of fidelity differ: the choices of childhood do not always stand; and true marriage is not a thing of time, place or ceremony, and may exist without the physical seal or sacrament.

This will of necessity be for you a time of retrospection, and I remind you of these things as a help to serenity—that you may not be unduly disturbed by the present circumstances, sad and trying as they may be, nor led into any repudiation of thoughts and feelings which were carefully weighed before they were entertained.

THE PROPOSITION

Since Fate set fire to our thongs, and our free feet are winged to carry us whither we will, I have been gathering my man-and-woman notions together, and desire now to spread them before you that you may know fully, think deeply, and decide wisely your part of the immanent question—what we are to do with our future.

A courtship on a haircloth sofa, with an emotional climax and two tickets for Niagara, is not in the picture. We are neither fledglings nor fools. Whatever our years, we are not under thirty.

Experience has made us competent to weigh and choose and act and stay by. The best of life is still ahead—it *always* is. But we must make no mistake. The premature or ill-advised fusion of heart-interests is always a mistake—the sorriest of earth—and our years and natures entitle us now, I think, to a pleasant sunlit sea, whether we sail together, or otherwise.

My own mind is clear. The world of women has simplified itself—only you remain. You are my kind of a queen—I have known it long—and your scepter is the one under which I choose to bow. But your

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mind, too, must be clear—you must not weave of your tresses a coronet for me unless you are certain that I am, and am likely to continue, your kind of a king.

Be reminded then that I am a peculiar man with many associates and few friends. My theories of life isolate me from the mass, and society, in the popular sense, I am not able even to discern. I am often lonely, and sometimes would starve were it not for the nourishment which is stored up within myself—my own fat, as it were, tides me over. I am called impractical, a dreamer of dreams, an iconoclast, an idler. Because I cultivate poise and do not fume and fret, some people who know me say that I am lazy, though it is my custom to sleep at twelve, waken at six, and toil the rest of the time—with numerous lapses, however, and a keen scent for any kind of a frolic which makes for recreation.

I have proved most proverbs false, and can live by them only after I have turned them upside down. I hate greed, idleness, bluster, cruelty, intolerance, and a religion that can be used for trade purposes; and I love, well—the things that are summed up in you. A list is unnecessary—look in the glass!

I have heard that women are best pleased with burly men who tyrannize over them and knock them about, but I hope this isn't true in your case—I know it is n't—for that role doesn't fit me—I should be miscast. Always would I guard and shelter you, and study to provide the environment which comports with your nature, the setting which does most facilitate the expression of your rays and values.

Your hands are beautiful, skilful, competent, and I have loved you because, unlike many women who loll and dress and parade, you have chosen to be busy, to have a task, to achieve excellence along many lines of manual and artistic accomplishment, interpreting yourself by what you wrought with persistence and painstaking care.

But now I have a different plan for you—I hope you may think it a better one. I do not want you for housekeeping purposes, nor even as an administrative domestic convenience. You are to be neither cook, laundress, nor maid, and whatever is necessary in the way of embroidery or dressmaking can be "let out." Many a good and worthy woman who is not my kind of a queen is looking for just such work as this, and really has the right to be employed.

My program for you is this: You have proved your capacity for many forms of work which you *had* to do; now, you are to *elect* your occupations, you are to give free rein to your choices, and do the things you *love* to do. Your tastes and whims are to be considered, and the opportunities you have longed for and been denied are to come your way in plenteous measure; you are to have abundant time in which to care for and perpetuate your body—it is a wonderful body, and is entirely worthy of the finest possible attention. It is your house, the one you live in, the one by which you explain yourself to the world. If housekeeping must be done, you may do it there. I think one's main debt to the universe is to keep young and vibrate health and good-will to the last. To this end you are to have all the conveniences.

Then, in my busy hours, sometimes, I want' you in my office, not as an amanuensis, but as a companion and counselor. In the world of business there has not as yet been proper appreciation of the intuitive faculty of woman—would your mind functioning on this plane a little, for my sake—mind being occasionally a real, live partner in the dollar-game which simply *must* be played, no matter how much we may prefer to play at golf or literature or travel?

And then at night you are to be usually waiting for me, fresh and ready for the evening together—a fine and happy evening wherever we may elect to spend it.

This, with country roads and fields and books, a glimpse of the sea and what is beyond, a share of our best for those who lack, and the chivalry of a durable romance, is what I have in mind.

Can you brook this plan and the man who made it? Now be very, very sure. Think it over, count a hundred, and then—let me know!



Tried It On the Old Man

A PROMINENT Yale professor is exceptionally fond of mushrooms. His son, who is an enthusiastic botanist, one day brought some home and told his mother to have them prepared, as a special treat for his father. When the professor came in to dinner, he was delighted to find his favorite dish at his place.

"These are not all for me, are they?" he asked, not wishing to be selfish.

"Yes, father, I gathered them especially for you," answered the dutiful son.

Next morning his son was awaiting him with rather an anxious expression on his face. "Good-morning, Dad," he ventured. "Did you sleep all right last night?"

"Fine," was the encouraging reply.

"Not sick at all, or didn't have any pain?"

"Why, of course not," answered the professor.

"Hoorah," said the botanist; "I have discovered another species that is not poisonous!"

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SOME years ago a man with the unmistakable appearance and bearing of a clergyman was shown into the inner office of a busy banker. His nervous and secretive manner lent a suspicion of something out of the common. Had he looked less ministerial the banker might have granted the interview with one finger upon an electric push-button, for among other responsibilities in the latter's everyday life is self-protection against "hold-ups" who may demand the cashing of worthless checks at the point of a revolver.

However, the door was shut and the stranger, without more ado, produced a small vial which he excitedly waved, declaring that it contained a product of great value and known to all. The little bits of yellow substance were evidently gold, or an exceedingly good imitation. The clerical one related how the long-known existence of large quantities of gold in sea water had been taken advantage of by a friend of his who had reached a solution for its profitable extraction in commercial quantities.

Funds were imperatively needed for the building of a small plant, which, as the process was not patentable, would have to be erected upon a lonely island off the coast, or in some equally secluded spot upon tidal water. The banker lost no time in declining to take any interest in the affair, and frankly told his visitor that ministers had no business to be mixed up with anything of the kind; that their well-known lack of business ability would, in itself, detract from the plausibility of the statement. The minister was not discredited, so far as his own belief was concerned, but the banker supposed him to have been imposed upon.

The "Gold from Sea Water" Craze

But the other would not take "no" for an answer, and, as there was so much earnestness in his manner, consent was finally obtained to test the scheme if he would tell the names of the chemicals to use, and how to use them. This was refused, the need being that the experiment should be performed at night, with chemicals furnished by the inventor, and in a place of his selection. This restriction should have been sufficient to have warned anybody from further inquiry, as it did the banker. Nevertheless, the two conspirators—at least one proved so to be, and the other his innocent tool—succeeded in obtaining aid directly from investors with no practical banking experience. They, in turn, were conducted, in the dead of night, to a wharf, through which they lowered a box until it rested upon the bottom beneath the salt water. Here it remained for a given number of hours. The box contained a certain mixture of chemicals which were supposed to do the work. At the end of the time, it was withdrawn, and nuggets of pure gold were found peacefully resting within! No banker of any experience would have been deceived by any such crude scheme as this. He would have gone down with the box first. The gold had been put in place by a bell-diver, approaching under the water from a nearby place of concealment.

This was the famous hoax, known as the "Gold from Sea Water Craze," which proved so financially disastrous to many persons who chose to disregard the usual guideposts of caution which point to dealing through the banking fraternity.

This somewhat long drawn-out tale is given to illustrate two points: Upon the one hand, it demonstrates the danger of a layman, as we may term the investor, endeavoring to place his money direct. Had those who investigated the sea-water scheme first brought it to the attention of any reputable banking house and insisted that it conduct the investigation for them, they would never have lost a dollar, because the banker's greater experience in such matters would have discovered the attempted legerdemain. Financiers may be deceived, and often are, but their rules for investigation would carry them beyond the point of such child-like credulity as was apparent in this case.

Upon the other hand, it shows the diverse character of the numerous propositions brought to the attention of the average banker, to which he must give his time and attention. For it may prove to be a mistake to turn down many of them when a more thorough investigation might, and often has, proved the seemingly worthless ones to be desirable.

Financial Safety Secured at Hazard of Life

The man having charge of the purchasing department of a banking house must be, as it were, with his finger ever upon the trigger, and prepared to listen to and investigate, in person or through competent engineers, propositions of all kinds and descriptions.

When it comes to making the actual examination of the local conditions connected with properties designed to secure proposed bond issues, many are the hardships

The Engineer's Report from the Investor's Standpoint

By Montgomery Rollins

and tribulations encountered. There is something striking to the imagination in the thought of one's being compelled to tramp across the parched desert with his "dunnage bag" strapped to his back, pitching his camp in the howling wilderness, and roughing it in a heart-breaking way. Or you may see him clinging to mountain peaks, lowering himself into cañons by ropes, scaling precipitous cliffs, or in other places equally hazardous, in the daily work of his profession. The development of water powers in the Far West, calling for large storage reservoirs in mountainous districts that are still trackless wildernesses, demands just this sort of heroic work, and is but a sample of the character of pioneering projects which have to be looked into.

It is not only requisite to a searching inquiry that there shall be someone with a competent scientific training to judge the many engineering points encountered, but there must be "horse sense" or business sense applied in liberal doses. In judging as to the probable future earning capacity of a property, providing the construction obstacles may be overcome, all sorts of methods are pursued to extract information from the population from which patronage may be drawn, in order to ascertain the probable amount of business which will accrue. Examples will make this clear.

An electric railroad to carry freight and passengers was to be built into a rich farming district, so as to give the population its first good transportation facilities to a market. The great argument in favor of its construction was the amount of freight which the farmers would furnish, for it was believed that large crops would be grown upon the advent of the new line.

To make this fact assured to those invited to finance the securities, practically every farmer for a goodly distance upon either side of the proposed road and along the full twenty miles or more was interviewed to ascertain the probable amount of yearly business each would contribute. These results were totaled, and a liberal discount made for pardonable optimism on the part of the farmers, who might be disposed to paint things in rosy hues, as the novelty of electric traction meant much to them. Thus, conclusions that were wholly justified were reached.

A member of a banking house was to arrive by an early morning train in a distant city, for the purpose of examining a lighting property whose bonds had been offered him for purchase. He was to meet the manager at nine o'clock, and, thus assisted, make his investigation. His arrival was at the rather uncomfortable hour of 3.30 A. M. Instead of going to the hotel, he proceeded, as a total stranger, and unknown to the operatives, to conduct his examination without the presence or distracting influence of the manager, whose interest would be all one way. By this means, dependable information was obtained from the operatives; the plant was seen in working condition, without let or hindrance, and knowledge obtained which could not have been had in cooperation with an official of the company.

Even experts, however, are sometimes "fooled," and losses have been experienced by investors who have shown no hesitation in heaping the responsibility upon the bankers, when they were hardly to be blamed.

An Example of Misplaced Confidence

It can not be expected that some member of the firm can make a personal examination of every property, and, therefore, this is very frequently left to outside experts, whose reports, in the nature of things, are often not checked up by a representative of the house by which they are employed. If reporting upon natural resources, such as timber, mines, etc., it would be reasonable to accept, without question, the expert's report, as it is the existence of the product rather than its market which is to be established.

Representations by owners are sometimes misleading. A loan was desired upon timber property. The intending borrowers set forth in most glowing terms the density and value of the growth. A professional forester of known ability was engaged to personally visit the tract, and report upon the value of the stand of timber. His investigation showed the loan to be amply secured. At the time of his examination, he was conducted over the supposed property by one of the parties in interest, but it never occurred to the forester that the territory over which he was shown was not to be security for the loan. He had been deceived into reporting upon a most desirable growth, belonging to entirely different parties.

All this is not meant to disturb the reader's peace of mind on the matter of reports in general, for the instances related are the rare ones. Investors do not need to have pointed out the thousand and one good points about such matters, nor to be told that all reputable bankers are using, as never before, the greatest care in obtain-

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ing searching reports. There is little danger of the investor missing the good points, so it is thought worth while to point out some of the possible pitfalls, however remote. It is the hidden perils which it is ever the desire of this column to suggest.

However we may view it, the ultimate investor in a new issue of corporation bonds should be careful to demand evidence that competent engineering investigations have been made. The intent of this advice is not that well-known corporations already in existence should, necessarily, have their securities backed up with certificates of engineers. It is more the newer or smaller projects that should be safeguarded in this way. Common sense must be used in regard to this point, but an engineer's certificate is often necessary. The wording of this certificate is a subject for thought, for it should be in form so as to show, beyond question, that an exhaustive examination has been made, and that all construction so far accomplished is proper and within the lines that experience has shown to be best; that power, if a factor in the project, is sufficient for present needs, and likely to be so for reasonable future requirements.

An Engineer's Report Is a Good Thing to Have

In fact, on the engineer's report depends so much that too great pains can not be expended in studying it and ascertaining that all reasonable care and precautions have been taken. The engineer should be required to be one of good standing and repute, and his report should be sufficient to set forth in detail all requisite information.

It is not unusual for railway and other public service corporations to provide, in the mortgages securing their bonds, that an extension of the property by an increased issue under the same mortgage may be made up to a certain percentage of the actual cost of such extension, all based upon an engineer's certificate. Here it follows that exceeding vigilance must be exercised to see that these certificates properly show the expenditure of this money.

When all is said and done, however, too much weight must not be given to the engineer's report. The average person is prone to accept a creditable report as to the physical efficiency of the property as all important. It is very important, but not as essential as the business tributary to the road or plant itself. Of what value would it be to construct the best gas works in the world, located in the Desert of Sahara? To whom would the output be sold? It is infinitely better to have a poorly constructed plant in a section with great business possibilities, than the most excellent one without sufficient business back of it. In the first instance, the large surplus earnings will provide means to reconstruct the poorer parts, and steadily improve the property, as a whole, without increasing the capital investment; whereas, in the other case, no matter how well constructed and equipped a plant might be, it would soon go to rack and ruin because of insufficient earnings to compensate the wear and tear.

A Case of Misrepresentation

An engineering house is sometimes open to temptation. It is well that men employed in this capacity should be of the highest integrity, for there are certain ethics which should be strictly observed. To the credit of the profession in general, remarkably few breaches of trust have occurred, but that it is within the realm of possibility for them to yield to the lure of gold is a fact which investors should know. For purposes of illustration, let us refer to the case of a small railroad which had been built into a region incapable of generating enough freight business for profitable operation. In due course, interest was defaulted upon the bonded debt, and a reorganization committee appointed. This committee employed a firm of engineers to report upon the property, and, if possible, to suggest a plan of reorganization which would place it upon an income-producing basis. The experts began their duties, and their preliminary reports were very discouraging. By chance, however, the engineers obtained confidential information of the discovery of large coal deposits close to the line of the road, and in a locality where coal was not generally supposed to exist. The development of mines here would mean a vast amount of freight business for the railroad, with every prospect of transforming it into a handsome revenue producer. Acting on this information, and instead of reporting the fact to the bondholders' committee, as was the bounden duty of the engineers, the latter quietly bought out as many of the bondholders as possible, which, owing to the uncertainty as to the outcome, they were able to do at a very low figure.

This was a breach of confidence and faith. They had been employed as experts, as one would employ a lawyer to represent his personal interests. The engineering house was supposed to act for the best interests of its clients. The venture ultimately proved profitable, but the loss was very considerable to those who had parted with their securities at needlessly low prices, which they certainly would not have done had they been given the information to which they were entitled.

It is hoped that this article may help to show the mental activity necessary to properly pass upon any corporation issue, and to prove how utterly valueless an investigation on the part of an inexperienced man or investigator, on his own account, is apt to prove.

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Literature in Our Village

[Continued from page 85]

"Aw, Ma! just let me read a ha! a second longer. Only just a teeny while. Please."

"Is it very interesting?"
Is it? Why, the guerrillas have captured Archie Winters—he's Frank's cousin—and they've got him standing on a barrel with a rope around his neck, and they're just going to knock the barrel away. Going to hang him for a spy! Yes, sir! You know that Frank and the Union soldiers are waiting on the very next page to rush in and save Archie. Of course they are! Otherwise what would become of all the rest of the books in the series? But you can't wait until morning for that rescue. Therefore you plead for time.

Mother would have allowed it, too; she did sometimes. But Aunt 'Mandy speaks up.

"Hum! What is it you're readin'?"

"Frank Before Vicksburg." It's bully. And—and it's kind of history, you know."

This last is a bulwark against attack. It is frail and avaleth nothing. Aunt 'Mandy sniffs.

"Um-m! Yes, I presume likely. I can't see what you're thinkin' of, sister, to let that child read such dreadful, sensational trash. If he was my son he should read useful books, somethin' that would do him some good. You know as well as I do how boys who read stuff like that turn out. All right! you wait and see."

Well, perhaps we've waited long enough, so let us see. "Snuppy" Rogers is a house painter by profession and, so far as you know, has never run away to sea or been a stowaway. "Oaks" Considine, who subscribed to the "Boys of New York," and therefore, according to Aunt 'Mandy, should have developed into a pirate, or, at the very least, a murderer, is neither—yet. "Peeler" Davis, whose favorite author was William Thomes, is a minister and not a bushranger. Sim Taylor did take to drinking and went to the dogs, though whether his course in "Oliver Optic" helped him thither is extremely doubtful. But Gus Snow—the model, the studious youth who doted on histories and biographies and "useful" books—Ah, ha! where is he? Well, unfortunately, he has done quite as well as the rest; maybe a little better. He is a merchant in Boston and—you hate to confess it—is prosperous and moral.

So Aunt 'Mandy's prophecy did come true or did not, according to the viewpoint and according to the manner of most prophecies. At any rate, the youth of our village at the present day stands in no danger from contamination by sensational literature. Last summer when you were there for a month, your own boy had a "card" at the Atkins Public Library. You looked over some of the books that he seemed to enjoy. Their authors' names were unfamiliar and they were pretty dull, and oh! oh! so silly and improbable. Not much like those convincing and thrilling tales you used to find in "The Ladies' Select Library."

It is true that you attempted to read one or two of those tales recently and were somewhat disappointed. There was "Work and Win, or the Adventures of Smart Boy." That used to be a dandy book! a ripping book! Now, when you read how the twelve-year-old hero rescued his sister from an asylum for the insane and defied his wicked uncle to touch her, brandishing a ball bat threateningly, you wondered at the said uncle's forbearance and marveled that he did not seize and spank the "smart boy" forthwith. In fact, you sniffed disgust and threw the book into a corner. But that was the state of mind you were in at the time. It must have been. "Work and Win" was a good book, a ripping book! At any rate you will never reread "Frank Before Vicksburg." You will take no chances with that memory.

What was the question we started with? Oh, yes. "Was our village a literary community?" Well—er—was it?

New York Patriotism

Is this funny? Or is it tragic? A typical crowd of New Yorkers was watching the historical pageant of the Hudson-Fulton celebration pass when the Royals came by playing the Star Spangled Banner in high martial time.

"Hats off!" called some one. But the crowd was slow about responding, not from a lack of patriotism so much, perhaps, as from a fear of doing something unconventional. Just then a beautiful float hove in sight. Something impelled the crowd to applaud, and before they realized what they were about, every man had bared his head in honor of the figure on the moving pedestal. It was the "Goddess of Liberty." Do New Yorkers not recognize the national anthem, or do they save their honors for local celebrities?

Poor Old Ocean

"WHAT do you suppose, Algernon," the young thing asked, "is the reason the ocean is salty?"
"I am sure I don't know," drawled Algy, "unless it is because there are so many codfish in it."

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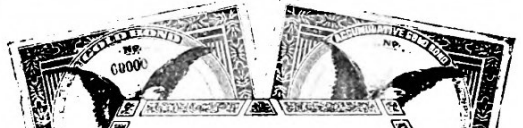
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**THE SUCCESS CO.
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Through the Spirit of Iapi

[Continued from page 82]

She was sitting erect in her bed, her eyes were wide, the pose of her head erect and vigorous. She appeared a span taller, and when she spoke her voice seemed to issue from a deep and powerful chest.

With Eugene as a scared interpreter, Pogosa said: "Here, now where we are encamped, a battle took place many winters ago, and some of the exiles were slain. One of these was Iapi, the husband of Pogosa. He it was who could not speak Shoshoni."

Impatiently Boone asked, "will she be able to show us the mine?"

"She will try, but she is old and her mind is misty. She says she is grateful to you, Red Beard, and will give the gold to you. She asks that you take her back to her own people after you find the mine."

"Is the mine far from here?" asked Wetherell gently.

"No, but it is very hard to find."

"Can't you trace the trail on a piece of paper for me?" he inquired.

"No, Pogosa can not make the road. She can only tell you. Send the other white man away."

"Vamoose!" Wetherell called with a note of triumph in his voice, and Boone faded away.

With faltering voice Pogosa began the all-important part of her tale. "The mine is on the head of the Wind River. Not far, but the way is very hard. Pogosa will not be able to lead you. From where we are you cross the valley to the mountain. You turn to your right and descend to a small lake lying under a bank of snow. This bank is held up by a row of black rocks. Below this lake is a stream and a long hill of round stones, all mixed together. On the west side of this ridge, just above another small lake, you will find the mine."

"Can it be approached from below?"

"No, a great canyon and many cliffs are there—" Her voice ceased abruptly. As suddenly as if life had been instantly withdrawn, she fell back upon her bed, and Eugene, released from the grasp of her hand, fled to Boone, leaving Wetherell alone with the mystery.

"She seems to have dropped into a sort of trance," he said to Boone, as he came back to the camp-fire.

"Have you faith enough to follow those directions?" asked his partner.

"I certainly have."

Boone laughed. "She may have a different set of directions to-morrow night. What sayest thou, Eugene? Pogosa's all same fraud?"

Eugene, cowering close to the fire, needed not speech to make evident his awe of the battle-field. "Injun spirits all 'round," he whispered. "Hear 'em? They cry to Pogosa." He lifted a hand in warning.

"It's only the wind in the dead pines," said Boone contemptuously.

"Plenty Injun spirits. They cry!" persisted Eugene.

"There speaks the primitive man," remarked Wetherell.

"Our ancestors in Ireland or Wales or Scotland all had the same awe and wonder of the dark—just as the negroes in the South believe that on certain nights the dead soldiers of Lee and Grant rise and march again."

Boone yawned. "Let's turn in and give the witches full swing. It's certainly their kind of a night."

Eugene spoke up. "Me sleep on your tepee. Pogosa's scare me plenty hard."

Ridicule could not affect him, and out of pity for his suffering, Wetherell invited him to make down his bed in the doorway of his own little tent.

"I hope Gran'ma won't have another fit in the middle of the night," said Boone sleepily. "If she does, you can interview her alone. I'm dead to the world till dawn."

Nothing happened after this save that an occasional nervous chill overcame Eugene and caused him to yell out, "What's that?" in a suppressed voice. "You hear 'em voice?" he asked several times; to all of which Wetherell replied, "It is the wind—lie down, it is only the wind."

Musing upon the singular business in the deep of the night, Wetherell concluded that Pogosa, in a moment of emotional exaltation, and foreseeing her inability to guide him in person, had taken this method of telling him truly where the mine lay.

A mutter of voices in Pogosa's tepee interrupted his thought. "She is delirious again," he thought, but the cold nipped, and he dreaded rising and dressing. As he hesitated he thought he could distinguish two voices. Shaking Eugene, he whispered, "Listen, Eugene, tell me what is going on in Pogosa's tent."

The half-breed needed no awakening. "She speak Sioux. I no speak Sioux. Some Sioux man's talk with her. Mebbe so her husband."

Wetherell smiled and snuggled down in his bed. "All right, Eugene. If Iapi is there he will take care of her. Good night."

Morning broke gloriously clear, crisp and frosty. The insects were inert. The air had lost its heat and murk. The sun struck upon the sides of the tepees with cheerful glow, and all was buoyant, normal and bracing as the partners arose.

Hurrying to Pogosa's tepee, Wetherell peeped in. "I wonder if she remembers her performance?" he asked himself, but could not determine, since she refused to answer Eugene when he questioned her. She took the food which Wetherell gave her, but did not eat or drink. Slowly she rose and hobbled away over the frosty grass toward the grave of Iapi.

"That's a bad sign," Boone observed. "What's she going to do now, Eugene?"

"She's goin' put meat by stone. Mebbe so Injun spirits come eat."

"Well, she'd better absorb some of the grub herself."

"I think it's a beautiful act," professed Wetherell, lifting his field-glass to study her motions. "She's happy now. She and her dead sweetheart are together again."

"I know Iapi once," Eugene volunteered. "He big man, very strong. Good rider. One spring all people hungry. No game. Ponies weak. Iapi say go kill sheep."



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"Better let Pogosa alone for the day. The sun is warming the rocks. She is no longer cold. We can leave our camp here and scout around on our own account, returning this afternoon."

They rode across the valley in the direction indicated by the Voice. It was a bewildering maze into which the prospector must descend in search of the gold which is marked in yellow letters on some maps of the State. Several times did Wetherell drop into the basins, searching in vain for the small lake and the black-walled bank of snow, but at last Eugene's eye detected faint indications of a trail.

"We've struck the right trail this time," exulted Wetherell. "Here is the wall of black rocks." There was no snow, but he argued that the season having been extraordinarily warm and wet, this land-mark had temporarily disappeared.

"I am sure this is the lake and stream," declared Wetherell. "See where the snow has lain."

"How far down do you figure the mine was?"

"Some miles below, near a second lake. I'm afraid we can't make it this trip. It will be dark by the time we reach camp. We'll just mark the spot and come back to-morrow."

Boone was for pushing on. "What matter if we don't get back?"

"I'm thinking of Pogosa—" He shrugged his shoulders. "There's grub and shelter handy. She can come down any time and feed."

"Yes, but I hate to think of her all alone. She may be worse."

"Send Eugene back. We don't need him now."

Wetherell was almost as eager to go on as Boone, but could not banish the pathetic figure of Pogosa so easily. Now that all signs pointed to the actual mine, his blood was fired with passion for the gold.

"Eugene, go back and wait for us. See that Pogosa is comfortable. We'll return by dark."

The word "dark" sent a shiver through Eugene. He shook his head. "No. I'm afraid. Sp'rits come again."

"Come on," said Boone, "you can't make him do that. If we hurry we can get down to the other lake and back by sunset. The squaw will take care of herself. She's used to being alone—besides, the sp'rits are with her."

With the hope that it was not far, Wetherell yielded and set off down the slope, following the bank of the stream. Soon the other lake could be seen not far below them, and slipping, sliding amid a cascade of pebbles, the gold-seekers, now glowing with certainty of success, plunged straight toward the pool. Two or three times this precipitous method of descent led them into blind alleys from which they were obliged to climb, but at last, just as the sun went behind the imperial peak, they came out upon the shore of the little tarn which lay shallowly over a perfectly flat floor of cream-colored sand.

"Here we are," said Boone. "Now if your ghost proves a liar, Pogosa must answer for it. Here is the rocky ridge on the east—"

"And here is trail," called Eugene, pointing to a faint line leading straight into the pines.

Wetherell spurred his horse into this trail, and in less than five minutes came upon the mine. It was not a shining thing to look at, so he did not shout. It was merely a cavernous opening in a high ledge of dark rock. On one side stood the sunken and decaying walls of a small log hut. The roof had fallen in, and vines filled the interior. In front of the door and all about, lumps of reddish, rusty looking rock were scattered. A big stone hollowed in the middle showed that it had been used as a mortar for crushing the ore. The tunnel itself was irregular in shape and almost high enough to admit a horse. It dipped slightly from the threshold.

Boone spoke first, in a tone of suppressed excitement, "Well, let's see what she's like."

"I trust Pogosa. Up goes our poster," replied Wetherell.

"All right. You put up the sign while I examine this ore."

With his hatchet Wetherell set to work hewing a square face on a tree. He was putting the first tack in his placard when Boone walked over toward him and with exaggeratedly quiet voice said, "Just look at that, will you?"

Wetherell took the lump of ore and thrilled to the sight. It needed no expert to discern the free gold which lay in thin scales and sparkling lumps all through the rock.

"I want to yell," said Boone, and his voice trembled.

"Don't do it!" said Wetherell. "Let's hurry back to camp and move down here. I won't feel safe till we do."

"I don't leave this place to-night, Andy. You and Eugene go back to camp. I'll stay here and hold down the find."

Wetherell, tremulous with excitement and weak in the knees, remounted his horse and set off for camp. It was a long climb and the latter part of it tedious by reason of the growing darkness and the weariness of the horses. Wetherell's pony would not lead and was fairly at the end of his powers, but at last they reached their camping place. Wetherell's first thought was of Pogosa. She was nowhere in sight and her tepee was empty.

"She on hill," declared Eugene. "Lying down on stone. Injun cry there three days."

"The poor old thing. She'll be famished and chilled to the bone. It's a shame, our leaving her alone this way. But that's the way of the man in love with gold. Greed destroys all that is tender and loyal in a man. I am going right up and bring her down. Eugene, you start a fire and put some coffee on to boil."

With a heart full of pity, the repentant gold-seeker hurried toward the cairn. The crumpled little figure, so tragic in its loneliness and helpless grief, was lying where he had left it. She did not stir at the sound of his footsteps—nor when he laid his hand softly on her shoulder.

"Come, Pogosa," he said with gentle authority. "Come, coffee, fire waiting. We found the mine. You're rich—you shall go back to your people. Come!"

Something in the feel of her shoulder, in the unyielding rigidity of her pose startled and stilled him. He shook her questioningly. She was stark as stone. Her body had been cold for many hours. Her spirit was with Iapi.

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